AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1979 $2.00*

Masters and Johnson: the new sex age

Tom Keneally: the betrayal at Cannes

DRUGS AND ALCOHOL IN AUSTRALIA'S DEFENCE FORCES: CHILLING REPORT

Monty Python
Ken Cook
Jeff Thomson
Gift Guide
Fashion
and superb Pictorials

Come to Marlboro Country.

Come to where the flavour is.

The private world of Pierre Cardin.
Experience it.

Pierre Cardin Personal Fragrance Collection for Men

107/11/7

PLAYBILL

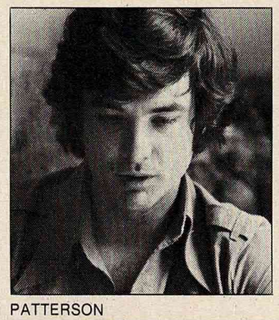
For the past four months, Australian PLAYBOY correspondent **Lee Patterson** has been travelling Australia on a major assignment: to discover the impact of drugs and alcohol abuse by members of the Australian armed forces. In his talks with Australian Vietnam veterans and men and women currently serving in Australia's Army, Navy and Air Force, Patterson discovered a tragic, previously unrecognised and disturbingly high incidence of drug addiction and alcoholism among Australian servicemen. It is a problem which has consumed American Vietnam veterans and riddled the US Army, Navy and Air Force. Now it is eating at the insides of Australia's defence forces as well. Patterson heard repeated assertions – unproven – that heroin and marijuana are being smuggled into Australia on defence aircraft and naval vessels. Senior RAAF officers also suspect that drugs and/or alcohol may have been involved in the loss of RAAF aircraft. To their credit, Defence chiefs agreed to speak to Patterson in Canberra to give their version of a story which clearly worries some of them as much as it worries PLAYBOY, and as it will worry you. The graphics are by **David Yardley** and **Greg Mackay.**

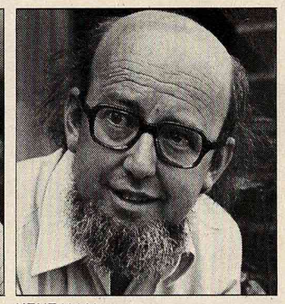
As the festive season is now upon us we have made strenuous efforts to give you the very best reading and viewing. We've got some great fiction, including a superb short story by the renowned and brilliant **Thomas Keneally.** The story concerns the extraordinary experiences of an Australian novelist accompanying an Australian film director to the Cannes film festival. We assure you that, though Keneally did go to Cannes with director Fred Schepisi for the screening of the film of his book *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith,* this particular story is totally fictitious and bears no resemblance to any living (or dead) person! Staff photographer **Colin Stead** conceived and executed the novel illustration. Just to supplement the fiction diet, we also publish a very funny piece of fiction, One Hundred Stubbies, by another esteemed Australian writer, **Kenneth Cook,** the man who wrote the classic *Wake in Fright.* **Michael Lodge** provided the graphics. Although the piece is not fiction – the author, **Richard Beckett,** assures us that his unbelievable and hysterically funny report is true – it is appropriate now to introduce Why I am a (Failed) Sex Aid Tester. This title is surely sufficient explanation. Our thanks go to **Scott Kennedy** for his outrageous illustrations.

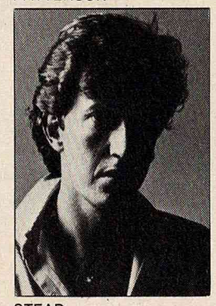
Pictorials? Well, we do have a delicious lady from Perth in our centrefold, the very beautiful Angela McCartney. At 21, her future is wide open. She's not sure what it holds but is excited by the prospects. "I'd call myself a talkative person," she says, "and I love people who are prepared to communicate." **Denis Scott** took the stunning pictures. The five senses are the theme for an unusual gift guide and, surprisingly for us, there's not one lady involved. Although we used a bevy of photographers, there's one you haven't met – the redoubtable **Tandy Rowley.**

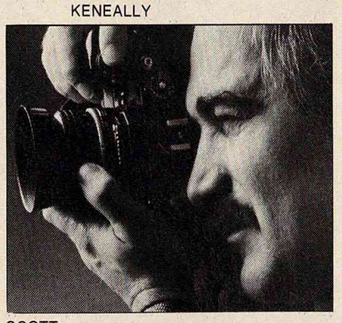
What else? Plenty. The December edition is crammed. We've got an amazing interview (concerning God) with that zany Monty Python crew, illustrated by **Gordon Fitchett;** there's the second part of **Paul Gardiner's** investigation into the Australian rock business; **Laurie Drake** has done a very entertaining and useful piece about camping, and **Richard Morgan** explores a new musical phenomenon, the digital record. We also have a chilling report on life in a Bangkok jail; a dramatic warning to anyone thinking of any illegal activities in Asia.

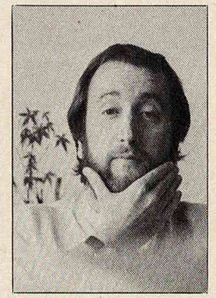
So, that's part of what we've got together for you this Christmas. It's a great magazine and we're proud of it. It's our way, our most sincere way, of saying Merry Christmas.

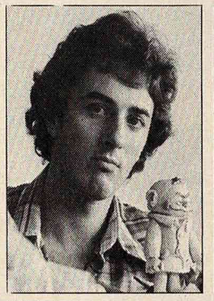

PATTERSON

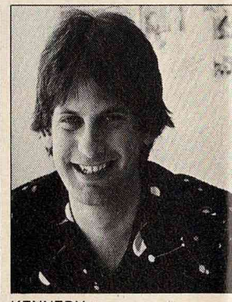

KENEALLY

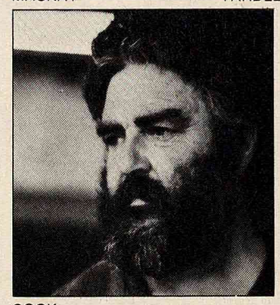

STEAD

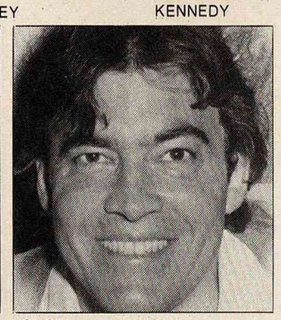

SCOTT

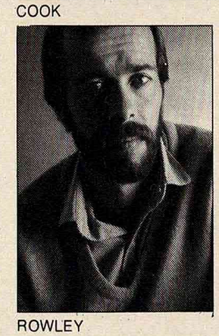

MACKAY

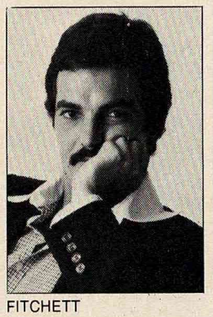

YARDLEY

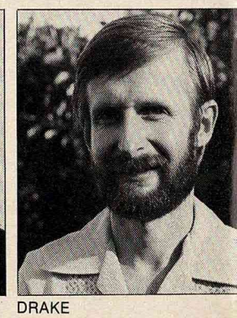

KENNEDY


COOK


LODGE


ROWLEY


FITCHETT


DRAKE

All your Christmases have come at once.

SGM37

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE — DECEMBER, 1979

Cover: Angela Van Nierop
Photography by Denis Scott

PLAYBILL.....3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....7
AFTER HOURS.....11
EXPERIENCE.....14
ADVISER.....17
WINE.....22
FORUM.....27
PARTY JOKES.....110
POTPOURRI.....186
PIPELINE.....189
ON THE SCENE.....193
MUSIC.....199
FILMS.....205
BOOKS.....211

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MASTERS AND JOHNSON **35**
The famed sex researchers speak frankly about their 25 years' experience

DRUGS IN AUSTRALIA'S ARMED FORCES — article .....LEE PATTERSON **70**
A detailed, profoundly disturbing document on the legacy of Vietnam

OUI, SYLVIE! — pictorial .....RICHARD FEGLEY **77**
Meet a très charmant miss from French Canada

ONE HUNDRED STUBBIES — fiction .....KENNETH COOK **84**
The locals watch in religious awe as Big Ivan does the impossible

THE FIVE SENSES — pictorial.....TANDY ROWLEY **88**
A Christmas gift guide for the man who has nothing and wants everything

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MONTY PYTHON.....REG POTTERTON **96**
Illustrating that, while religion may not be fun, it can be funny

A ROSE FROM THE GOLDEN WEST — Playboy's Playmate of the Month..... **100**

THE BLACK HOLE OF BANGKOK — article .....GEORGE MICHAELS **112**
An innocent Australian's five days of living hell in a Thai prison

STICK IT IN YOUR FAMILY ALBUM — pictorial .....ART KANE **121**

THE RETURN OF THUNDERBALL THOMMO — sport.....NEIL JAMESON **126**
Fit, fast and fighting — cricket's "bad boy" is back in the fray

I WAS A FAILED SEX AID TESTER — humor .....RICHARD BECKETT **132**
If you don't know a condom from a condominium, it's fun finding out

THE FRENCH CONNECTION — fashion.....KATE STEAD **138**

THE DIGITAL REVOLUTION — audio .....RICHARD MORGAN **144**
Computers and lasers are bringing a new dimension to high fidelity

WHO RUNS ROCK, ANYWAY? — article .....PAUL GARDINER **148**
Part two of The Rock Machine, a study by the editor of Rolling Stone

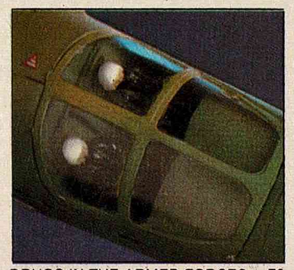
RIBALD CLASSIC..... **157**

GET OUT OF TOWN! — leisure.....LAURIE DRAKE **159**
Enjoy the lure of the great outdoors with some expert camping tips

GOING TO THE FAIR — fiction.....THOMAS KENEALLY **164**
Exclusive to PLAYBOY, a short story by Australia's best-selling novelist

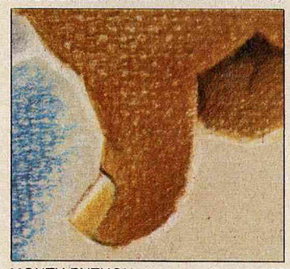
EAT, DRINK AND BE LOVING — article.....SARAH GRANT **181**
Aphrodisiacs they ain't — but certain foods will put you in the mood

©1979 Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.©1979 PLAYBOY as to material published in the September.1972 and November 1979, issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (USA). Price in Australia and New Zealand $2*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B.



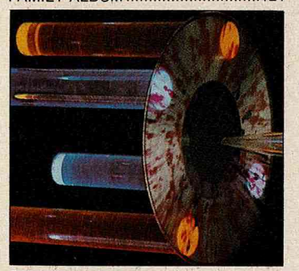
DRUGS IN THE ARMED FORCES....70

FIVE SENSES.....88



MONTY PYTHON.....96

FAMILY ALBUM.....121



DIGITAL RECORDS.....144

The U.F.O.

Power and flexibility out-of-this world.

Porsche 930 Turbo is immediately identifiable to a Porsche owner – but to us mere earthlings, it is an unbelievable vehicle. There is nothing like it in the world.

Porsche only makes sport cars, to drive one is an unreal experience. Be warned, after you've taken the wheel, you'll never be satisfied with anything else.

This is what we call the Porsche 'Carisma'.

And remember, Porsche is an investment, Porsche holds its price.

Most Porsche owners change into the latest Porsche at very little cost.

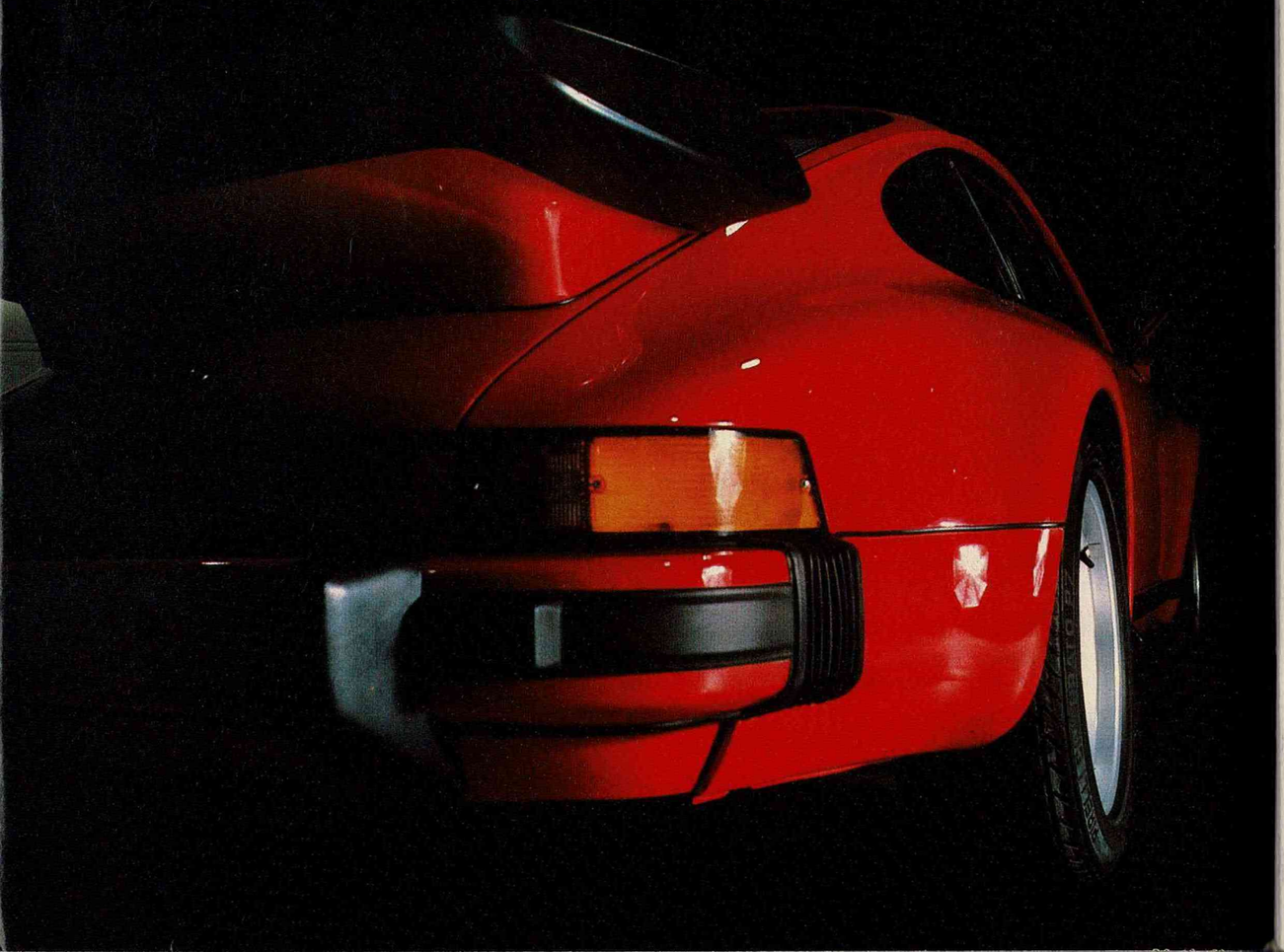
Porsche design minimises service, and service costs.

The Turbo is not just a highly specialised sport car designed for speed: its ability to cope, unfussed, with all weather and traffic conditions, its undemanding economy and extremely long service and oil change interval – make this top Porsche stand head and shoulders above other makes, which attempt to compare performance but which have far lower everyday utility.

Drive into the future in Porsche 930 Turbo, or any of the Porsche range of sport cars, 911SC Coupe, 911SC Targa, 924, 928.

Porsche *only* build sport cars . . . so there is no compromise

PORSCHE CARISMA



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

CHILLING PROPHECY

Articles like the Teller interview at least bring controversial subjects out into the open and I thank you for that. The public debate on the subject of nuclear energy must be continuous and lively. But Teller's advocacy of the continued release of low level radiation, which he maintains has not been proven to be harmful, fills me with horror. Well may Teller blame his tormentors such as Jane Fonda for his heart condition. I have nothing but admiration for the beautiful, the articulate and the zealous Miss Fonda, but I wish she and her supporters would lay off Dr Teller. I would like him to linger on for a few more years so he can take a vision of the inevitable crop of deformed children with him into purgatory.

D. Karl
Hornsby, NSW

OUT IN THE OPEN

Not long before reading the Edward Teller interview (PLAYBOY, September), I took part in a discussion with fellow students on nuclear energy. The debate on one of the most controversial topics of the time was thought-provoking and I found the interview just as interesting. Whether he is right or wrong is debatable, but Dr Teller was quite prepared in the interview to put forward his ideas. This is what makes the *Playboy Interview* what it is. Although I have only been reading PLAYBOY for a short time, I have found that your interview subjects open up important matters for public discussion. Invariably these matters are relevant to current affairs and, therefore, affect us all.

G.L.
Belfield, NSW

TIMELY WARNING

Your article entitled *The Losers* (PLAYBOY, September) should be compulsory reading for all Australians. Let's hope some of us stay strong, healthy and sane to give our children the chance to grow up and discover what life is all about.

C. Reindeer
Punchbowl, NSW

KINKY FOR KYLIE

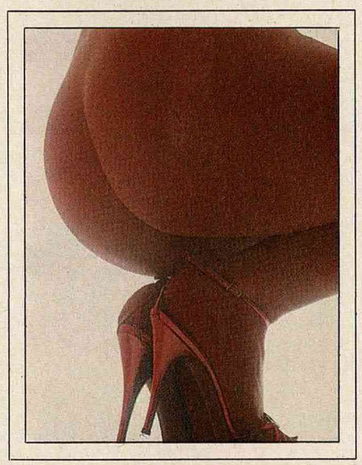
Congratulations, you have done it again – produced another fine magazine. Your September issue runneth over with beautiful women, but Kylie Foster is the pick of the bumper crop. And the backward look featured on your array of derrières was fantastic. I'm a guy doing time in Parramatta Jail and the one thing I want more than anything in life is a signed photograph of Kylie. Do you think she would be kind enough to send me one?

Mick Williams,
Parramatta Jail, NSW

If you have been keeping up with PLAYBOY, Mick, you will have noticed that we offered another peep of Kylie in last month's issue. We're sorry Kylie cannot accede to your request as she is currently overseas. That is one reason our Playmates sign the centrefold.

BOTTOMS UP!

After buying the September PLAYBOY I was flicking through the pages as I usually do, looking for all the good articles, when I happened on to Page



132. Well! What can I say? What beauty! What hips! What curves! What thighs! The only disappointment of that photographic feature – and I'm sure your millions of other readers will agree – was that I couldn't see the girls' faces or the rest of the bodies. How about some full frontals?

P.J. Townsville, Queensland.
Name and address withheld.

The bums are familiar, but we're sorry, P.J., we can't seem to place the faces. So above is another rear end for your rhapsodies.

GILDING THE COCK

Thank you for your excellent magazine. Both my husband and I enjoy the articles and the advertisements have opened up a whole new world for my husband. Through your presentation of the latest male fashions, I have been able to persuade my husband finally to go out and buy his own clothes. In the past he has always left me to do all his buying. Now he has gone out and bought himself satin shirts, a nightshirt and a matching shaving coat.

He has also discovered just how wide a range of male cosmetics are now available on the market. Thank you again for transforming my husband into a modern, trendy man.

D. Ling
Primrose Sands, Tasmania

ALIEN FORCE?

I would like to make a comment about my article *Strange Encounter* which appeared in your August issue. In the segment headed *The Expert View,* you say that I, along with the other people on board the Argosy aircraft, were sure the lights were directed by an alien force.

I can't speak for my companions on that flight, but to my knowledge I have never used the expression "alien force", and this is borne out by the comment in the first paragraph of my personal account that "we observed and filmed unidentified flying objects, and we have never claimed more than that".

Quentin Fogarty
Canterbury, Victoria

NEEDLED

Refraining from using words found at a vicars' tea party, I felt your article *Enlightenment for Men Workers (Chinese Playboy* spoof, September) was inappropriate.

Perhaps there is a market for this specialised form of racism (try the neo-nazi newsstands first) and the surrealist pin-up girl, but this space filler seems to have been written by a great wit who, unfortunately, only got half-way. Had the article been funny, absolution could have been arranged. But it wasn't even entertaining.

D. W. Hastings
Narrabeen, NSW

MORE PUBES PLEASE

I have been delighted with Australian PLAYBOY – up until now. I think your October issue was a step in the wrong direction. Firstly, I did not feel that the 3-D photographs were as sensational as they were made out to be in your publicity and, secondly, your centrefold was too tame.

Not that I want to see hard-core pornography, but PLAYBOY has always maintained that there is nothing obscene about displaying the female

From Dralle, one of Europe's famous hair care specialists, a range of carefully formulated preparations to help keep your hair healthy and handsome.

Birkin helps keep your hair healthy. It helps prevent premature loss of hair and dandruff. Formula includes birch sap, proteins and vitamin complex. Three types: for oily hair, dry hair and greying hair.

Sulfrin Special: Controls both kinds of dandruff when used regularly. From Dralle's laboratories comes the lotion that deals with dry scurf dandruff and the more difficult to control oily dandruff. The formula gets right to the cause of the dandruff and contains vitamin F and Allantoin.

Sulfrin AD Foam: Shampoos away dandruff and protects against further attacks when used regularly. It is this after-hairwash protection that makes this product so worthwhile. It helps dry hair become healthy and shiny, yet is mild and harmless to the skin.

RW RILEY WILLIAMS FAIRFIELD VICTORIA

PM 3993/79 BBB 6001

form naturally. Therefore, I feel that there should be no reason why the pubic region has to be partially or totally hidden behind a conveniently placed hand or leg. By doing this, PLAYBOY is setting our glamor photography back 10 years. So, come on, Australian PLAYBOY get with it. Your readers deserve the best.

J. S. Smith,
Norlane, Victoria

And they shall get the best, Mr Smith. But we're out to capture grace and beauty and that doesn't necessarily depend on whether the pubic hair shows. If it does pullulate, well so much the better!

UNTOUCHED

I feel compelled to write in protest at the touching up of photographs in your magazine. Don't get me wrong, I have no wish for your marvellous photographic studies to become "gynaecological" or for you to resort to "intra-vaginal" photography. However, I feel that by touching up photographs to remove any hint of genitals being present is effectively labelling these parts of the female body as "ugly" and unviewable – which is, of course, rubbish.

Your models never indulge in the leg-splitting "wide open spaces" type of pose, which can reduce a photograph from an artistic study to an advanced biology lesson, so I cannot see the need for "neutering" them!

I hope this letter will be published to see if a response can be drawn from other PLAYBOY readers on this subject. I thank you in anticipation for an improvement in an otherwise excellent magazine. PS: Your US counterpart does not indulge in this practise.

D. Walker
Melbourne, Victoria

Look again, Mr Walker. Not one of our beauties has had her natural beauty tarnished by an artist's touch-up. Could it be possible that such visions of loveliness have put you a little out of focus?

REVAMPED

In the photo illustrating Roaring Twenties footwear (*Feet First*, October PLAYBOY) your gorgeous model is a very well endowed blonde. No complaints, but wasn't the typical '20s vamp as shapeless as a telegraph pole?

B. McPhee
Canberra, ACT

Yes she was, Mr McPhee. We thought she needed revamping for the late '70s.

THE REAL MOLLY

As a rapidly ageing rocker and occasional viewer of the ABC's Countdown, I was surprised by the character revealed in your profile of Molly Meldrum (PLAYBOY, October).

The banal, semi-literate image projected on the screen appears to be a far cry from the real man, apparently intelligent, witty and honest. The latter is, of course, of primary importance in the pop music business, as I discovered, having touched briefly the edges of the business a couple of years ago. Its capacity to generate corruption is extraordinary.

PLAYBOY'S profiles are the best reading in your magazine, and the story on Meldrum matches the best you have published.

Brent Good,
Burnside, SA

LADY'S CHOICE

After reading the September issue of PLAYBOY, I just had to write and commend you on a very fine magazine. I am aware that PLAYBOY is a magazine designed for men and I don't know how many women have tuned in, but this is one woman who is very impressed. I originally bought the magazine for my boyfriend, but I found myself reading it from cover to cover before I gave him a chance to read it. I found everything very interesting and entertaining – particularly the Edward Teller interview. And Hugh Edwards' article, *Frenzy of the Great White Shark*, was superb – absolutely spine chilling.

Miss Playboy Fan,
Toowoomba, Queensland
Name withheld by request

MUSIC POLL

I am in full accord with the results of the *Playboy Music Poll*, which gave belated recognition to Australian country musicians and vocalists. I was especially pleased that the instrumentalist of the year award went to Pee Wee Clark, a fine picker and pedaler of the steel guitar.

Donna Clark
Arncliffe, NSW

DUD STUD

I hope broadcaster Derryn Hinch puts more time and thought into counselling his suicide calls than he puts into articles for PLAYBOY.

Frankly I found the article *How to Have a Dirty Weekend* (October issue) trivial and boring.

Hinch seemed most interested in telling the reader about himself, once again feeding his giant ego.

Somebody with the image of Jack Thompson would have been more suitable, rather than Melbourne's pudgy King of the Blue Rinse set.

John Dervil
Carlton North, Victoria

Simply the easiest and best cameras you'll ever get your hands on. The Canon Automatic AE-1 or the new Automatic AV-1.

Forget the complicated controls which used to make 35 mm photography difficult. Canon now make cameras which do just about everything for you, electronically.

You just focus and shoot.

That's why they're called the cameras with brains.

What else would you expect from the people who make more 35 mm cameras than anyone else.

Canon, worldwide warranty, worldwide craftsmanship, worldwide service.

THE OFFICIAL 35MM CAMERA OF THE 1980 OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES

The Automatic/Manual AE-1.

The New Automatic AV-1.

Canon

THE CAMERA WITH BRAINS

DISTRIBUTED & SERVICED IN AUSTRALIA BY CANON AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. SYDNEY: 22 Lambs Road, Artarmon, N.S.W. 2064. MELBOURNE: 1 Hall Street, East Hawthorn, Vic. 3123. BRISBANE: 2 Manning Street, South Brisbane, Qld. 4101. ADELAIDE: 314 South Road, Richmond, S.A. 5033. PERTH: 285 Lord Street, Perth, W.A. 6000.

LHV/004C

Created from as many as 80 fine Cognacs to achieve unique style and quality.

Cognac Hennessy VSOP Fine Champagne

Created from the largest reserves of fine old brandies in the cognac region of France.

COGNAC Hennessy

JHG3647

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BOOTLEG BOVVER

The recording industry's campaign to put the boot into bootlegging turned up another victory recently when British phonographic industry investigators busted what was believed to be the biggest bootleg ring in the UK. The BPI boys obtained orders of inspection from the High Court, and in a series of raids in Manchester, Newcastle, London and St Helens they seized large quantities of bootleg albums by top recording artists.

As a result the defendants have the full weight of the industry on their backs with action being taken on behalf of nearly all the major labels and such artists as Bob Dylan, David Bowie, Led Zeppelin, Elton John, Fleetwood Mac and Peter Shelley.

The manner in which the BPI cracked the ring would have done Ian Fleming proud. The operation, codenamed Moonbeam, was the climax of five months of investigations by the BPI's anti-piracy division. The chain of events began earlier this year with a tip-off that a wide-scale bootleg racket was operating out of Manchester. Investigations showed that a ring was importing large quantities of bootleg material from the US via Holland. The syndicate was infiltrated by a BPI investigator posing as a manufacturer and he helped maintain the identity by arranging for the pressing of 2000 Bowie bootlegs.

UNHAPPY PRINCESS

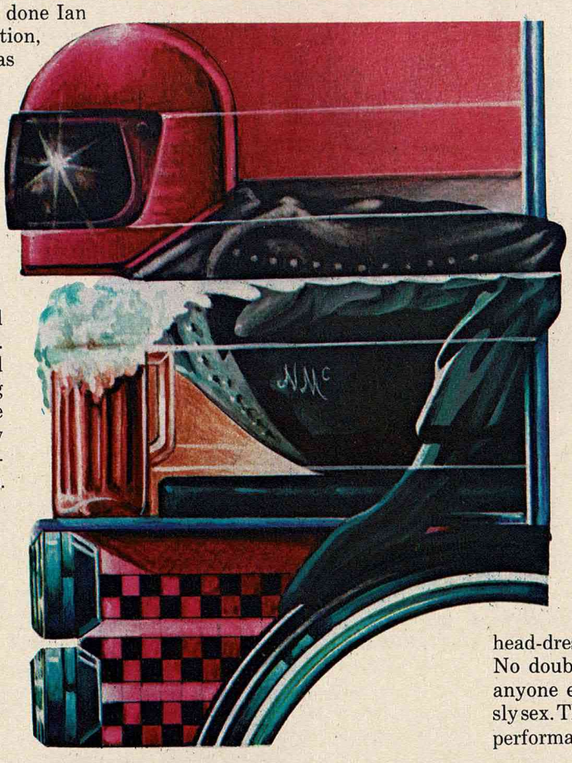
Blue words to a blue-blood cost a New Zealand man $67 when he appeared before the court for calling Princess Anne a "bloody bludger". Mangu Awarau, 30, pleaded guilty to using insulting language but he may well have thought the princess fair game. Not known to have inherited the royal patience and charm of her mother, Princess Anne has a bad reputation for dropping the odd expletive when unseated by a horse or harassed by reporters. According to reports the princess was distressed by Awarau's outburst, and with good reason: soon before the recent New Zealand trip she had been told by the Queen to smile more in public.

TWO TYRED

Queensland has established a notable first with the conviction of a man charged with being drunk in charge of a wheelchair. Colin David Druery, 22, of Woody Point, in Brisbane, is crippled and unemployed. He was convicted and discharged after police said they had seen him weaving his chair along a major highway. When they approached, he reversed and landed in a gutter. Druery said he had been drinking from 10am till 10pm but had eaten two meals. The police prosecutor said the act under which Druery was charged stated that any person who, under the influence of liquor, used a motor vehicle, horse, buggy or any other vehicle on a public road committed an offence. He said wheelchairs could certainly be regarded as vehicles.

TENSION TIME

It was once said that former Grand Prix racing champion Stirling Moss used to bring himself to peak performance level by abstaining from sex for at least a week before a major race. Moss later admitted this was a bit excessive and probably had no bearing on his driving capabilities. Stirling's heyday fell more than 20 years ago so it seems rather odd that a similar formula should be prescribed for a dance group in 1979. It's been a long-established custom that the Motalava Dancers of Banks Island, New Hebrides, may have no sex for about three weeks before a performance. The 12-man dance group, which recently performed in Australia, regards the abstinence period as a vital part of the preparation. For those who scoff at the idea of a healthy male willingly adhering to the custom, the dancers are quick to claim that no man dare cheat on the deal. According to a spokesman, the last dancer to break the custom was a dead giveaway because the leaves from his ceremonial head-dress decayed and changed color. No doubt the same fate would befall anyone else who took a stab at some sly sex. The group handles about a dozen performances a year, so that could



mean the no-sex edict applies for at least 30 of the 52 weeks. The ban is lifted for the performance term, during which time the dancers presumably make up for lost time. The dance group doesn't boast a large groupie following, otherwise its very existence could well be in jeopardy.

DOODLING DELIGHTS

Electronic pens are breaking new skin in the field of bodily communications. Sales of the pens both in Europe and the US have jumped since publicity was given to their value in creating body art. One European magazine ran a feature on readers' body illustrations and the novelty of some of the works sparked a rush on the pens.

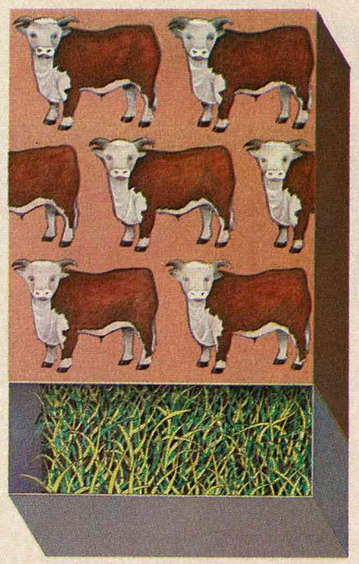
In Australia the doodling delights of the pens came under notice when an art teacher turned on his class of 50 to the idea. A naked male student doodled a design on the teacher's genitals while the teacher turned his attention to a young girl's breast. Students of the bodily art craze report no ill effects from their doodlings other than a puritanical backlash.

BRANDO'S BUM STEER

Putting the biographical bayonet into the ex has long been Hollywood's most productive cottage industry. One of the latest contributors is Anna Kashfi, who for the purpose of fun, revenge and profit has put acid pen to paper at the expense of ex-husband Marlon Brando. Kashfi was Mrs Brando from 1957 to 1959 and, with assistance of one E. P. Stein, has beaten up a bedpan full of muck to drop on poor old Marlon. Kashfi has called her book *Brando For Breakfast* and it contains more than the prescribed measure of scandal. F'rinstance: during her time with Brando she claims she heard that his sexual pursuits encompassed such practices as being a member of the Necrophilia Club, consorting with a duck, attending exhibitionist orgies and visiting a proctolist. Our sex guide tells us that a proctolist is one who supposedly reads the future in a client's anal creases. If that was the case, it appears Brando's soothsayer gave him a bum steer: since leaving Kashfi, Brando has consistently struck out in his choice of wives and sexual partners.

THE OLD ENEMY

"Sheer, stark terror grips you in underwater 3D," warned the posters when the *Creature From The Black Lagoon* made its belated 3D debut in Australia recently. "Terrifying monster of the ages raging with pent-up passions. And with every man a mortal enemy and a woman's beauty



his prey." Etc. Twenty-five years ago when the movie played to packed houses across the United States, the innocents of the '50s shuddered to see the monster's green hand emerge lifelike from the inky depths and reach for the shapely ankle of Julie Adams. But now in the jaded late '70s, not even the kids reacted when the movie packed them in for a week at the 5.15 session in Sydney's Encore cinema.

By today's standards the anguished monster's performance came across as being very restrained – especially for a creature who'd waited thousands of years to get his rocks off. When he finally did carry off the object of his desire, he didn't even get the chance to have his way before being driven back into the lonely depths by a hail of bullets. "The response was quite extraordinary," said the Encore's Michael Gillette. "Most people seemed to like it but I'm not sure exactly why. They got a laugh out of it rather than being scared by it."

MEN MOVING IN

The old employment office standby, "do you have any positions for a male model?" has ceased to be a joke according to a guy who's in the right place to know. "The guys are queueing up to get into this business," says professional photographer Cliff Manning, who recently opened an agency to handle the rush. Cliff's Kings Cross, Sydney, agency – called Faces – still receives an overwhelming response from the ladies, but the number of guys has jumped amazingly.

"Once upon a time," says Cliff, "it took a lot of nerve for a guy to take modelling seriously, but these days the top guys are in strong demand and are very well paid. On the other hand we find that more and more girls are looking for off-camera jobs in the modelling and advertising business."

AH, BULLDUST

Scottish-born former kindergarten teacher Pat Coleman, now living in Rockhampton, is doing very nicely thank you packaging and selling at a dollar a dollop "the original Australian basic compound". She says it's used by politicians and top executives every day, that business thrives on it, that it adds zest to conversation in bars and that it's great for picking up ladies. Coleman says she has had the bullshit collected from paddocks and tested for purity, and if anyone orders more than a thousand kilograms she'll send them their own factory – one Brahman bull along with feeding instructions. So far she has despatched hundreds of packets throughout Australia and even sent them overseas.

CANBERRA CAROUSEL

Observers of the migratory flights of birds have noted that the population of escort girls in the ACT usually rises and falls according to parliamentary sessions. In other words, when the lofty members are in Canberra, so are the girls – it's one way of informing the electorate that at least somebody at the national capital is prepared to do something to alleviate the unemployment problem.

STILL BEST

It had a ring of *déjà vu* about it when wayward soccer genius George Best bobbed up in England to declare his intention to return to the big time of British professional football. Propped against a bar with a drink clutched firmly in hand, Best, 32, claimed that this time he was serious about his comeback. He'd just walked out on Tampa Bay Rowdies, the Florida side which had picked up his tab after he walked out on a Los Angeles side, which he had joined after walking out on London club Fulham, which ... There's no chance that Best will ever be seen again in the colors of Manchester United, the club which rocketed him to international fame after plucking him from the obscurity of Northern Ireland. But he could get a run with Fulham because he is still on the London club's books. Best was not accompanied by his wife, Angela MacDonald James, who was on tour in the US as personal assistant to pop star Cher. That didn't mean they were going their separate ways, said Best. It's just that they have a "modern marriage", he insists. And it's a contract he doesn't intend walking out on.

EXPERIENCE

our traveller cements détente with a shapely russian tractor driver in furs

THE FIVE Mile High Club used to smack of a certain panache, the sense of wealth and the devil-may-care of an assignation in public. The aeroplane was a modern day eroticism which fired the loins of her passengers with the whoomph of thrust as she bolted into the sky. It was a natural progression to sidle alongside the tasty girl with the Gucci tags and risk a limb in the odd dangerous air pocket in pursuance of in-flight entertainment.

But now economy fares, advanced bookings, super deals and *Emmanuelle* on general release have banished the eclectism of the club, with every fat-thighed stenographer and cul de sac stud jumping aboard the Jumbos for quicky tricks in the tourist class.

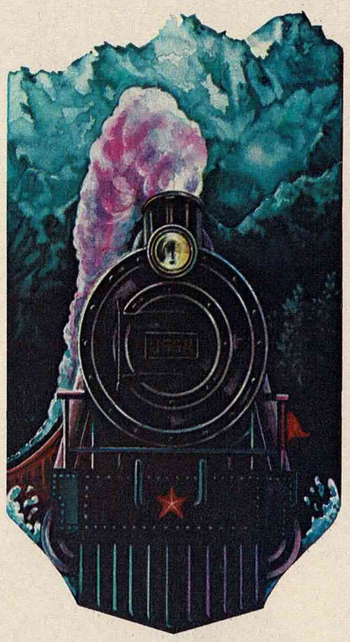
No, it is time there was a club which fitted better these austere times, where everybody limps to their Armageddon in a slow surge of mediocrity. It is time for the Five Foot Six Across Club, which might not have the atmosphere of the sky screwers but encourages such membership qualities as fortitude, linguistic ability and old fashioned style which are ailing virtues in these modern climes.

Acceptance may be gained only on Russian soil, the first hurdle being a visa which, with our capitalist sympathies, has to be a shade tricky, but avoid words like Gulag and archipelago and you should be right. Visa issued, the starting point is that jewel of East Russia, Khabarovsk which, being 1200 kilometres from Nakhodka, which is a two-day voyage from Japan, ensures the club maintains some degree of exotic elitism.

With eight days of train travel stretching before me, I began adjusting to the steady trundle of the train which trudged through silver birch forests and the occasional villages of pioneer log cabins.

Nobody shared my compartment, and I was beginning to think Intourist might be shielding me from the Russian populace, despite the cheery succession of friendly faces appearing at my doorway to test broken English and one snapper of a czar who caned me at chess. By the time we got to Chita I was on the brink of mental apathy. It was a bitterly cold morning and, in the apprentice light, I tramped the platform, cloudy breathed, and watched muffled lumps of people organising the progress of the train.

Back in my compartment, I sat for a minute before the arrival of my companion. She barrelled in, laden with bags and wrapped in a selection of furs



ranging, judging by the antique cut, from sabre-tooth tiger to mammoth. I was suprised. There were all these rumors of mixed cabins but, from my visits to the restaurant car, I had surmised that the train Russians were mainly manly or women incognito.

She plonked her bags in the trunk beneath the bed, hoisted her legs up, drew the curtains and disappeared. The curtain fluttered as she moved behind it, and I returned to the scenery as we began the ascent of the Yablonovy mountains.

She reappeared shorn of her furs, and I glanced at her face. She incised me with her eyes and I was aware of the swell of breasts beneath her pullover, and beneath her skirt, under thick woollen stockings above the pilot's boots, were the shape of knees. I picked up my book, deliberating how to induce a thaw. She leaned toward me, jabbing a finger at the cover.

"American?"

"Australian," I said, smiling.

"New York, New York," she decided, and who was I to argue.

"That's right," I said and she ripped off a few sentences in Russian, discovered I hadn't a clue what she was saying, and burrowed into her handbag for a photograph. It was her, perched on the seat of a tractor on the edge of a field which stretched to infinity.

"New York, New York," she chortled and we smiled at one another until the silence becalmed us and we stared at the hazy sun fighting the clutch of the freezing evening.

I motioned with my arms to eat and the woman jerked her head, prefering to remain in the compartment while I ate a solitary dinner with the swell of those breasts reflected in my mind. Nursing a preposterous idea, I slugged back a brace of cherry vodkas and returned, fortified, and found her curtains drawn.

Taking my book, I lay down on my bunk, drew my curtains and switched on the reading light, but the rhythmic rattle of the rails lulled me on to the brink of sleep.

The noise of the compartment door opening woke me. I glimpsed a fur coat disappearing into the corridor. The girl was gone for minutes and I was dozing before she returned. As she passed, she deliberately nudged my curtain. There was a flash of skin between the flaps of her coat.

"New York, New York," she said.

"Oh my," I said as I peeped through the gap. Then she sat on her bunk, furs adrift, naked skin beneath and rosy pink.

"Na zdorovie," she said.

"You bet," I said, and she crossed the compartment. Her skin was warm, her breasts ripe and her mouth on mine while the furs slipped from her shoulders. I tasted Russia, enticingly musky with the breath of a perfume similar to one my grandmother used, while this girl was all over me like a rash, muttering Russian icons in my ear and trying to play the balalaika with my old fellow.

The train rattled across the Siberian plain where dissidents and space debris disappear with equal facility. She was sitting on me, and I was admiring a mole on her shoulder which could have been a hammer or a sickle and she was admiring my all-over sun tan with her tongue.

We slumbered beneath her fur coat until she looked at my watch and muttered under her breath, dragging her body from mine, and slipping behind her curtains to materialise fully dressed and beaming.

The night frozen outside, the train drew into Irkutsk where she tapped my knee and pointed outside.

"Brmm, brmmm," I said steering an imaginary wheel with my hands.

"Da, da," she said, and laughed as she gathered up her bags and was gone in a great rush of extinct fur into the Siberian night.

National Portable Video Home System

Make the good times last; keep your memories on video cassette. Watch a child growing up. Check your golf swing. The uses of portable video are as varied as your lifestyle. Simply connect the recorder and camera to your imagination.

You record in full colour and playback up to three hours on one cassette. This portable National system works off mains power, re-chargeable battery or car or boat battery. You can dub in a voice track or background music and you can hold a still frame for close inspection.

This camera is easy to operate and features a built-in microphone, control unit for various light conditions, zoom lens and an electronic viewfinder that doubles as a monitor for instant replays on location. If your shot isn't to your satisfaction, you simply shoot again. There is no processing. It's instant. For home showings, just connect the video recorder to your TV set.

National: Setting the pace in today's video world.

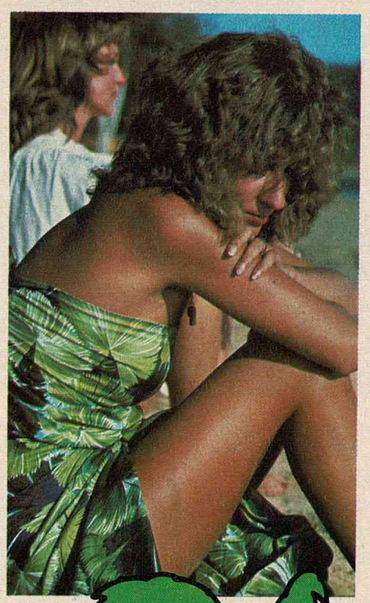
National

There's so much more to National.

For further information, write to National VHS PO Box 278, Kensington NSW 2033.

QMSH 2330

Queensland is Australia's largest wild life reserve.



Ask anyone who's been on a Queensland holiday to the Gold Coast, Noosa or the Barrier Reef. They'll talk about unreal beaches, sunny skies . . . and the fabulous wild life.

Restaurants, discos, tropical islands – no matter where you go, you'll be amazed at the variety of wild life Queensland is famous for. You've probably never seen so much suntanned skin in one place before!

It all adds up to a holiday you'll remember, a holiday you'll be talking about for a long time to come.

Phone or call at the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau or your travel agent.
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 149 King Street.
Phone: 232 1788
MELBOURNE, Victoria. M.L.C. Building,
Cnr. Elizabeth & Collins Streets.
Phone: 61 2611
ADELAIDE, South Australia.
12a Grenfell Street. Phone: 51 2397
CANBERRA CITY, A.C.T.
28–36 Ainslie Avenue. Phone: 48 8411
BRISBANE, Queensland.
Cnr. Adelaide & Edward Streets.
Phone: 31 2211
Also at Alexandra Headland, Cairns, Coolangatta, Mackay, Newcastle, Rockhampton, Surfers Paradise, Toowoomba & Townsville.

Queensland

A2830/W

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I get turned on by women being aggressive, wrestling or playing any contact sport. The sight of them really gets me going sexually. I'm no sadist and I know I'm not the only one who enjoys seeing women engaged in wrestling matches for fun. But is this sexual behavior normal? – P.B., NSW.

No problem as long as you can contain your aroused sexual feelings in public. Just don't go leaping on a beefy Bertha in the wrestling ring and wonder what you're doing in a half Nelson. Many men are turned on by physical women, both aggressive and otherwise, but they hesitate to admit as much. But now that you've led the field, perhaps others will follow.

I have read somewhere that dreams have a meaning, and I'd be obliged if you could help me interpret my recurring night-time fantasy. It always begins with me standing in this vast banquet hall. There are two tiers of what I assume to be wine casks down one side, a broad oak table in the centre of the hall, and on the other wall arched windows open out on to a deserted lawn. It is always daylight. A woman materialises at the head of the table. She is never the same, but is beautiful and not recognisable as anyone I know or have seen in films or magazines. The woman then begins to glide towards me and, as she does, the flowing white veils in which she is always dressed seem to disappear until she is naked by the time she reaches me. She never speaks, but I always receive a kind of telepathic message to take off my clothes and lie on my back on the bare table. I want to reach out and touch her, but my arms seem paralysed. She hovers over me, never touching me, but I have this feeling of exquisite pleasure as though she is teasing me with her tongue and lips and fingers. I always wake up at the orgasm but I never ejaculate. Can your dream expert help? – J.D., NSW.

We've delved through The Dreamer's Dictionary *and found some contrary interpretations. A banquet hall suggests coming changes (no pun intended). Wine forecasts health, happiness and prosperity. A dining table indicates an upturn in social activities. Strangers suggest happy reunions with valued friends. Dreaming of a veil indicates that you are engaged in, or contemplating, some activity which is contrary to your principles. Losing a veil means you will suffer only minor embarrassment in regard to a major indiscretion. Exciting good news is forecast by a dream featuring telepathy. Undressing yourself indicates misplaced affections. General disability suggests emotional conflict or sexual inhibition. The realisation of an unworthy ambition is forecast by sexual teasing. Authors Stearn Robinson and Tom Corbett don't list orgasm, so you'll have to draw your own conclusion. Let's just hope your night-time dream doesn't turn into a day-time nightmare.*

Reading through a recent Adviser section, I was concerned to learn that genital herpes is the trickiest of all sexually-related diseases and may even lead to cancer in women. This highlights my problem. While my girlfriend and I enjoy oral sex very much, I am prone to getting coldsores on my lips. Is this common herpes virus the same as the genital virus and, if so, can the former cause the latter? I have heard that a smallpox injection can cure herpes. Is there any truth attached to this claim? – N.N., SA.

Whenever you have a cold sore, don't indulge in oral encounters of the sexual kind. The subtle difference between the common virus (herpes simplex) and the genital virus (herpes genitalis) is in their classification as Types 1 and 2. Plus, of course, their location. Fortunately not everyone exposed to herpes contracts the virus, but when there are lesions you run a definite risk of transmitting it. At other times doctors believe that oral sex may be safe with one important exception: during the time before active lip-sores appear, when there may be tingling or itching, there may be herpes simplex viruses present and you may be infectious. The obvious answer, therefore, is that when in any doubt, don't. A smallpox injection doesn't cure herpes but does introduce some antibodies into the system which give longer respite between attacks. If you want further information contact the Royal Adelaide Hospital male clinic, telephone 228-0410.

I often hear blokes with effeminate voices and think how abnormal and freaky they sound. Problem is, I'm the same. I've become very self-conscious about talking to strangers in pubs, having received some strange looks. And when I fear to speak up, I fail to make any impression on people in general, and women in particular. Most frustrating, however, are the times when I do cope and a close friend then jokes about my "duckie" voice. How can I speak normally? Hormones? Speech therapy? Practise deep singing in the shower? Anything? – N.W., Queensland.

You could get yourself into a real lather warbling Old Man River while you rub-a-dub-dub. Your best bet is to seek expert help. Speech therapists generally make appointments only on medical referral, so you'll have to visit your doctor or nearest public hospital first. A therapy course may be of some help, but you might also need to be prescribed hormones.

Would you please settle an argument: what is the total population of Ireland and also the population of Northern Ireland? – W.O., Victoria.

At last count in 1976 the estimated population of the Republic of Ireland was 3,160,100, more than twice the 1,538,100 population of Northern Ireland. The difference is perhaps due to contraceptives being more readily available in the north where, it is rumored, the locals take three at a time. To be sure, to be sure, to be sure.

I am a writer in search of some way to translate my talents into an income. Can anyone submit articles to you for publication in Australian PLAYBOY? Creative writing rather than journalistic work is my particular preference. – D.M., SA.

We're always on the lookout for short stories of artistic merit so, if you have talent for telling tales and are prepared to anguish over a typewriter

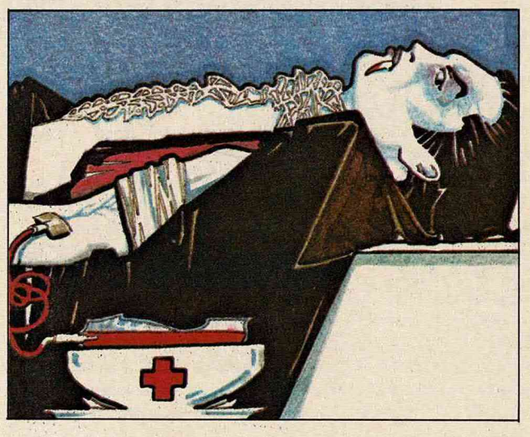
in the interests of literary achievement, by all means have a go. Stories should be between 1500 and 5000 words in length and submitted in double-spaced type, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to The Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. The good news is that he has very catholic (with a small c) taste. And the bad? He's a busy, busy man so don't expect a reply by return.*

I am 19 years old and for the past year have not had sex. The reason is that my girlfriend, up until lately, has been too young. Now she is willing and we have tried to have sex a couple of times. The problem is that, when we are ready to begin, my penis is simply not hard enough. Also I don't feel sufficiently randy. I was wondering whether it had anything to do with the curve in my penis? When I try to enter her, it bends. What can I do? – W.B., Queensland.

A curved penis is fairly common and not the problem. Instead, after a year's anticipation you are probably both as tense as tennis racquets which, in turn, will affect your physical performance. So try foregoing intercourse on your next few encounters and instead masturbate each other to climax. Then, as your confidence improves along with your erection, try intercourse again, using a lubricant on your penis to facilitate entry. At the same time remember that intercourse is a team effort, so encourage your girlfriend to guide your penis into her vagina, even if it's not fully erect. It soon will be as you achieve success together but, if the problem persists, you should seek counselling.

I recently had a bar-room bet with a mate of mine who said chooks could lay three eggs a day under controlled conditions. Having chooks of my own, I reckon I'm lucky to get even one egg a day, and find his story unbelievable. Could you tell me eggsactly how many they can lay? – R.S., Victoria.

If your mate has positive proof that chooks can lay three eggs a day, the Department of Agriculture would like to hear from him. Our eggspert (pardon the fowl language) says the average hen at her productivity peak lays nine eggs every 10 days. This fact is born out by the Guinness Book of Records. *The highest authenticated rate of egg-laying is 361 in 364 days by one Princess Te Kawau, a Black Orpington, in New Zealand 50 years ago. Other world records include 16oz/454g as the heaviest egg and nine yolks in one egg; the most mind-boggling record is held by Englishman Peter Dowdeswell, who ate 14 hardboiled eggs in 58 seconds. We reckon that would have been more binding than a wedding ring.*



A close friend of mine needed to have an operation recently and he required several units of blood. That got me to think about becoming a blood donor. Could you please give me some information about giving blood and answer a few questions such as who is eligible to donate, how much blood is taken each time, and whether there are any after effects? As I am a traveller, could you also please supply the addresses of interstate blood banks? – P.R., NSW.

Nine out of 10 people will require a blood transfusion some time in their lives, according to the Australian Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, yet only 2½ percent of the population has ever donated blood and that figure hasn't changed since World War Two. Excuses range from "some of us really don't have time", to "needles bother me so much that the mere thought of sewing a button on a shirt gives me a rash". The demand for blood increases by 10 percent every year. The Sydney metropolitan hospitals for instance use an average 1000 units every day, a unit being about 430mls and equivalent to one donation. Donating blood is simple and painless. Anaesthetic is sprayed on your arm so you feel very little. The actual collection of blood takes between five and seven minutes, but the required rest afterwards means you'll spend about 40 minutes at the blood bank. Where else can you have a lie down in the middle of the day plus, in some blood banks, a free hot dog for lunch? There are no after effects. The circulating volume of blood is made up within an hour and your red cells will be back to normal within three weeks. Anyone between 18 and 60 is eligible to become a donor provided they are in good health and not taking any medications. Anyone in doubt about a past illness should consult the medical staff at a blood bank. A series of tests is made on the blood given, so donating has the added bonus of a free health check. Donors can give blood every three months and may register at the addresses listed below. In country areas, interested donors should contact the blood bank at a local hospital.

Australian Red Cross banks are situated at 153 Clarence Street, Sydney; 114 Flinders Street, Melbourne; 409 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 301-309 Pirie Street, Adelaide; 290 Wellington Street, Perth; 53 Collins Street, Hobart; 19 Lambell Terrace, Darwin; 80 Hartley Street, Alice Springs. The Canberra Blood Bank is located in the Capital Territory Health Commission Building at the corner of Moore and Alinga Streets.

I've heard a lot about "super-foods" and would like to know just how effective they are because I want to gain a bit of weight. I've already started doing a gym course and some jogging, and have recently stopped smoking. – H.B., Victoria.

Chances are you're already inching out of your lean predicament. People who stop smoking usually gain weight either by eating more to compensate for non-smoking or because food, like a kiss, begins to taste better. Or both. But if after a time you still reckon you make a broom handle look hefty, see your doctor who will advise the best diet to suit your particular metabolism.

Being a fan of all those old movies from the '30s, I would like to know where one can get enlarged stills from the great screen classics. Can you help? – R.K., Victoria.

If you'd like to write to the Hoyts Movie Bookshop, 505 George Street, Sydney 2000, they have reprint posters publicising the likes of Gone With The Wind *and* Saratoga *for $3.95 each. However, their stocks are limited (we couldn't locate a bookshop in Victoria) because customs regulations prohibit the importation of such posters in order to protect local printers who, to quote one embittered ex-importer, are more interested in enlarged pictures of "the Sydney Harbor Bridge, koala bears and Norman Gunston". Apparently, special import licences can be obtained only if six local printers will sign declarations stating that they have been approached to reprint the posters but are unable to schedule the work.*

(0336)
20
Special Filter
BENSON and HEDGES
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Pocket a little gold.
© The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd. 1978
CC125/78 016.P735F.11.78

GRAND SLAM

SPORT OF THE MONTH

Grand Slam

BONDS
GRAND SLAM

014 P.200

WINE

rise to every occasion with the beguiling bubble and froth of champagne

PROBABLY the best gift I ever had was a bath in champagne. A female acquaintance asked me how many bottles it took. "I don't know, darling," I replied. "I wasn't pouring. It was a Christmas present I got in St Moritz."

This reply may sound somewhat bitchy, but I reassured myself with the fact that anyone who wants to know the logistics of the occasion has little ability to perceive and revel in the better things in life. For myself, I didn't even notice what champagne it was.

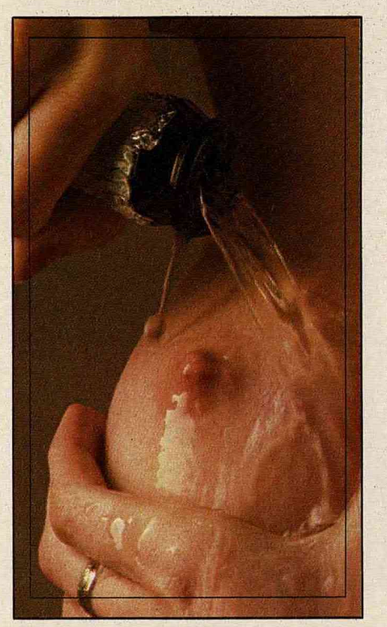
Nothing has quite taken me to the same heights since – not even a case of my favorite full-bodied Bollinger R.D. '69. Although it provided a round dozen of delightfully à deux occasions, a dozen wasn't enough to fill a bathtub and even had I received a case or two more, I am probably too mean to pour the stuff in myself anyway. Neither do I have, in Sydney at least, a suitably sumptuous bath.

•

It is said that champagne is best drunk at 11.30 in the morning and is never the same after. This knocks the hell out of another theory I find more enlightened, that it should be drunk before an affair, during an affair, after an affair and instead of an affair. Madame Bollinger seemed to have the most balanced attitude when she said in 1961: "I drink it when I'm happy and when I'm sad. Sometimes I drink it when I'm alone. When I have company I consider it obligatory. I trifle with it if I'm not hungry and drink it when I am. Otherwise I never touch it, unless, of course, I'm thirsty."

Champagne is much under-rated, partly because it is so often drunk in celebration, when it is just knocked back in the name of goodwill, and partly because so little is known about it due to the infrequency of its consumption. It is often accused of being all bite and no bark (by this I mean that people don't look for what's on the palate, but just absorb the initial pleasing attack of bubbles on the front of the mouth).

The newly initiated tend to swoop on to a name which appears to have the right image. "Ah, they serve Tattinger (renowned for its bite) at the White House for visiting dignitaries. I'm a Tattinger man." Or "Krug is a heavier, man's champagne; I'll stay with that." As a result, a good deal of tasting pleasure is lost. I call myself a Bollinger lady but I wouldn't drink it all the time any more than I would open a bottle of Lindeman's Hunter White Burgundy '64 every time I want a good still white.



"Champagne travels. It tastes as good in darkest Africa as it does on the terrace of the Oriental in Bangkok or on a yacht at anchor in St Tropez."

Winston Churchill drank Pol Roger, that great dry stinger, as British cartoonists always liked to remind us, on the great man's birthdays. He liked the older vintages, bottled in Imperial pints, and named one of his racing fillies after Odette Pol-Roger (it won four races at the time of the Queen's Coronation in 1953). The man and the wine had a lot in common. They knew no half measures and both were outspoken and did not hide their light under a bushell. Just as Pol Roger has a fine fruit behind the fine bead and initial impact, so had the old man a heart of gold under those shaggy bulldog eyebrows.

On the same basis, you should be able to decide what type of champagnes to buy for yourself, your friends and business acquaintances this Christmas. Read on to find the right sparkling drop to match each character on your guest list.

Some will be enormously flattered if you give them Möet et Chandon, because it is a big seller with a broad enough based palate to have universal appeal (it is often served at English garden parties with that gutless horror, the cucumber sandwich), and some will believe that you see them as just one of the crowd.

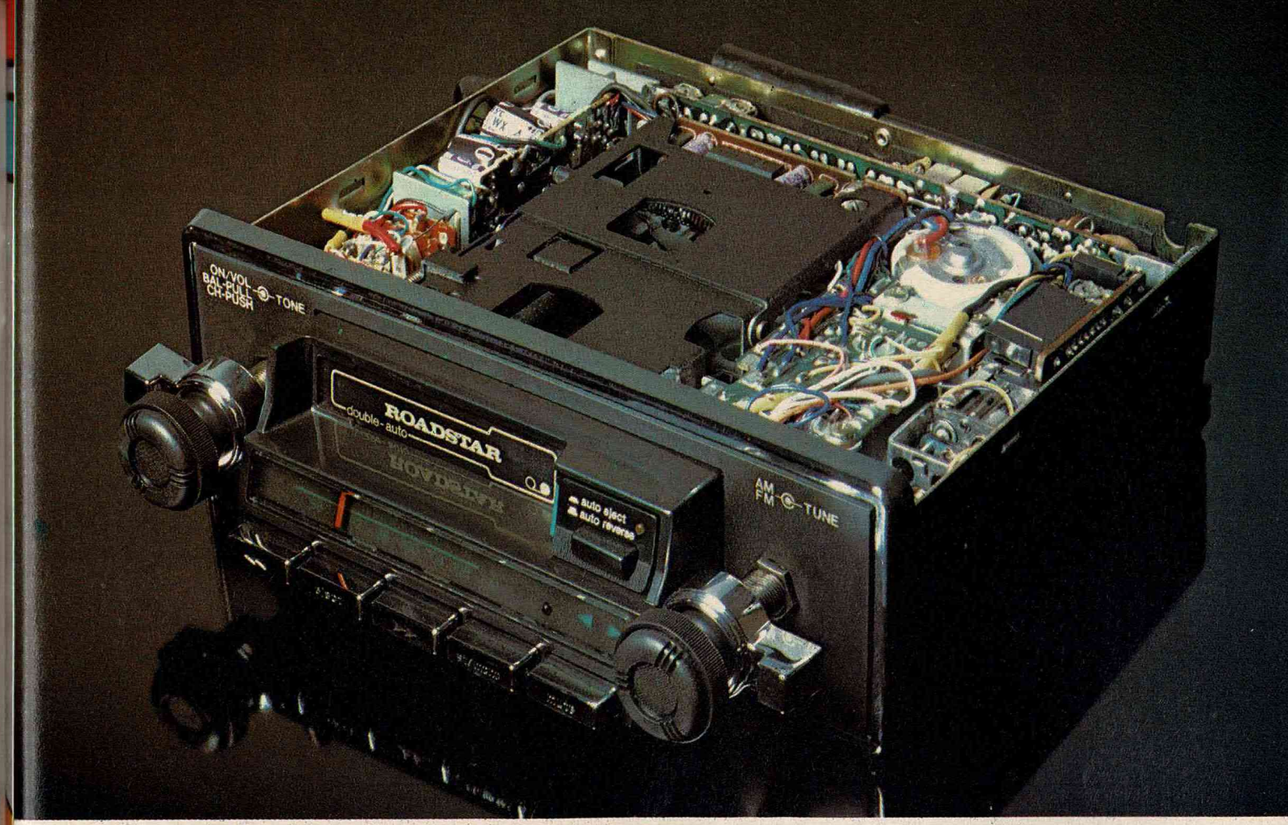
Your sporting friends, especially successful ones, will want champagne to pour all over themselves, so the label is all important for showing in the newspaper pictures and on TV. It must not be chilled or allowed to rest in one place for half an hour before it is to be used so that there will be happily vulgar popping noises for the television sound men and great sprays of white foam through the tousled hair for the cameras. A bottle of Mumm's Cordon Rouge will do.

The Mumm label is unmistakable, the house is of good renown, but it's not one of the rarest and there is plenty more where it came from. Qantas liked it enough to put 2500 cases in stock for thirsty travellers.

Which raises another point: one of champagne's best assets is its sweet temper. It travels. It tastes as good in darkest Africa as it does on the terrace of the Oriental in Bangkok or on a yacht in St Tropez. There can be nothing better to open on safari as the sun prepares to drop over the edge of the world (if you haven't decided yet to go to Kenya this Christmas this should give you a good enough reason). The morning, too, is a good time, particularly if you have been cowering in your womb-like tent due to unreassuring lion behavior in the camp during one of those bottomless black nights. Or, in my case, waking up one night to the clackety-clack of a scorpion promenading on the mat beneath my bed. I went through the hammering ritual, while the scorpion, in its turn, went through its jumping-back-at-me dance. Death ensued and, it not being mine, the next stop was the mess tent where I found a bottle of big, strong Heidieck Dry Monopole.

Give this to aspiring actors, young whizz-kid businessmen, ad-men and any others you know who live on their nerves and full wallets.

More intrepid and less easily cowed explorers have a penchant for Dom Pérignon because, apart from its supple, creamy palate, it is difficult to come by. Favored by the likes of Harry



RS 2500 G.P. AM/FM stereo radio with Double Auto cassette player.

The new Roadstar G.P. cassette system. It may well be the most advanced component in your car.

Introducing the 1500 G.P. and 2500 G.P. stereo cassette players from Roadstar.

Not just pretty faces with the same old technology. Instead, new ideas incorporated in painstakingly engineered Hi Fi components.

The Double Auto system. It thinks.

Each of the G.P. players incorporate a Double-Auto cassette stereo system.

Double-Auto means the player actually does what you instruct it. Programme it at the beginning of a cassette and when the tape is finished the system will remember to eject or automatically rewind.

It thinks about your tapes too. Instead of pinching them between roller and capstan when you turn off the ignition, it automatically ejects the tape.

If you want to think for yourself press the channel selector, rewind, or fast-forward control – all with the new feather-touch feature.

RS 1500 G.P. Double Auto cassette player.

RS 2500 G.P.: Cassette, AM/FM.

The Roadstar RS 2500 G.P. gives you all the features of the RS 1500 cassette player plus an AM/FM stereo radio.

No ordinary FM, but a radio with Roadstar's superb FM reception system. You get full-fidelity plus FM muting and an FM stereo/mono selector for optimum performance and clarity.

ROADSTAR

SMITHS INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.

• Sydney 644 5522 • Melbourne 699 8722 • Brisbane 52 3575
• Adelaide (Graham Noble Distributors) 277 5555 • Perth 72 2655.
• Hobart (Tas Auto Sound Distributors) 34 3884.

SM.035

Butler (a rarity in himself) and Peter Doyle of Doyle's fish restaurants.

Krug is one of the few houses which still keeps the wine in the traditional oak cases during fermentation, an influence on its character not always appreciated in Australia and confusing when it is being blind tasted. Those who love it don't get much chance; only 20 to 30 cases of vintage came into Australia this year and the agents haven't a bottle in reserve.

Pommery, long a favorite with the British, is a happy combination of elegance, fruit and dryness. A must for presents to women editors and publishers, women in the fashion business, models and actresses.

If you have acquaintances in the Government in Canberra they need to be given a champagne that never quite made it, like the Tattinger Comtes De Champagne, 1970. This vintage doesn't go off quickly in the glass, as it was meant to, but seems to increase as it is left to stand; there is a suggestion of fresh fruit, but it never manages to get on top. Get the picture?

When buying for relatives, I hope there is a distinction in your mind between the wife's mother and your favorite maiden aunt. The former needs something to sweeten her up. No use offering a tingling dry Pommery; perhaps a soft, clean wine in the sweeter creamy style, like a Mason Ruinart. Auntie will be flattered to be teamed up with the Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin and probably won't know that the Gold Label 1970, with its soft and full palate, is often said to be on its way to being slightly past its best.

Louis Roederer Cristal (of the white bottle and golden wrapping designed especially for Russian Tsars) has a delicate style and usually an excellent bouquet, so it goes well with fruit. The '73 is round and creamy on the palate with low profile acid and a sweet fruit finish. Give it to yourself on the morning after a sizzling night, when you're still with the person who helped you sizzle, and while you both go through that wonderfully erotic ritual of manipulating a mango until the pip slips up through a small hole made in the top. Middle Eastern oil men never tackle their mangoes any other way.

"These fine champagnes should not be served in 18th-century coupes that owe their original shape to the lovely breast of Marie Antoinette."

If you are planning a dinner for New Year's Eve, what better idea than to give your guests champagne all the way through? The first course should be accompanied by something light, like a Perrier Jouet Epernay or a Deutz and Geldernann Blanc de Blanc. The main course demands a full-bodied approach such as a Bollinger R.D. '69 or a Krug, and the dessert would need either a champagne with a little more liqueur, or maybe a very light dessert with a very fine, elegant champagne such as a Cristal, a Dom Pérignon or a Perrier Jouet Epernay Blanc de Chardonnay.

An important point: these fine champagnes should not be served in 18th-century coupes that owe their original shape to the lovely breast of Marie Antoinette. Although the most commonly accepted glasses for champagne, they expose too much of the wine to air and so it loses the bouquet and goes flat – so to speak. A tulipshaped glass is much better, even if the imagery is less erotic.

On whom do you lavish this extravaganza? On those, if I may be forgiven the pun, who you know like to make a splash. – PETA LYN FARWAGI

How much excitement can you stand.

Jet Ski from Kawasaki.

The thrills of speed boating.
The excitement of water skiing. Kawasaki Jet Ski gives you both, at speeds over 30mph. The handle bars control turning. A hand throttle controls speed, it's that easy. If you take a spill, the unique hull design and weight distribution causes the Jet Ski to circle. You just hop back on and go. No propeller. It works with a jet propulsion system which is enclosed for safety. Light and compact. Jet Ski fits as comfortably in your station wagon as it does in a pick-up or van. So what's holding you back? Make up your mind to talk to your Kawasaki dealer today.

Kawasaki
Go out and start something.

For your free colour brochure and dealer list write to Kawasaki Motors Pty. Ltd., 19-21 Freight Road, Tullamarine. Victoria. 3043. Phone (03) 338 5855.

KMA 0011

SWITCH

TO AGFACHROME SUPER 8 AND TURN ON THE COLOUR

You'll wonder why you didn't put Agfachrome Super 8 to the test before. It passes with flying colours!

Agfachrome Super 8 is a movie maker's delight with superb colour rendering, accurate reproduction of flesh tones, superior separation of very fine shades, highlights with clear detail and beautiful gradation.

You get it all on Agfachrome Super 8-the colour, the action and if you like, the sound. The choice is yours-

AGFACHROME SUPER 8 STANDARD
-without sound.
AGFACHROME SUPER 8 SOUND
-for simultaneous sound recording.
AGFACHROME SUPER 8 PLUS
-with sound stripe and balancing stripe so sound may be added after processing.

Once you switch, you'll stay with Agfachrome Super 8. It colours your life beautifully.

Agfa*

*Registered trade mark of AGFA-GEVAERT *Antwerp/Leverkusen.*

Agfa-Gevaert for still cameras, flashguns, colour film for slides, prints and movies, magnetic tapes.

LET YOUR FEELINGS SHOW

If you've got a special someone, Speidel Identity Bracelets provide you with a special place to put your feelings into words. A name, a time, a place . . . Speidel I.D.'s are the stylish way to let your feelings show.

Speidel®
Your lasting link

ALA/SW 1099

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

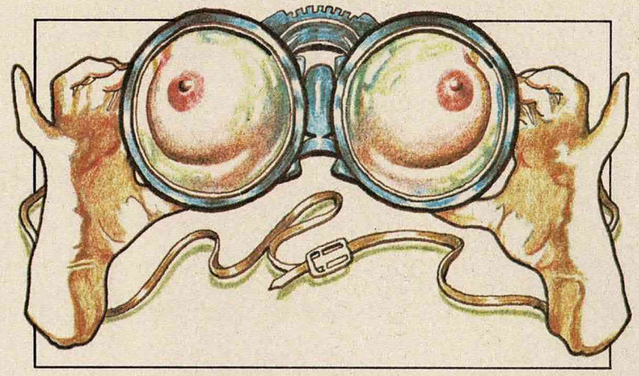
a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SPECTATOR SPORT

Several hundred thousand Australian men peruse your magazine each month, in large measure to look at the boobs on display. When a group of men are ogling a woman the interest (among the men) is usually in direct proportion to the size of the woman's bust. Yet your *Australia's First Sex Survey* (October PLAYBOY) revealed that women complained "that breast and nipple manipulation was generally ignored by men or else it was done in a crude and meaningless way".

Clearly, interest in boobs (like interest in cricket, football, racing and other national pre-occupations) is strongest among the spectators.

David Armstrong
Balmain, NSW



MONKEY BUSINESS

Sorry, but your article on *The First Australians* (PLAYBOY, September) is about as believable as one of the Grimm Brothers fairy tales. How nice . . . Mr and Mrs Cave Man and Son leave their homey little island to discover the Land of Oz.

Evolution is a religion of unbelief in God, who has to be believed by faith. No offence to dear Mr Deiley, but the theory of evolution which, sadly, is being taught as fact, has too many missing links, assumptions and personal opinions to make it solid enough for me to believe.

I mean, after all, if God is God why couldn't He have made the world in six days, just like the book says? Read it! All the answers it presents to all the questions about the origins of different races and languages are a little more believable than Mr Deiley's.

Again, sorry, but I won't let Charles Darwin make a monkey out of me!

And what's a nice, young Christian man like me reading a sexy magazine like yours? Thank God for all those spunky girls and all those lovely tits and arses. I reckon woman was His crowning creation.

Jeff Broer
Manly, NSW

Writer Deiley says he is unrepentant, Mr Broer. He quotes fellow journalist and equally staunch Darwin believer Phillip Adams: "Christianity might forgive us atheists, but we're not ready to forgive Christianity."

GUINEA PIG "MYTH"

Don Hewett's article *(Making a Pig of Yourself,* September) is good for a laugh, but certain inaccuracies are too great to leave unanswered.

The great fecundity of the guinea pig is a myth. At most they can have three litters a year of an average size of three (the female only has two teats).

In one year, starting with one pair, the most you could expect would be 18. With a pair of rabbits, the figure would be approximately 100.

Where is the comparison? As the males only have the opportunity once every 60-65 days, I doubt anyone would envy their sex life.

S.M.
Caltex House, Sydney

OTHER END OF THE STICK

When I read of the awful way Mr T. S. (The *Playboy Forum,* October) helped his wife while she pulled down her 15-year-old daughter's knickers and caned her, it brought back horrible nasty memories of a similar experience I had when I was only 14. I was beaten with a stick for keeping the company of "undesirables". Although it was "for my own good", what my father didn't realise was that every time he struck me I became more and more resentful, more hateful.

Although I had only a few beatings, my father was always very strict with me. Words can't describe how I hated him. I moved out of home the day I turned 18, determined now to do everything my father had tried to keep me from. I've been through many scenes — bikies, hippies and I've tried every drug I could. I've been busted for drugs three times, never had a steady job and for the past four years I've been a confirmed heroin addict.

I honestly believe now that if I'd received more love and understanding at home and had been treated like a responsible adult instead of a prisoner, I'd never have had such a craving to be a rebel.

Ms B. Caring
South Perth, WA

T. S., you're sick in the head and your daughter will probably hate you for caning her. I lived in Sydney until I was 17 and, with my two sisters and brother, put up with our father's canings until we hated him so much we all left and came to Tamworth to get away. Your daughter isn't going to forget these canings and will more than likely hold them against you.

Name and address
withheld by request

SHAKY GROUND

I would like to make a few comments on the nuclear debate and the views of Edward Teller (*Playboy Interview,* September). Gila Berkowitz (the writer assigned to interview Teller) puts forward the contention that "science has been the religion of our times". I agree and would add . . . and economics the ruler.

Teller commented that "there is no single solution (to the energy problem). What we need to do is use every available energy source that can be had at a reasonable price, and without unreasonable pollution". I take it that Teller would define "reasonable price" according to a generally accepted economic cost-benefit analysis. Western economic theory and methods of analysis had its origins in the industrial and technological revolutions. The theory defined man in terms of producers and consumers of goods so that those parts of our lives could be quantified and thus subject to analysis. This analysis might be scientifically objective, but that does not imply that the framework is either objective or stable.

Today's economic theory was developed by man within a framework of rapid population growth and rapidly rising standards of living.

We no longer have rapid population growth rates and perhaps the rate increase of our standard of living has

MAN AGAINST MACHINE

opinion by Max Charlesworth, Professor of Philosophy and Dean of Humanities at Deakin University, Geelong, Victoria

THE GREAT paradox of the technological revolution is that technology is now making its inventors redundant. What was supposed to be mankind's servant has now become our master so that, instead of technology serving us, we serve it.

In the 19th century the economic justification for technology was that machines were much more efficient than human beings; but the *moral* justification for technology was that it would liberate human beings from the drudgery of manual work so that they could devote themselves to higher mental pursuits. All the 19th century political economists, including Karl Marx, shared this vision.

What has happened, however, is that technology has increasingly replaced human labor at all levels. Machines have not only taken the place of manual workers, but with the introduction of electronic and computer technology, of large segments of the white collar workforce as well. Clerical workers, accountants, librarians, bank tellers, are just a few of the white collar workers being made redundant by technology.

The end result of this extraordinary development is that the sophisticated technology which we have invented with enormous ingenuity is now putting us out of jobs. Alongside the marvels of the latest computer technology there is the ever lengthening dole queue of white collar workers.

What has gone wrong? How has this paradoxical state of affairs come about? What can we do about it? In a recent book the American energy expert Amory Lovins has argued that in the past energy has been so plentiful and cheap that we have not had to worry about using the appropriate energy and technology for the job in hand. Very often we have used a pile driver to crack a nut instead of searching for the more modest and more appropriate technology of the nutcracker. In the same way we have used the private motor car — enormously wasteful in energy and technologically inappropriate — to meet our transport needs, instead of the more modest and more fitting technology of mass transport systems. Our society, Lovins argues, has been characterised by a gross mismatch between our social and economic needs and the forms of energy and technology we have used to meet those needs. In most areas we are using pile drivers to crack nuts.

What we must do, Lovins claims, is to search for the technology and form of energy that fits the job in hand. Instead of inventing bigger and more efficient pile drivers, we need to look at ways of improving the humble nutcracker.

This "soft energy" approach, as Lovins calls it, involves not just looking at the job to be done but also at the whole social context. E. F. Schumacher, the author of *Small is Beautiful,* tells the story of a new African state that wanted to improve the efficiency of its egg production industry. It discovered that an American machine could produce in one day the egg cartons needed for the total year's supply of the country. However, if in the name of economic efficiency the American machine had been installed, a large number of people connected with the egg industry would have been thrown out of work and there would have been, in consequence, a good deal of dissent. The government wisely decided against the American machine, even though it was a technological marvel. A simpler machine was invented that would improve efficiency but at the same time would also involve a number of people in its running. Here we have a matching of technology and energy with specific socio-economic needs.

In my view, we have to do something like this in our own society, trying to match our technology with our needs instead of pressing ahead, in the name of efficiency, with the invention of bigger and better and even more sophisticated technology. This may involve refusing to use high-level technology in certain situations when a simpler technology will do the job as well, or where the untoward social consequences of introducing high technology outweigh its economic advantages. We find it difficult to contemplate this because we have been brought up to believe that all scientific and technological progress is good and will always lead to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Of course, in our very complex and competitive economy, it is often not easy to adopt the simple solution of the African government mentioned before. In a capitalist society such as ours, industries are in competition, and the short term marginal economic efficiency that high technology provides is often very important. It would be romantic to expect large international firms such as General Motors to adopt Schumacher's "small" or "soft" style of technology.

Nevertheless, something like this has to be done if we are to avoid the absurdity of seeing ourselves put out of work by the machines we have invented and of being enslaved by the technology that was supposed to liberate us. In a sense, the use of "hard energy" and the invention of high technology is relatively easy; it is the exploitation of "soft energy" sources and the use of "soft technology" that demands imagination and ingenuity of a high order.

If then we are to escape the paradox of technology, we need urgently a new breed of "soft" technologists who will be both inventive and yet sensitive to the larger needs of human beings.

lessened. Today's economic theory has yet to change in accordance with this alteration which, I suggest, makes our planning for the future unsound.

The problem is compounded by the presence of big (brother) business in energy production and supply. Renewable energy resources and low maintenance components are biased against because the present economic theory characterises them as detrimental to the growth of that business. Hence we have a situation where relatively little money has been channelled into, say, solar energy research, compared to the development of nuclear energy.

Had those huge numbers of dollars been directed towards solar energy we might be looking at something like artificial reproduction of the photosynthetic process with tremendous payoffs to the community at large.

Oh for a world of love, peace and good times, 24 hours a day, year in, and year out.

Ross Chester-Master
Yarraman, Queensland

NUDISTS UNITE!

While Perth, Adelaide and Sydney have their nude beaches, staid old Melbourne seems set for another summer with the issue of a suitable nude beach unresolved.

The Victorian Government's attitude is that it will not approve nude bathing until a local council states it is prepared to allow a beach area in its municipality to be set aside for nude bathing. But no local council, no doubt fearing ratepayer reaction, has been prepared to allow part of its beach area declared a nude bathing area.

The nude bathing groups have fought for Red Bluff, in Black Rock, to be set aside, and some nudists have been arrested and fined for stripping off at this beach.

But Red Bluff could only hold 200 people at the maximum.

I suggest that the only way for Melbourne to gain a nude beach is for direct action to be taken.

We should look for a beach capable of accommodating up to 5000, within easy reach of the city, and sheltered from housing and roads.

To my mind the best beach would be Abbott Street, Sandringham.

For the liberating campaign I suggest that the first Saturday, Sunday or public holiday this summer in which the temperature is forecast as being over 25°C be the chosen day for sunlovers to assemble and remove their clothing at 3 pm. If sufficient sunlovers assembled it would be a *fait accompli.*

Jim Rodgers,
East Brighton, Victoria

The best things in life are hard to come by. Krondorf Wines . . . one of the best.

Whoever said the best things in life are free, obviously hadn't tasted the rewards of effort. The finer things in life . . . such as a Morgan and Krondorf Wines.

The Morgan. A handbuilt British sportscar in the classic tradition. A thoroughbred built around a handcrafted Belgian Ash frame. The first and last sportscar. One of the best things in life . . . and hard to come by.

Burge and Wilson, the Krondorf winemakers. They adhere to this belief. Their rewards? Fourteen gold medals in '78-'79. The Stodart Trophy . . . awarded to the best of the 1 year old dry red gold medal winners at the '78 Brisbane Wine Show. The coveted title of Bushing Festival King at the '77 McLaren Vale Bushing Festival, and the Dan Murphy Trophy.

Burge and Wilson. The specialists. At their small 150 year old winery, nestled in the Barossa Valley, they produce only small batches of premium quality table wines . . . You'll find them at select outlets.

Your reward? Krondorf. A simple, inexpensive pleasure . . . and one of the best things in life!

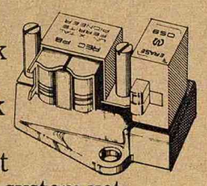
The incredible Pioneer 'metal' cassette decks give you the full 10cc.

Normal tapes have their limits. They can't always hit the highs. They can't hold the dynamic range or deliver the density of sound found on record or reel-to-reel.

Then metal tape came along. So Pioneer engineers put their heads together and developed a new breed of deck capable of handling metal's high demands.

Many others were designed simply to play metal. Pioneer's are specifically engineered to bring out all the magnificent properties of metal tape.

Three heads are better than two.



It is relatively easy to design a conventional 2-head deck that can handle metal tape.

But on their 3-head deck Pioneer has been successful in using the 'small window' to accept the erase head, the most effective system yet.

The 3-head system also makes considerable improvements to the performance of normal oxided tapes.

Tapes are driven by a motor employing the Closed-loop Dual Capstan system. It means both capstans rotate at exactly the same speed, reducing wow and flutter to no more than 0.03% (WRMS). And when you record you monitor direct from the tape.

The 20 second twiddle.

Beneath the stunning Fluroscan panel on the CT-F1250 you'll find a unique control system. It is a manual EqLB tuning system, the only one that can handle all kinds of tape. Twiddling the knobs for just 20 seconds will calibrate the optimum bias, level and equalisation for the best performance from every tape. On metal tape it gives a frequency range of 20 to 20,000 Hz at –20dB.

The most advanced range available.

The CT-F1250 is a masterpiece.

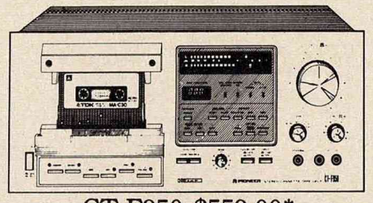
Only Pioneer have a range of four metal tape decks, putting 'metal' decks within everybody's price range.

Add to that three non-metal decks and you've got the most comprehensive and advanced range of decks available.

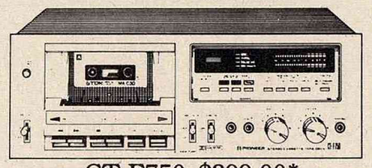
Pioneer CT-F1250, leader of the new breed. $699.00*

PNR. 05697

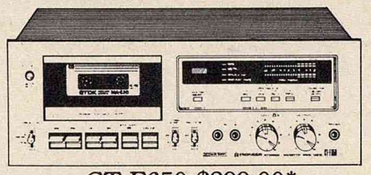
'Metal' decks



CT-F950 $559.00*

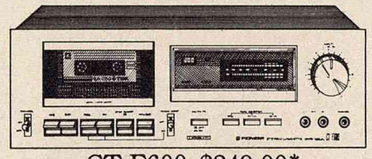


CT-F750 $399.00*

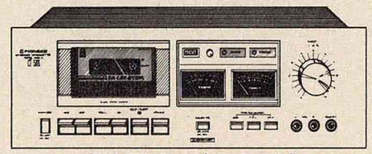


CT-F650 $299.00*

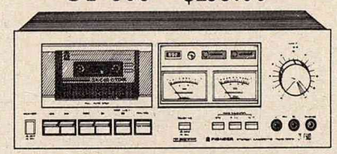
Standard decks



CT-F600 $249.00*



CT-506 $199.00*



CT-F500 $199.00*

PIONEER® Cassette Decks

*Prices are recommended retail only.

Dear Sir, I'd like to read your inside stories on the following.

☐ CT-F1250 ☐ CT-F950 ☐ CT-F750 ☐ CT-F650 ☐ CT-F600 ☐ CT-506 ☐ CT-F500

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Send to Pioneer Marketing Services Pty. Ltd.
178 Boundary Road, Braeside,
Victoria 3195.

PNR. 05697

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

INFLATIONARY PRESSURE

HOUSTON – Gadgets are really coming in to their own as man struggles to get his act together on the sexual battle-front. Several years ago Houston doctors announced the development of a surgical implant to cure impotence. The device includes a bulb pump in the scrotum which, when squeezed, sends fluid to inflatable cylinders in the penis. Instant erection. The cylinders can be deflated by a manual release valve. At the time the whole thing sounded very suspect, but follow-up research on the product has revealed a surprisingly high success factor. Out of 245 men equipped with the implants between 1973 and 1977, 234 expressed satisfaction. But a study of some of the wives turned up another interesting statistic: many denied knowledge of the device while some others said that, if their husbands were fitted with the implant, it certainly wasn't being used.

HORNY PROBLEM

NAIROBI – Kenyan game wardens are worried that the recipe for an ancient Asian love potion could lead to the destruction of rhinoceros herds. The belief that powdered rhino horn restores sexual powers is still popular among Asian men and the demand for horns is strong enough to make poaching very lucrative. Wardens have caught poor Kenyan farmers attempting to supplement their meagre incomes by bagging the odd rhino and selling the horns to dealers. Independent testers say that there's no aphrodisiacal value, but all moves to switch Asians on to something less exotic have been unsuccessful.

PUBIC BARS . . .

SYDNEY – Porn in the pubs has made after-hours drinking in some suburban hotels very popular. Behind drawn blinds, and with sentries on guard to warn of the approach of the police, regulars are enjoying the erotic delights of porn films with after-hours bar service also included. Publicans are jacking up prices to pay for the late night sessions and word-of-mouth advertising has made some pubs so popular that hoteliers have had to turn customers away.

IMMORAL MINOR

LONDON – An 11-year-old temptress took bus conductor Adrian Mellett for an erotic ride which ended for him in a 12-month prison sentence. But the tables were turned in the Appeal Court when Lord Justice Shaw decided that the shy 29-year-old bachelor, who had previously had sex only once, was the one who needed protecting – not the young nymphomaniac. The girl had met Mellett on his bus, then followed him to his South London house, where she undressed and climbed into his bed. Mellett begged her to leave him alone – and even took her to church. "To describe the girl as a victim of the lusts of this man would make a travesty of the real situation," said the Lord Justice, adding that the gym-slip temptress had already been corrupted by a string of lovers. He gave Mellett a conditional discharge for 12 months.

MORAL MINOR

MELBOURNE – Another 11-year-old was in the news in Mallacoota, Victoria – but she was a "moral minor" who was so upset over two nude paintings at an art exhibition to raise money for the local church hall that they were withdrawn. The paintings – one of a woman standing with her hands behind her head and the other of two reclining women, were entered by artist Gay Hutton who complained the ban was "quite ridiculous and completely unnecessary." The offended minor was the daughter of one of the exhibition's organisers.

FAIRY TAIL

BARCELONA – In a modern-day twist to the old fairy tale, a blonde calling herself Snow White was in prison with seven males, all smaller than her, charged with raids on jewellery shops. Police said Snow White masterminded the raids and paid off her seven hold-up men with sex. The pretty 180cm-tall former jeweller's workshop assistant confessed to breaking up and selling $500,000 worth of jewellery.

MARRIAGE SECRET

SYDNEY – John Oldfield, 88, was quite definite about what had kept his marriage together for 65 years. "Getting your wife to do as she's told," was his answer to a reporter as he and wife Harriett, 89, happily celebrated their wedding anniversary.

STAMPING GROUND

BRISBANE – Police are seeking a phantom stamper who forced the window of a house early one morning and branded a sleeping woman on the buttocks with green capital letters reading "QLD". A male companion had a similar brand planted on his arm.

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE.

SIGMA.
A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH ALL OVER AGAIN.

From the time Sigma first appeared on Australian roads, it set sensational new standards in four cylinder style, comfort and sheer driving excitement.

To drive Sigma has always been to know, that it's no ordinary four.

Now Sigma is a major breakthrough all over again, with the introduction of Australia's most exciting four cylinder engine option.

THE FEELING'S EVEN MORE SENSATIONAL. 2·6 ENGINE PACKAGE.

Now Chrysler introduces the 2.6 litre optional Engine Package.

Ask for it on Sigma GL or SE sedan or wagon and here's what you'll get.

Australia's biggest four cylinder, the Astron 2.6, that combines true four cylinder economy with extra torque and power. (You'll probably have to lift the bonnet to prove to yourself that you're not driving a six or eight).

Plus 3 speed automatic transmission. Cast alloy 14" Mag Wheels. And 185/70HR 14 Steel Belted Radial Tyres.

The optional 2.6 Engine Package on Sigma GL and SE – now the feeling's even more sensational.

A SENSATION YOU CAN FEEL.

Sigma surrounds you with the kind of features and style that will make even a quick run to the corner store a driving sensation.

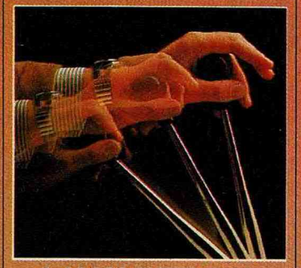
Behind the wheel feel the luxury of cloth trim seats. (Optional on Sigma GL, standard on Sigma SE. Leather seat facings optional on SE). Select the most comfortable driving position from a choice of many. Discover tilt adjustment on the steering column. And then cast your eyes over Sigma's fully appointed instrument panel.

Now you can feel the adrenalin begin to flow. Turn the key and feel Sigma's Astron 2.6 'Silent shaft' engine spring quietly to life. (Sigma SE, GL and Galant Wagon have a standard Astron 2000 which gives an ideal power/economy balance. If you don't need the extra power, Sigma Galant Sedan has a 1600 engine).

Because of 'silent shaft' Sigma's engine runs so smoothly that a glass of water placed on the air filter remains ripple-free even with the engine running at 5000 r.p.m.

So engine vibrations are something you may never feel again.

Feel the pure driving sensations that flow from Sigma's 4 speed manual floor change. Under your foot feel instant, responsive power. The combination will thrill you. (5 speed manual transmission, with overdrive, is standard on Sigma SE and optional on GL. 3 speed automatic transmission is an option on all models).



0-60,000 FASTER THAN ANY OTHER FOUR.*

Sigma has rewritten sales records for four cylinder sedans and wagons. 60,000 sales in less than 2 years.

Making it the undisputed top selling four cylinder sedan and wagon.

No other four comes even close.

Sensational features, style, comfort and pure driving excitement, has made Sigma the four cylinder sales sensation of the decade.

Alloy wheels optional.

THE SENSATIONAL WAGON.

Handsome and stylish, Sigma wagon combines the sensational style and feel of Sigma sedan, with everything you could desire in a wagon. An easy to lift, wide opening tailgate (thoughtfully, with its own window wiper on GL and SE), a high, wide and very spacious carrying area.

And further beyond, Sigma's almost legendary, luxury interior.

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE.

See how Sigma proves a four cylinder can combine style, comfort and performance with the practical considerations of function and economy.

Your Chrysler Dealer can show you the full range of Sigmas.

On the way there look at the number of other Sigmas on the road. And then take one last look at your present car.

AUSTRALIA'S NO.1 SELLING FOUR CYLINDER SEDAN. AND WAGON.

CHRYSLER AUSTRALIA LTD.

SEE YOUR CHRYSLER DEALER.

*Source Adaps registrations since 1968.

Y&R AVG397

SIGMA 2·6

A SENSATION YOU CAN FEEL.

"Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola company.
"BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited."

Get your two imported handles for only $4.

No thirst can beat the icy freshness of Bacardi rum mixed with Coca-Cola. Crisp, delicious, frosty all the way down. Bacardi mixed with Coke – that's the way to handle refreshment.

S727

Just send this coupon and your cheque/money order payable to the makers of Bacardi/Coke for $4 each set of two handles (this includes *all* postage costs) to:
The makers of Bacardi & Coke,
G.P.O. Box 674, Sydney N.S.W. 2001

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____ POSTCODE _____

Please send me.....sets (indicate number) at $4 per set. I enclose cheque/postal note/money order for $..... PB

Offer is limited and closes November 30, 1979. Please allow 4 weeks for postage.

Playboy Interview

MASTERS & JOHNSON

the couple who fired the shots that were heard in bedrooms round the world

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the sexual revolution began in America and echoed around the world. In the US city of St Louis, gynaecologist Dr William Howell Masters received permission from Washington University School of Medicine to begin a series of experiments into what was discreetly called "reproductive biology". In Chicago, a young man named Hugh Marston Hefner began to publish PLAYBOY, *a magazine discreetly described as "entertainment for men". Sex would never be the same.*

Masters was soon joined in the laboratory by psychologist Virginia Eshelman Johnson. Over the next two decades the two observed 1075 volunteers masturbate, fondle each other and engage in various sexual acts. They analysed a multitude of orgasms (they stopped counting at 10,000), treated some 2500 couples' sexual problems and wrote six books that changed the way we think about sex.

PLAYBOY *first interviewed the two researchers in May, 1968 – shortly after the publication of* Human Sexual Response, *the landmark volume that defined for the first time the physiology of lovemaking.*

In April of this year, the couple (Masters and Johnson were married in 1971) published the third volume of their epic inquiry into human sexual response. Like its predecessors, Homosexuality in Perspective *precipitated a storm of controversy.* The New York Times *published a front-page story proclaiming "New treatment for homosexuals". US newspapers picked up the story, if not the book. Masters and Johnson had taken 76 homosexual men and women who had expressed a desire to function as heterosexuals and, after two weeks of intensive therapy, had been able to bring about a change in all but 35 percent of the patients.*

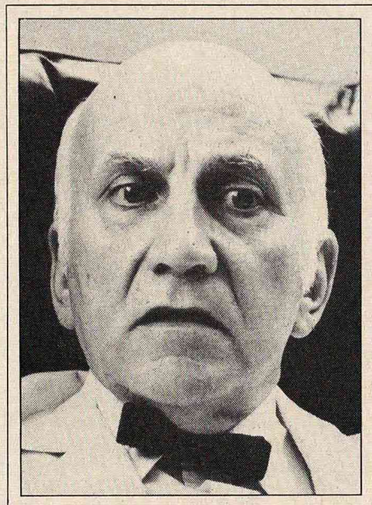
The controversy, and resulting publicity, sold a lot of newspapers but did little to advance our knowledge of sex. Upon reading Homosexuality in Perspective *– released in Australia through the Australian and New Zealand Book Company – we discovered that this book is, in fact, as much about heterosexuality as about homosexuality. It is a goldmine of information about how we learn to be lovers, about the subtlety (or lack of subtlety) in our way of sex. Like other Masters and Johnson books it is almost unreadable, written in a turgid prose which is designed to ward off potential charges of sensationalism.*

PLAYBOY *sent* ***James Reeve Petersen*** *to interview the dynamic duo. For the past six and a half years Petersen has been the US* PLAYBOY *Adviser, answering all reasonable questions from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette. And, of course, kinky sex.*

This is Petersen's report:

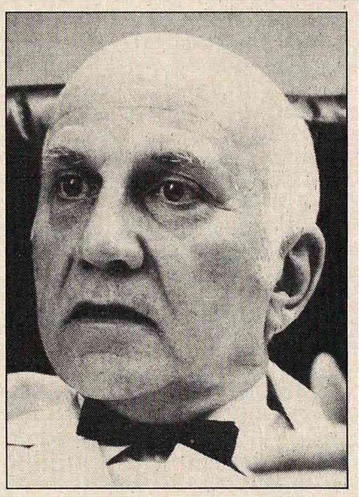
"When people ask what my qualifications were to permit me to become the PLAYBOY *Adviser, one of America's so-called sex experts, I answer quite simply: I went to Boy Scout camp. My motto is 'Be prepared'. I have read everything there is to read about sex, in case it ever happens to me.*

"Sex is an area in which everyone has an opinion or an old wives' tale, or a war story, but in which there is almost no legitimate research. Masters was the first person in the history of Western man to take sex into the laboratory, to conduct controlled experiments, to objectively observe the human sex act. He is – above all – a scientist. He knows more about sex than any person in the world; and he knows what he does not know. In discussion he limits himself to facts. Throughout our interview I saw him mentally reviewing his findings, deciding whether they supported a new supposition. He refused to theorise, to speculate, to present an opinion. His



"A woman who fakes an orgasm generally tends to do so to remove herself as quickly as is possible from the sexual interaction, because she thinks there's nothing in it for her."

"There are many people in the world who have made their own sexual self-discoveries who have infinitely better sexual insights than so many people who are researching the subject."



"The homosexual couples took their time. The heterosexuals created the impression that they were in it just to get the job done, to produce the orgasm in the shortest time possible."

comments were brief and to the point. At times I was acutely frustrated – every reporter wants a quotable anecdote to spark an interview – but you can get gossip in any locker room. Eventually, my respect for his position grew. You don't want your experts on sex showing up on Celebrity Squares. *Masters has the courage and the resolve to say 'No comment'. The refusals were usually as enlightening as the answers.*

"Virginia Johnson is the flip side of Masters; for 23 years she has been a full partner in research, with equal responsibility. She has had to edit her natural loquaciousness. She is perfectly willing to show anger, to comment on the state of her profession.

"If Masters confessed that the major fringe benefit of his research has been coming into contact with a woman as intelligent as Johnson, Johnson said that Masters had been an early liberated man who refused to let her take the traditional woman's role of support troop.

"In this research team, Masters is the close-up lens and Johnson the wide-angle. Her commentaries are an endless series of connections and qualifications. She does not want to be misunderstood, misinterpreted or taken out of context. She does not want to add to the country's sexual confusion by creating new stereotypes or new pressures to perform.

"The interview took place over several weekends at the Masters and Johnson Institute. The two were seldom in the room at the same time. Johnson would leave to take care of some disaster. Masters would excuse himself to conduct a physical examination of a patient. When the two were together, I had the sense of watching long-time business partners. They completed sentences for each other, used the same language in the other's absence and always seemed aware of the entity 'Masters and Johnson'. There is great respect and love between them."

PLAYBOY: As the world's foremost sex researchers during the past 25 years, you have been the focus of a lot of controversy. Just how do you go about studying human sexuality in a laboratory setting?

JOHNSON: We haven't actually observed any subjects since 1970, and the information in our studies is based on research conducted at least 10 years ago. We had a series of laboratories over the years. The basic routine didn't vary. We had small rooms outfitted as soundproof offices which were located in places at the hospital or institute that would protect the anonymity of our subjects. That's where we would first talk to them, make them relax and trust us. We would introduce them gradually to the "environment" – the places where sexual activity would take place. We would explain the particular activity we wanted to study and then leave them alone in the room. We would close the door and leave them – perhaps for an hour – to do what they were to be asked to do later. They were left by themselves, without observation, and they would let themselves out when they were through.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch from behind a two-way mirror?

JOHNSON: There was a two-way mirror in one of the environments, but we rarely used it. We would show people where the mirror was and how they could lock it. What was more important was getting them to trust us and being honest with them. If they had thought we might be behind a two-way mirror, it would have been just as distracting as if we really had been there. After their initial session alone, we introduced a distraction factor. We would sit and work in an adjacent room with the door ajar, after giving the couple our assurance that we would neither observe them nor enter their room. They thus became accustomed to having other people around. Next we would tell them that occasionally we might enter their room and for them to continue with their activity. Finally we would start our actual observations, but only when the people were comfortable with our occasional entrances and exits.

"On some occasions we would sit and stare at a 10-centimetre patch of skin for an hour, trying to determine significant surface color changes."

PLAYBOY: How many observers were there at any one time?

JOHNSON: Always at least two of us. As the couples became more comfortable, we would introduce the physiologists who monitored the ECG or the polygraph or the cameras. You must understand that we weren't there to watch sexual activity as a psychologist might, or even a casual observer. We were trying to define what occurred in certain parts of the body. If we were measuring, say, lubrication at certain intervals, we might not even stay in the room the whole time. On some occasions we would sit and stare at a 10-centimetre patch of skin for an hour, trying to determine significant surface color changes.

PLAYBOY: Among the most controversial aspects of your work was your practice of assigning sexual surrogates to men and women without partners. How did that work out?

MASTERS: We used surrogates only for a period during the mid '60s, but quickly dispensed with the procedure – partly because of the controversy and partly because it wasn't effective. We found there was little value in assigning a partner if the patient did not have someone to function with when he returned home.

PLAYBOY: How did you prevent your personal emotions from intruding as you watched many hundreds of people having sex?

MASTERS: You have to achieve as much objectivity as you are able to, and then maintain it. There are many people who shouldn't work in this field simply because they can't separate personal and professional requirements.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider lowering your overheads by transferring the entire operation to Plato's Retreat [*a swingers' club in New York*]?

JOHNSON: It might make a nice busman's holiday for a sex researcher, but we like our recreation to be private.

PLAYBOY: Ten years after the publication of *Human Sexual Response,* you are now embroiled in more controversy. Why should heterosexuals be interested in the findings in your latest book, *Homosexuality in Perspective?*

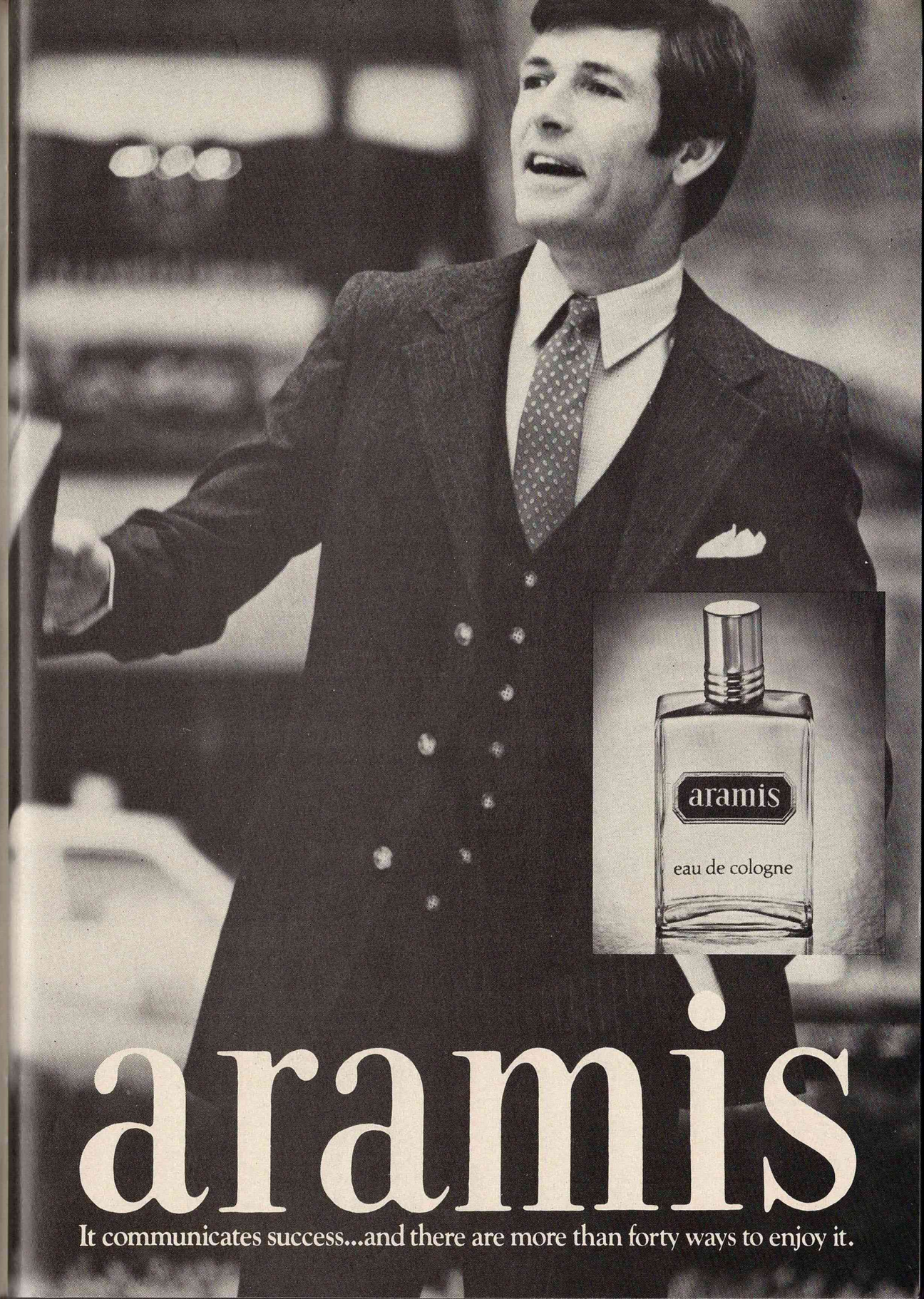
MASTERS: The book is as much about how heterosexuals make love as it is about how homosexuals make love. That's why I added the words "in perspective" to the title.

PLAYBOY: What are the most interesting findings in your study?

MASTERS: One of the most striking features of the findings was the fact that homosexuals and heterosexuals demonstrated so little difference in ability to respond to non-coital sexual stimulation. Homosexuals and heterosexuals, male or female, were able to respond to masturbation, partner manipulation or fellatio-cunnilingus. We observed many hundreds of orgasm cycles and found that less than one percent of the time was there a failure to achieve orgasm.

PLAYBOY: In its cover story on your new book, *Time* magazine suggested your findings showed that, if we make love like homosexuals, our sex lives will be improved.

MASTERS: The greatest mistake is to say that you make love like anybody, because that isn't what you are doing. You're doing what you want to do, and, hopefully, what your partner would like to enjoy. If a partner enjoys it with you, it's a partnership. If the partner



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

IF YOU COULD VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, you would discover how the world's smoothest whiskey is made.

Filtered through ten feet of charcoal

You could taste the pure, iron-free water we use. Inspect our choice American grain. And watch us smooth out our whiskey's flavor—by filtering it through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. Of course, you don't have to travel all the way to America to learn this. You can sample Jack Daniel's just about anywhere that good whiskey is sold. One taste, we believe, is enough to discover its rareness.

merely makes herself available, it's servicing, no matter what the technique. We have little concern with technique. But we are most concerned with attitude, with the ability to communicate. We want to show the wealth of variation that is possible, so that it doesn't become threatening. Inevitably, we are a little anxious about those things we don't understand or aren't familiar with.

JOHNSON: Homosexuals work at sex a little bit more. They invest more of themselves in sex, so they probably get more back. They don't have more orgasms, mind you. They just seem more involved. The same thing could be learned from heterosexual couples who communicate well.

PLAYBOY: Were there any differences in the way homosexual and heterosexual couples stimulated each other?

MASTERS: The homosexual couples took their time. Generally, they preferred a deliberately slow approach to the entire stimulative process. They moved deliberately through excitement to linger at the plateau stage. Each step was something to be appreciated. The approach to stimulation generally was free-flowing rather than directive in character. In contrast, the heterosexuals created the impression that they were in it just to get the job done, to produce the orgasm in the shortest time possible.

PLAYBOY: Let's go into specifics. What differences did you notice between the ways in which heterosexuals and homosexuals masturbate?

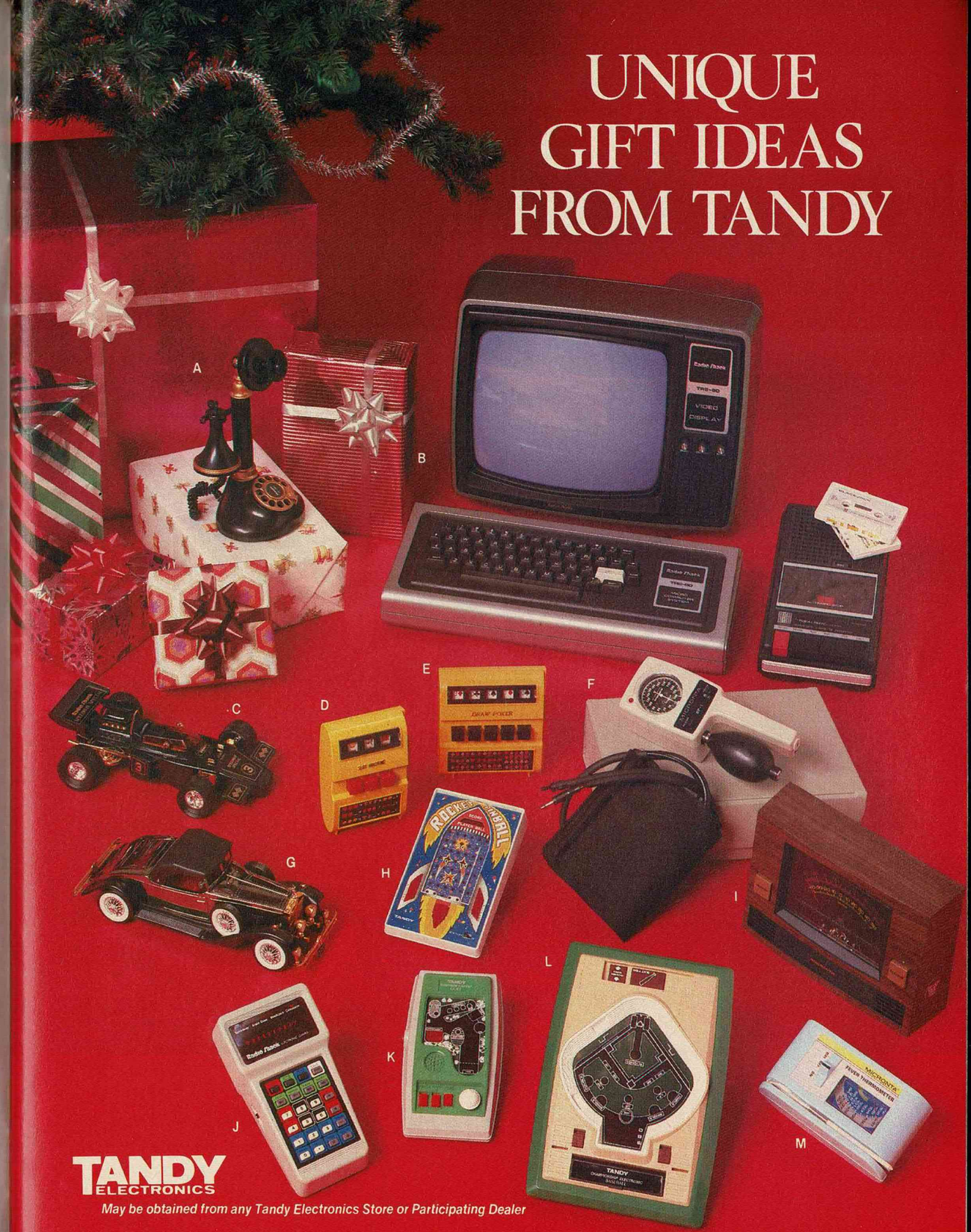
MASTERS: The primary differences were related to gender and not to sexual preference. Approximately four out of five women masturbated while lying on their backs. They were generally less direct in their approach to the clitoris than were men in approaching the penis. Some women touched their breasts, others stroked the lower abdomen or thighs. Most women tended to touch the glans directly only at the onset of the clitoral stimulation, if at all. But, as the sexual tensions elevated, they moved from the glans to stimulation of the clitoral shaft. When they got tired or lost the thread of their response, they slowed the pace. Far more often than men, women deliberately varied the rate and pressure of genital stroking, at times even stopping and starting clitoral manipulation – as if teasing themselves.

JOHNSON: Or re-establishing contact with their level of excitement.

PLAYBOY: How did men masturbate?

MASTERS: Men moved immediately to the penis. Approximately three out of five masturbated while lying on their backs. The rest did so standing, sitting or lying face down. The force and rapidity of the stroking increased as

UNIQUE GIFT IDEAS FROM TANDY

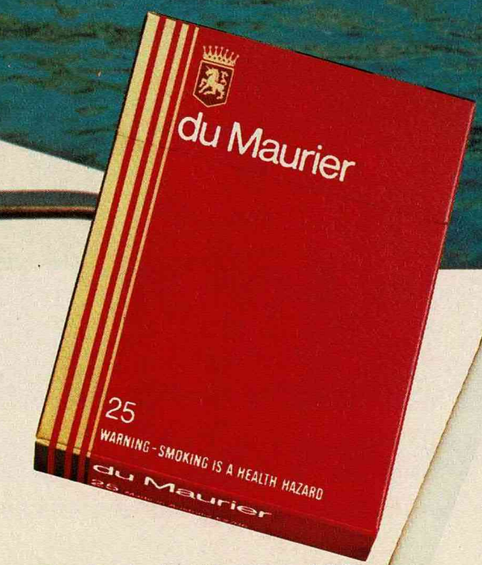


May be obtained from any Tandy Electronics Store or Participating Dealer

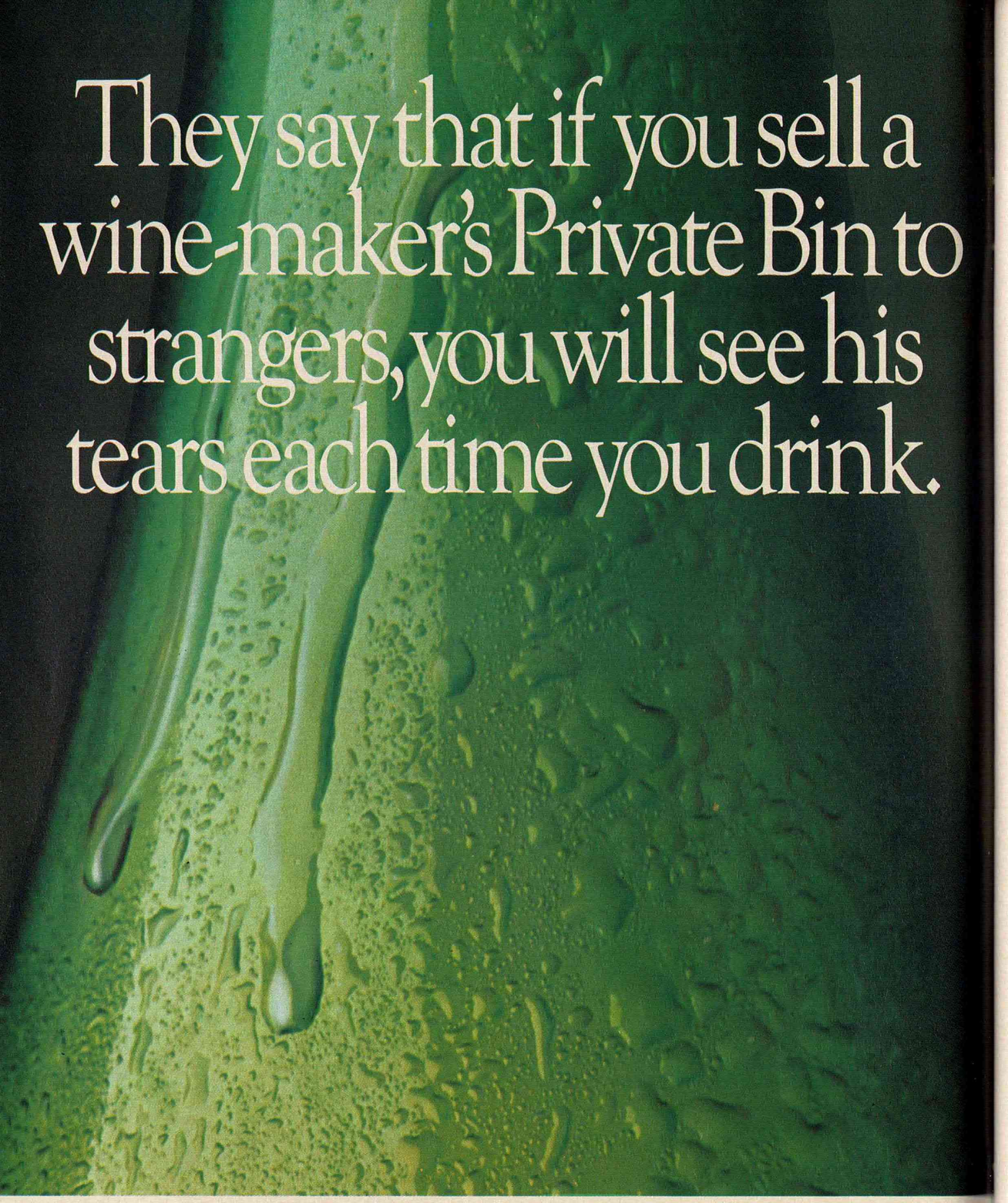
A. Tandy AM Telephone Radio (12-1921) 19.95
B. Radio Shack TRS-80 4K Level I Computer (26-9051) 699.00
C. Lotus English Formula I Racecar AM Radio (12-960) 19.95
D. Slot Machine, Cordless electric fully automatic (60-2119) 6.95
E. Draw Poker Cordless Electric Fully Automatic (60-2118) 6.95
F. Micronta Electronic Blood Pressure Tester (63-660) 89.95
G. Radio Shack Rolls Royce AM Radio (12-963) 19.95
H. Tandy Hand-Held Rocket Pinball Game (60-2140) 39.95
I. Micronta Indoor/Outdoor Electronic Thermometer (63-651) . . 29.95
J. Radio Shack Speedway, Brain Drain, Blackjack Calculator (60-2143) 39.95
K. Tandy Portable Electronic Golf Game (60-2148) 29.95
L. Tandy Electronic Portable Baseball Game (60-2147) 36.95
M. Micronta Electronic Fever Thermometer (63-652) 39.95

"Isn't that du Maurier?"

CC337/79 LEO BURNETT 2.0590



The taste for the good life.
That's du Maurier.



PRIVATE BIN
BIN 23 RIESLING
LINDEMANS

GREY982

excitement increased. For the most part, men concentrated on the shaft. At orgasm, most men slowed, or even stopped, stroking. In direct contrast, the women usually kept stroking or massaging through orgasm.

PLAYBOY: How did you account for the differences between men and women?

JOHNSON: They not only were accommodating their anatomy, they were also doing what made it individually work for them. We are dealing with two different groups – in this case men and women. Both have grown up with a different level of permission, not only to masturbate, but to express themselves sexually. Through subliminal messages or deliberate teachings, most men in our culture are given permission to be sexual, to explore and experiment with their sexuality. This makes possible less guilt-ridden masturbation, or, at least, a more practical, more pragmatic approach to sexuality and to masturbation *per se.*

PLAYBOY: And women were generally more tentative?

JOHNSON: Not really, but they were drawing on a wider range of erotic stimuli and fulfilling a more complex set of requirements to achieve orgasm. Generally, this complexity evolved earlier in their lives as they coped with the "Can I?" or "Can't I?", the right or wrong feelings about sex. Of course, there were women who, apparently, were troubled little, if at all, by this cultural baggage, and they tended to recognise and accept their sexual needs in a fashion which is generally attributed to men.

MASTERS: One of the fascinating things we observed was that, when there was poor communication between a couple, they tended to approach each other as if they were masturbating themselves. The male would approach the female in the same way that he approached himself, where the technique might not be of any real interest to her at all. It is a variation of the golden rule: they did to others as they did to themselves.

JOHNSON: Having heard that the clitoris is the first line of stimulation, men would often move directly to clitoral fingering in foreplay. It is rare in our experience, in the laboratory or in subjective histories that women have given, that they can tolerate direct, intense stimulation of the clitoris. One reason is its acute sensitivity. Manipulation can very rapidly become irritating. The best description I've heard of this stimulation was "too much sensation too soon".

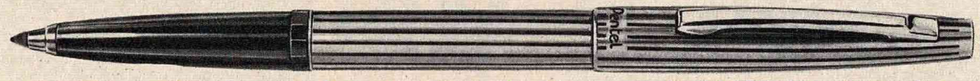
PLAYBOY: Obviously a woman would know that about another woman. But how does a man progress if his partner doesn't tell him?

JOHNSON: Let's return to what Bill was saying. They do unto others as they do unto themselves, and that's not always what a woman can respond to. Quite often the male uses his fingers as he would a penis. If the lesbians used penetration with their fingers, they seldom went beyond the outer third of the vagina, which, in terms of nerve endings, is the most sensitive. Husbands frequently used their fingers as substitute penises, even though their wives merely tolerated this approach, especially before they were really aroused. One third of the wives, when questioned, said that they felt deep manual penetration was more exciting to their husbands than to them. Lesbians, on the other hand, exhibited a general willingness to find out what their partners liked and appreciated.

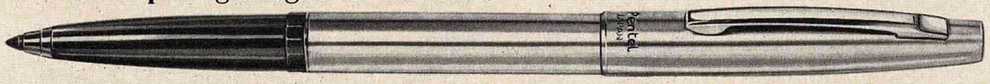
PLAYBOY: Once a lesbian turned to breastplay, did she go about it any differently from a man?

MASTERS: Breastplay was significantly prolonged. The entire breast was consistently stimulated, both manually and orally, with particular attention being focused on the nipples. Also, scrupulous care appeared to be taken by the stimulator to spend an equal amount of time with each breast. Sometimes as much as 10 minutes was devoted to the breasts before genital play was introduced. I've seen many a heterosexual couple engage in and

In the pin-striped world of business, it's nice to have a pen you can identify with.



The Pentel R7 acknowledges that many businessmen like to look business-like. This elegant pen comes in a business-like, pin-striped gold and black, with an extra fine tip for getting down to details.



The R6 is somewhat more expansive, with a regular point, and plain gold and black finish. It makes a very good impression on credit card receipts.

The R4 is no less impressive, being finished in four specially lacquered colours. Red, blue, green and Henry Ford black.

If you can't find a Pentel pen to suit you from this selection, we humbly suggest you might be in the wrong business.

Available from newsagents, stationers, office suppliers, department stores and supermarkets.

Pentel®

JACKA 1702

complete intercourse in the time a lesbian couple would still be focusing on the breast.

JOHNSON: It's a matter of orchestration.

MASTERS: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to discover any other differences?

MASTERS: It was our impression that, when a woman played with another woman's breast, her intention was to provide pleasure for the other woman. She usually responded to any verbal or non-verbal communication of pleasure and made a specific effort to enhance the recipient's experience of the moment. The lesbian couple tended to move slowly toward higher levels of pleasure. In contrast, men involved in stimulating a woman's breasts seemed wrapped up in what they were doing, unaware of their partner's pleasure.

JOHNSON: Usually all female research subjects lubricated well during generalised touching. In contrast, the heterosexual women lubricated only moderately when breastplay was being emphasised. Almost one third of the heterosexual women reported that their breasts were not a particularly important erogenous zone; that they seemed much more important to their husbands.

PLAYBOY: Did homosexual men engage in breastplay?

MASTERS: Gay men tended to approach each other the same way that gay women did – they took their time, teased each other, involved the whole body. They spent a significant amount of time in breastplay. Only 11 of the 42 committed couples failed to include some form of nipple stimulation in sexual interchange.

PLAYBOY: Did any heterosexual women stimulate their husband's nipples?

MASTERS: Only about three or four out of 100 married women.

PLAYBOY: Is there any explanation for the apparent discrepancy? Why don't women know enough to stimulate their male partners?

JOHNSON: For the same reasons a man is reluctant to find out about women from women. I think it's the cultural message which begins during adolescence. The woman is the object of sex, man is the subject and the predicate. So no one calls attention to a man's breasts or any other part of his anatomy as an erogenous zone, including the man himself.

PLAYBOY: We can see a whole generation of young girls trying to get to second base with their partners.

MASTERS: We noticed that prolonged teasing by a male or female partner could produce significant changes in the size of the erection.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on that?

MASTERS: We've noticed that a man with sexual problems tends to view his erection as a single shot, single calibre entity. He thinks that if he can get an erection he must maintain it at all times. Unfortunately, he can't. The erection comes and goes and comes and goes in any continual sexual interchange. There's a great variation in the degree of engorgement of the penis. It can go down to a loss of erection completely and back. Or it can be a partial loss of erection. It can be a minimal loss of fullness. You sometimes think the penis is as full as it's going to be and then, with continued play, there's even more engorgement. I'm never sure from observing the penis when it is fully engorged because it always seems to be able to engorge a little more.

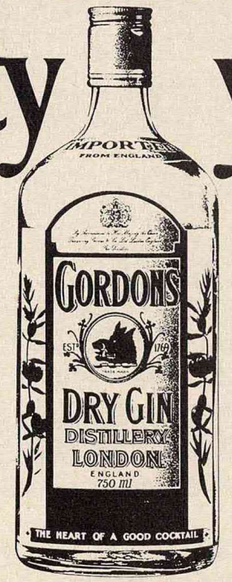
PLAYBOY: How much variation have you observed?

MASTERS: I would estimate that a full erection is still certainly capable of another five to 10 percent increase in its size.

PLAYBOY: You were saying that dysfunctional men are handicapped by their expectations of what the erection is or isn't capable of. Can you be more specific than that?

MASTERS: Many a man observing the normal ebb and flow of the erection becomes extremely anxious, and distracts himself. He clutches and loses

Gordon's Dry Gin.
Quality you can still get your hands on.
And afford.



IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND.

GS4297

FEAST YOUR EARS.

You may be tempted when you first see the new AR91 and 92 to look... and look... and look.

These are the newest AR Vertical™ Speakers, and if we do say so we think they're extremely handsome pieces of high fidelity technology. Certainly one of AR's finest efforts.

But the real beauty of them emerges when you crank them up. For they are also probably the best performing speakers for the price that we have ever built.

Everything we learned engineering the fabulous AR9 has been incorporated in their design.

We learned a lot about improving bass response in the AR9. So the 91 and 92 have taller, slimmer cabinets that place woofers in the scientifically correct position.

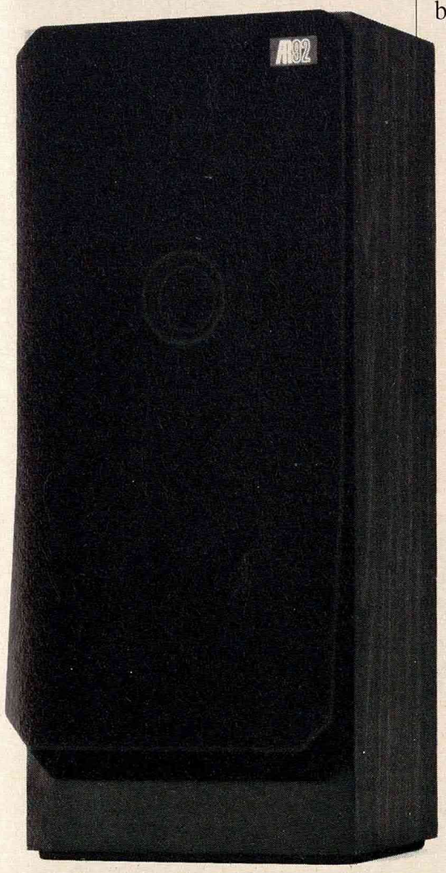
Bass reflections are minimized and bass response is smooth and even across the range.

We improved stereo imagery in the AR9 by placing high range drivers in a vertical array on the front of the cabinet and we've adapted this design to the 91 and 92.

We invented the AR Acoustic Blanket™ for the AR9. It improves high end response, produces satin smooth synthesizers and shimmering strings by absorbing cabinet front reflections. You'll find it part of the AR91 and AR92. The tweeter and upper-mid-range drivers (both liquid cooled for good power handling) were lifted directly from the AR9 and adapted for use in these three-way systems.

What you have, here, is really a new class of speakers called the AR Verticals. They are described fully in a new catalog which your AR dealer has. (You can write for one to us at AR, P.O. Box 21, Greenacre, N.S.W., 2190 if your dealer is out of catalogs.) You can read all about them. But we really believe that listening is the best and final proof. For man does not live by 'specs' alone.

AR
Truth In Listening



AR92 WITH
10" AR WOOFER,
APPROXIMATELY $475

AR91 WITH
12" AR WOOFER,
APPROXIMATELY $575

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH AUSTRALIA 3 FORD STREET, GREENACRE, N.S.W., 2190. PHONE: 642-2595

THE LION, THE SWORD, AND THE CROWN.

The lion, the sword and the crown are the symbol of Henri Wintermans.

The symbol of a range of great cigars.

Choose from half coronas, panatellas, cellos, scooters or café crême.

Please yourself.

HENRI WINTERMANS make the nicest cigars in the world.

182/SA

the rest of the erection when all he is doing is observing his own natural physiological variation.

PLAYBOY: Did the teasing behavior seem to be based upon what you called same-sex empathy?

MASTERS: Yes. The men said they stimulated their male partners the way they themselves would like to be stimulated. Unlike homosexual men, heterosexual women rarely approached the most sensitive penile frenulum – the dorsal surface just beneath the coronal ridge – when they were stimulating the penis. And wives, when they detected increasing sexual excitement, usually rushed their male partners through to orgasm. On the few occasions when a woman deliberately teased her male partner with extended periods of play, the heterosexual male's level of sexual response was quite equal to that of the homosexual male.

PLAYBOY: Was there a similar lack of communication about dual masturbatory techniques?

MASTERS: Many of the men said they wished that their wives had grasped the penis tighter, used more force or stroked more rapidly.

JOHNSON: The wives reported that they were concerned about stroking too vigorously and hurting the man. Only three of the men had ever given their partners specific directions about preferred ways for penile stimulation.

PLAYBOY: Were there important differences in oral sex between homosexuals and heterosexuals?

MASTERS: There were certain similarities. But, all things considered, the only real difference stemmed from the way lesbians and heterosexual men performed cunnilingus. The women were more inventive. They started with the breasts, moved to the lower abdomen and thighs and then skirted the vagina before focusing on the clitoris. The more variation they came up with, the higher the level of excitement for the recipient. The most interesting thing was the degree of the stimulator's own involvement – some of the women performing cunnilingus on their lesbian partners also experienced orgasm during the act.

PLAYBOY: Did the husbands show the same variety or intensity of approach?

MASTERS: The heterosexual men rarely had devoted significant time to learning or improving their cunnilingal technique. They saw the act as a means to an end. Men proved themselves sexually during intercourse. In contrast, their wives often felt that fellatio was a challenge, a technique in which they should become expert if they were to conduct themselves as sexually effective women.

PLAYBOY: You also studied a number of

Haigoodlookin'

Haig. The oldest name in scotch. Looking as good today as it did in 1627. Reward yourself with a Haig and you're lookin' good. Don't be vague, ask for Haig.

HA80AP

singles — men and women who were previously strangers and who met in the lab for this study. Was their behavior noticeably different?

MASTERS: All the assigned couples were very direct and goal-oriented in their sexual interaction. Both men and women moved right to the genitals. Males did not engage in nipple play. There was almost no teasing.

PLAYBOY: Did the assigned couples have more difficulty making love than the committed couples?

MASTERS: Yes, the assigned couples had four times the failure rate of the committed couples when it came to intercourse.

PLAYBOY: Is there an explanation?

MASTERS: Intercourse was no more than a mutual masturbation exercise for the assigned couples. The males were experienced and had good ejaculatory control so the females usually had time to respond orgasmically — but not always. With each concentrating on his or her needs, there was not much co-operation between strangers.

PLAYBOY: Is there any single trait that characterised intercourse?

MASTERS: A kiss on the lips, a hand on the breasts and a dive for the pelvis.

JOHNSON: In terms of sexual behavior, although we seem to be a people who look for cookie cutters to shape ourselves in the image of someone whose life is purported to be the sexual ultimate, when the moment arrives we generally fall back on our early peer group lessons. There is too little individual confidence to be sexually creative. Even in the laboratory environment, sexually sophisticated people sometimes fell back on their old familiar scenario.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

MASTERS: Some 80 percent of the men made love in the missionary position. They mounted the female as soon as they had an erection, and as soon as they thought the partner was ready. Usually they decided that she was ready for intercourse when she was obviously lubricated.

PLAYBOY: Is that incorrect?

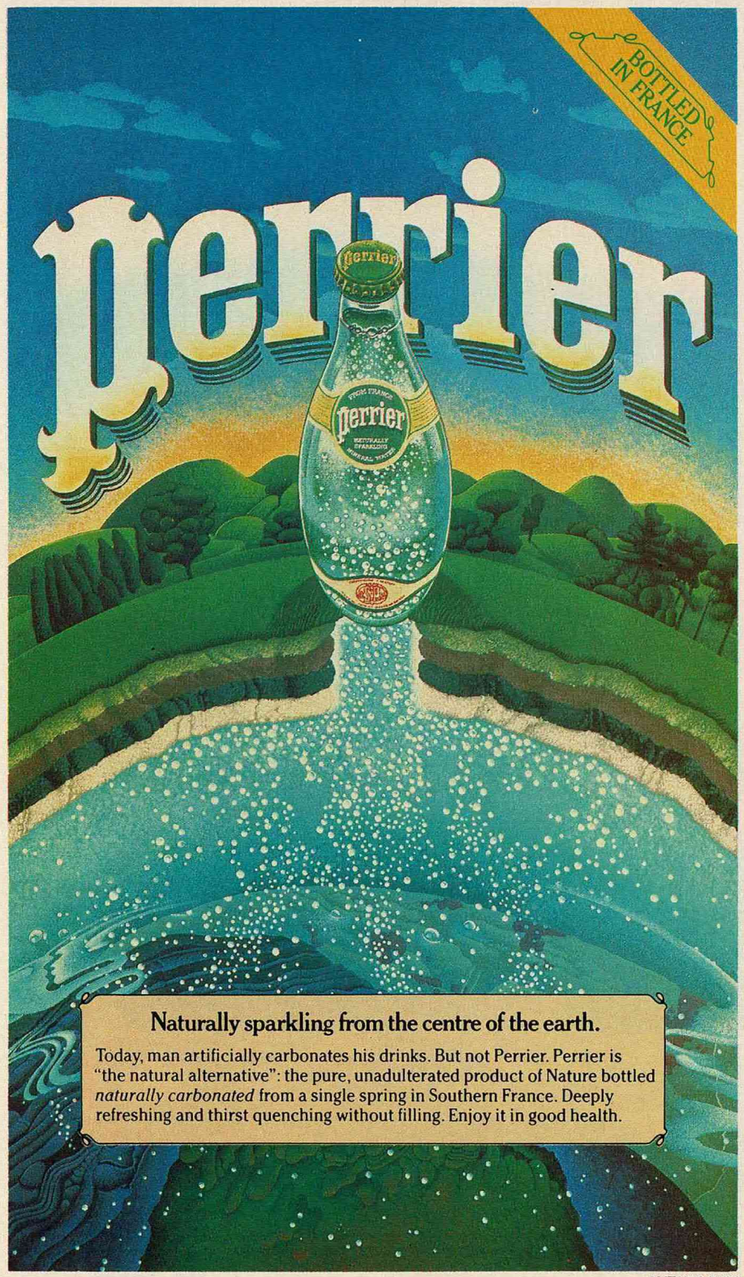
JOHNSON: In theory you might say it is true. Vaginal lubrication is essentially a counterpart of erection in the male, but it doesn't stop there. I am treading water I normally try to avoid, but I'm going to suggest the very real possibility that a man with an erection is not always a man who is ready for intercourse. The woman may demonstrate physiological or anatomical readiness. But it's a mistake to assume that, because she is physically ready, she has also arrived at the point of emotional or even spiritual receptivity. So often the man makes this assumption, penetrates and immediately sets the pattern of thrusting. She is even further distracted by the task of accommodating to the depth, frequency and the force of the man's thrusting before she even establishes awareness of her own responsiveness. Although she ultimately may be orgasmic, her levels of subjective involvement may remain low and her sense of satisfaction minimal. There is a high risk of hostility towards the partner developing in such a situation.

MASTERS: The men set the thrusting pattern in almost every act of intercourse we observed when the woman was supine.

JOHNSON: There's a drum out there that continues to beat a single message: "The male is the sex expert." Add: "Intercourse is the be-all and end-all of sexual expression" and you have the number one reason for sexual boredom and disappointment.

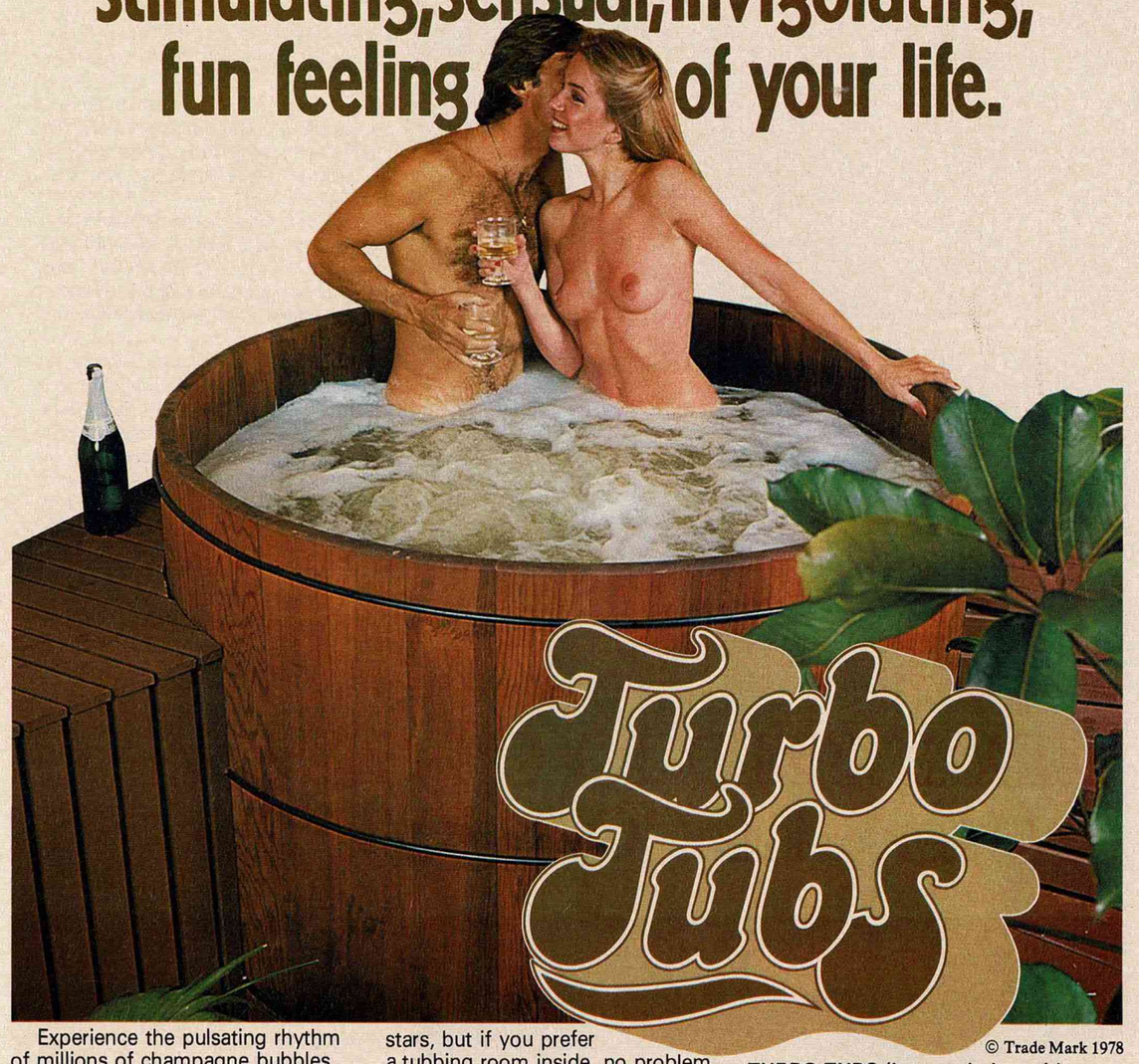
PLAYBOY: One of the sacred tenets of marriage manuals is that, if you engage in enough foreplay, everything will be right in the end. Did your research show this to be so?

MASTERS: I don't even like the term foreplay. It sounds like something less than important or meaningful. It is



AMT0059-H/PB

The second most exhilarating, stimulating, sensual, invigorating, fun feeling of your life.



© Trade Mark 1978

Experience the pulsating rhythm of millions of champagne bubbles massaging and caressing every inch of your body, intoxicating your senses, releasing built-up tension.

Turbo Tubs are here to add a whole new dimension to your lifestyle. The swirling, whirling, turbulence of hot, bubbly water relaxes tired, aching muscles after any strenuous activity.

The Turbo Tub exhilaration can be enjoyed by anyone, any time, day or night, summer and winter, with the water hot or cold. The intimate size of even the large 8ft. Turbo Tub opens up limitless possibilities for a couple or a group.

The greatest place to install your Turbo Tub is right out there in your backyard, under the sun and the stars, but if you prefer a tubbing room inside, no problem.

Turbo Tubs are meticulously manufactured from all-heart redwood, hand selected from our own mill and the sizes range from 4ft. to 8 ft. diameter. No-one matches the high quality fastidious finish of Turbo Tubs and no other tub matches our features . . . simply compare.

Enjoy the Turbo Tub experience absolutely free in our private showroom, 7 days a week between 9 a.m. — 5 p.m. Bring your wife, bring your lover, bring all your friends. Our full colour informative brochure is available by contacting or calling into the showroom. Interstate and country enquiries welcome.

TURBO TUBS (in association with BECK TIMBER)
Showroom and Sales:
165 Canterbury Road., Bankstown, NSW, 2200. Phone 707 1477
(7 days a week).

To: Turbo Tubs, P.O. Box 545, Bankstown, N.S.W. 2200
Please send me your free colour brochure.

Name .....

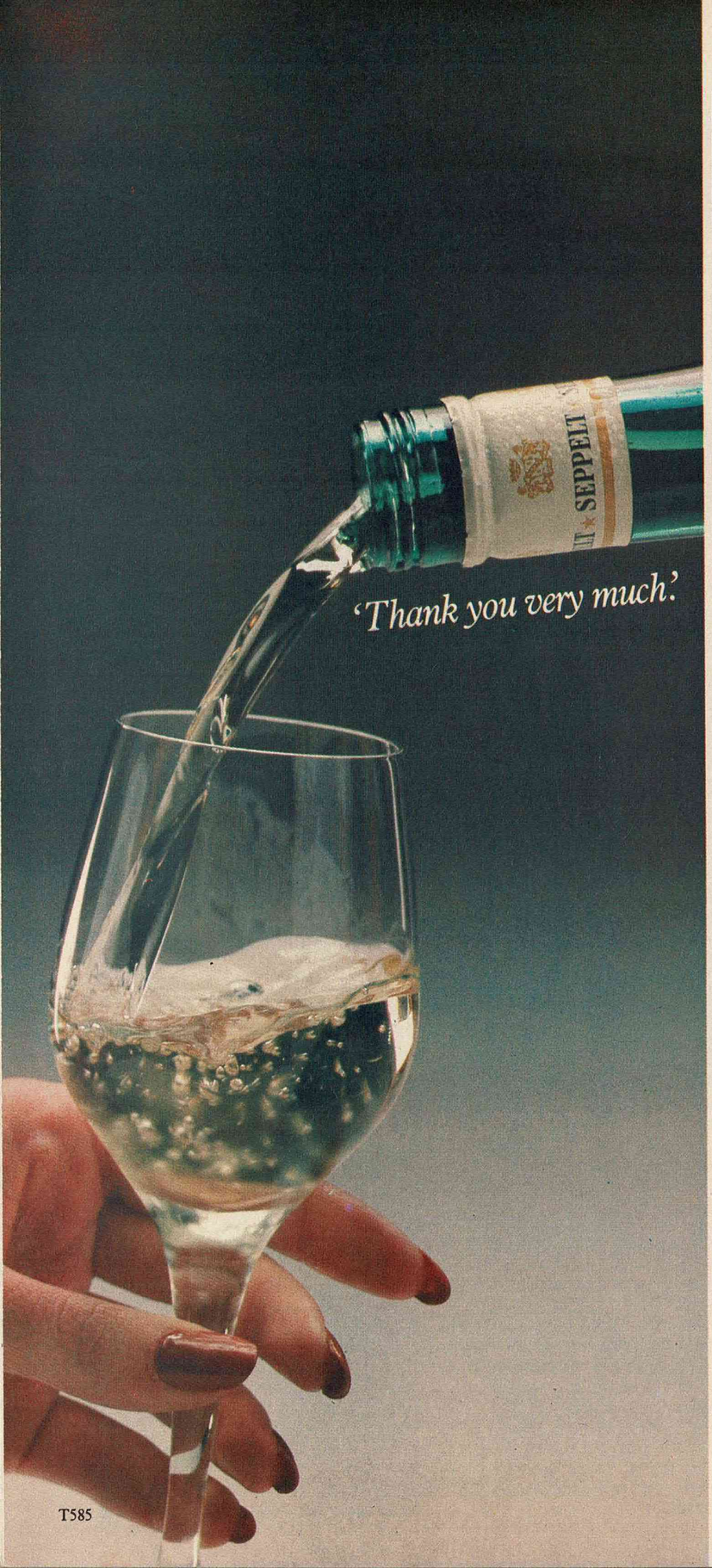
Address .....

.....

Phone .....

P/Code .....

BOAC621/1178R



necessary for a scientific observer to divide sexual response into stages, but sex partners who do the same thing make the human experience a goal-oriented performance. In doing so, a woman's capacity for spontaneous responsitivity especially is victimised.

PLAYBOY: How?

MASTERS: We found that when we requested a woman and a man in the lab to engage in partner manipulation or cunnilingus, the woman tended to lubricate freely in direct proportion to the amount of stimulation she was being given.

However, when we asked the same couple to engage in intercourse and, as part of the total process, the man engaged in genital touching or cunnilingus, the woman frequently did not lubricate as freely.

JOHNSON: Because she or they interpreted the request as specifically oriented to the goal of orgasmic attainment and the other pleasurable activities became merely foreplay.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that, if you want to see a woman live up to her natural potential, don't have intercourse. Do everything but?

JOHNSON: No, just don't have intercourse to the exclusion of undemanding, enjoyable intimacy.

MASTERS: If you really want to learn about a woman, as a man, don't go to her with the idea that you are always going to have intercourse.

PLAYBOY: Should you make sure that she knows the evening has been set aside for casual exploration?

MASTERS: Better that you not limit your personal research to just one evening. Take more time – one exposure probably won't provide all the answers to the range of any woman's sexual potential. But if you and she can discover together that you can move to each other, that you can both let the chips fall where they may, then you are able to get a great deal more information.

Tonight have cunnilingus, tomorrow have intercourse. Another night you might just masturbate each other, or you might do all of these things. You don't prohibit a particular activity. You just say tonight I would like to try this, or this, or that.

JOHNSON: Even that sounds too programmed for me. Why not just agree to explore and improvise together over a period of time? No pre-determined goals, no demands.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that the homosexual couples you observed – because they were not under any pressure to have intercourse – were better able to enjoy themselves?

MASTERS: Certainly. They give more of themselves to activities such as masturbation, fellatio and cunnilingus because it is the only thing they have. Even when we told heterosexual women that cunnilingus was the point of the evening, they were so unused to it as a pleasurable end in itself that they initially did not become particularly involved.

MASTERS: I think heterosexual couples have too many social protocols. If you don't have a scenario, you tend to improvise more.

JOHNSON: It's quite similar to improvisational dancing when you've had only one set piece. You tune in as partners and work a lot of things out beyond the one-two-three waltz.

MASTERS: Learn to blend with comfort and confidence . . .

JOHNSON: And with your mood. With the security that, if one partner does something to which the other cannot respond, a signal will be sent and received, and the course can then be modified to accommodate the more urgent need. It's not really complicated even if I make it sound that way. It's only difficult for some people because it is so different from what they've learned about traditional male and female roles.

PLAYBOY: It took you 14 years to write this latest book. Were you waiting for the right time to release it?

MASTERS: We had a basic rule at the institute that we would not make a major report on individual research programs without a minimum of 10 years' work behind us. *Human Sexual Response* (on heterosexual physiology) and *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (on heterosexual dysfunction) each represented 11 years of work. *Homosexuality in Perspective* represents 14 years' work. It took a little longer because it attempts to combine elements of both the physiology of homosexual dysfunction and the treatment of dysfunction and dissatisfaction.

PLAYBOY: What made you choose to combine them?

MASTERS: We had always intended to study the physiology of homosexual behavior. At first we thought we would report on what we had found, just as we had in *Human Sexual Response*. But we discovered that, from a physiological point of view, there was no difference between homosexual and heterosexual response. Once this was established, there certainly was no indication for a major report. By this time we had also learned that we had made a mistake in withholding psychological behavior information in the earlier books.

After publishing *Human Sexual Response* we were accused of being nothing but mechanics. One of the outstanding critics pointed out that the word "love" isn't even mentioned in the book, which is true. What that

critic very carefully didn't say is that the word probably had never been mentioned in any other physiology textbook, either.

JOHNSON: When the world learned that we were working with people in the laboratory, they immediately developed this image of mad scientists, or technicians. I desperately do not want either of us to come through as making sex mechanical – in or out of the laboratory. The study subjects, in fact, were people who had successfully integrated their psychosocial needs with their natural physical capacity for sexual response. This blend is carefully protected in the lab environment so these people maintain their ability to respond as they would under other circumstances.

PLAYBOY: So your intention with this book was to show that you are more than mechanics, that you are also aware of the other side of sexual response – the human element?

JOHNSON: We naively hoped that the human element would be presumed when we opted to present research findings on individual aspects of sexual responsivity in order to highlight information which was previously missing from the available scientific work on human sexuality.

MASTERS: That's what is important about this last study. There've been any number of attempts to describe homosexuality in some depth, but rarely has there been an attempt to redefine homosexuality and heterosexuality in perspective with each other. Consequently, the oppressive weight of professional ignorance, combined with the intellectually debilitating pressure of public reprobation, has effectively immobilised the search for facts about homosexuality.

JOHNSON: Robert Kolodny, the associate director at the institute, tells the story of a doctor who refused to give homosexuals a complete physical because he was afraid the rectal examination would turn on his patient. If he were consistent, the same doctor would have to refuse to give female patients a vaginal or breast exam because they might find it sexually stimulating. We wanted to present a work that would help to erase that basic sort of bias.

MASTERS: I think there's clear evidence that homosexuals have not been getting good health treatment in a number of instances.

PLAYBOY: How did you go about recruiting your subjects?

MASTERS: Fundamentally, by word of mouth. When we started the homosexual physiology work in 1964, the national organisations were still only fledgling, or they were keeping a low profile; we also avoided the gay-bar society because it could not provide stable relationships. We needed committed couples, not singles.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MASTERS: We wanted to compare homosexual physiology to heterosexual physiology, and most of the subjects in our original heterosexual research were married couples.

PLAYBOY: Were the subjects you found exhibitionists or just curious?

JOHNSON: Most of our research subjects had an extraordinary interest in learning about their own sexuality. They tended to trust the protected conditions of a research environment. Frequently they mentioned that someone for whom they cared had had a distasteful sexual experience. They felt that this distress had been related to lack of knowledge, lack of concern, lack of compassion. They often expressed what appeared to be a genuine hope that our research would help mankind. And some were curious.

PLAYBOY: Other than willingness to help, did the subjects have to have any other characteristics?

"Couples failed to achieve orgasm three percent of the time – a failure rate four times greater than that for masturbation."

MASTERS: All the subjects had to be able to respond to self stimulation, mutual stimulation and either fellatio or cunnilingus. In addition, the heterosexual subjects had to be able to respond effectively during intercourse.

PLAYBOY: Did you measure ability to respond by their capacity for orgasm?

MASTERS: Yes, although we certainly acknowledge that sexual proficiency is not synonymous with orgasmic responsiveness. Sexual gratification, sexual maturity and sexual interest are phenomena that must be considered somewhat apart from orgasmic attainment – or failure – alone. But our ability to document orgasm as a precise, definable physiological event made it a useful form of measurement.

PLAYBOY: How did your subjects perform during intercourse?

MASTERS: Couples failed to achieve orgasm only three percent of the time – a rate still four times greater than for masturbation, fellatio/cunnilingus or partner manipulation.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that an astonishingly successful rate? It has been suggested that your researches are biased in favor of sexual superstars, as if you were writing a book on running after interviewing only the top five finishers in an Olympic marathon.

MASTERS: I think that's a very fair criticism, but if you want to know what happens, you generally will have to work with those to whom it happens. We have been studying people who were selected for their functional ability in a laboratory setting.

We haven't the vaguest idea of what happens at night, in the dark, under the covers, in the privacy of people's own homes.

PLAYBOY: Even the superstars did not do as well during intercourse as they did when experiencing other forms of stimulation. Does that suggest that intercourse is vastly overrated as a form of pleasure?

MASTERS: If you think about it, the three types of stimulation that we're talking about occur in my turn/your turn situations whether practised by homosexuals or heterosexuals. But, in intercourse, we have two people trying to function simultaneously. Inevitably, that is more difficult. There is more opportunity for failure when two people are involved in routine sexual interaction than when responding on a my turn/your turn basis. The catch is that our culture tells us intercourse is the be-all and end-all of the human sexual expression.

PLAYBOY: Aren't these forms of stimulation subject to the charge of servicing one's partner rather than finding sex mutually pleasurable?

MASTERS: Yes, but intercourse can be a mere service, too. There are definitely more times that the female is used for service than the female and male are together as full partners in sexual intercourse. This is true wherever you have a double-standard society, and that's in most of the world.

PLAYBOY: In spite of the drawbacks you list, many of us prefer intercourse. Why should we change approaches?

MASTERS: I think if we limit ourselves in any area of interest to one specific focus, we tend to become restless, unsatisfied and bored. When there is only one right way to do anything, originality is neutralised.

Perhaps you could compare lovemaking to tennis. It's like trying to build a game around just a forehand. If someone serves to your backhand, you're in desperate trouble. You can run around it only so far. If it's a good serve, you can't run around it. I'm not saying that the forehand isn't of value, but what I'm suggesting is that, if there is only one official way to get pleasure and you don't vary it, then you have people trying to cope with boredom by varying partners. If they vary partners lots of times, they're still doing the

The French Evolution.

How's this for a winning streak? 1978. The Renault A442B Turbo won Le Mans by five laps from Porsche.

1979. The new Renault 20TS upstages all luxury touring sportscars with features other makers will be copying for a decade.

The 20's too macho to be a luxury saloon, too luxurious to be a sports car. Has a lot of the Turbo's features. For example:–

- A new high performance engine – obviously not the same but with the same capacity and characteristic touches – like belt driven overhead cam and hemi-crossflow head. It's also all-alloy – a feature rare outside competition cars.
- Four wheel independent suspension.
- Ventilated front discs.
- Rack and pinion steering.
- Sealed cooling system.
- Michelin radials.
- Small padded steering wheel.
- Short, sharp, brilliant gear shift.
- Long wheelbase, wide-track. Low, wind-cheating, stable stance.

Of course, we've modified the body a little so your fellow Company Directors won't be shocked. Add...

- Power steering that phases out at speed to give you positive road feel when touring.
- Tinted windows – power operated in front. And laminated windscreen.
- Intermittent wiper control.
- Plush seats that fully recline.
- Stereo AM/FM radio cassette player.
- Courtesy lights everywhere – even in the ash-tray.

For your amusement – there are remote controls that adjust the headlight beams and external mirror. Most usual options are standard. And, astonishingly, those thick, contoured rear seats go through several configurations – may even be removed to leave you with a 1550 dm^3 (54.5 cubic foot) luggage area. Something of a switch for a prestige saloon. And brilliantly practical.

Renault 20TS. A large, substantial, ultra-sophisticated road machine with a quietly obtrusive demeanour, magnificent handling – and all the luxury you expect. Get full details from your Renault Dealer now.

RENAULT 20TS
Touring Sports

From Renault, the world's largest manufacturer of front-wheel drive vehicles.

N.S.W. Renault (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 789 Botany Rd., Rosebery. Ph. 669 2366. **A.C.T. Corin Motors,** Cnr. Collie & Newcastle Sts., Fyshwick. Ph. 80 4409. **VIC. Renault (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,** 771 Nepean H'way. Moorabbin. Ph. 557 5877. **QLD. Annand & Thompson Pty. Ltd.,** 132 Breakfast Creek Rd., Newstead. Ph. 52 0161. **S.A. Jacques Thoridnet Motor Centre,** 185 Pulteney St., Adelaide. Ph. 223 3155. **W.A. Eurocars Pty. Ltd.,** 11 Berwick St., South Perth. Ph. 367 6699. (Lic. 0771). **TAS. Val Dwyer Motors,** 74 Marine Terrace, Burnie. Ph. 31 5515. **Woodwards Fine Cars,** 160 Elizabeth St., Hobart. Ph. 34 6522. **David Lewis Motors,** 123 Invermay Rd., Launceston. Ph. 31 8177.

RENA0041R

Give out with that touch of class.

Santa Class

Very much the sort of thing to give, or be given, for Christmas.
Sortilège, from the French, in this gift set of 50 gram Cologne Spray and 100 gram perfumed Talc.
This Sortilège selection, in a gift set for Christmas, is just $12.50*

Available at selected chemists and department stores while stocks last.
*Recommended retail price.

LE GALION AP 3333

same thing. One, two, three, kick. The variances come in the fact that the grass seems a little greener in the neighbor's backyard. It is a little greener until you have been there two or three times, and then you have to go somewhere else.

We suggest that, in order to keep the grass greener in one's own backyard, there's a great advantage in varying the way that the lawn is fed.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed that, although you've said that homosexuals tended to spend more time on certain forms of love-making, you never specified the actual time. Why?

MASTERS: Because the minute that we say "the average time is such and such", people are going to start measuring themselves against a presumed standard. That's when sex becomes mechanical and less spontaneous. For example, when we published *Human Sexual Response,* we purposely did not include information about the average size of the penis. To some degree, we hoped that by not doing so we would neutralise the concept that penis size is crucial to sexual response.

PLAYBOY: If you helped defuse the myth that penis size counted, you did so not because you failed to include measurements, but because you pointed out that the female physiology generally can accommodate to the difference. Would you explain that?

MASTERS: Well, it has to do with the female's ability to respond vaginally. The vagina acts in a very interesting way from the moment the woman is mounted. Once the female is fully penetrated, the vagina tends to overexpand — regardless of the penis size. After about a minute and a half to three minutes of continuous thrusting — presuming the male hasn't already ejaculated — the vagina begins to contract again.

It eventually will fit snugly round the penis, regardless of its size. There are certain exceptions to this — the micropenis which is pathologically small or the occasional huge penis that causes a great deal of pain. But these are rare. In routine coitus, the vagina adjusts itself to the size of the penis and constricts itself around it, presuming the woman is given enough time to do this.

PLAYBOY: But if she doesn't have time, the size might count?

MASTERS: Right. But the difference, of course, depends on whether the woman believes there is a difference. The adjustment is involuntary. The woman doesn't know she is doing it. And it may well be that it is like anything else: if I believe white is white, it is going to be white the rest of my life.

JOHNSON: It is the same reason women

I'm ready for it

Cruiser By Halvorsen
Grand Master By Ampex

Until now, only the professionals were ready for it:

AMPEX GrandMaster™

the unquestioned leader in the studio recording industry.

Today, audiophiles are acquiring the class of equipment with the sensitivity to exploit the potential of Grand Master recording tape. Its specification provides measurable improvements in saturation capacity, dynamic range and signal to noise ratio.

Now available to you in ¼" open reel format, and C-60 and C-90 cassettes with their own special Grand Master formulation. From better hi fi stores.

We think you're ready for it

AMPEX

AMPEX AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED
4 Carlotta St., Artarmon, 2064. Phone (02) 439 4077.
541 King St., West Melbourne, 3003. Phone (03) 329 0388.

buy a certain soap over another soap product. For ages they have been conditioned to believe that the well-endowed man has it all over the less-endowed man. If they believe it, then, of course, it can begin to matter a great deal.

PLAYBOY: You've given the explanation. Shouldn't that suffice? You say your intention is to provide information, so why not release the figures and let the chips fall where they may?

MASTERS: I agree with you. But if we had published the size, the rest of the information wouldn't have made any difference. Everybody would have been using a measuring stick. And that way lies impotence.

PLAYBOY: We suspect that everyone who would already has. Certainly you could give the extremes. You could say the male penis is between one centimetre and four years long?

JOHNSON: I like that range.

MASTERS: Sure we could. Measurements were done, but we decided not to publicise them at all.

PLAYBOY: You've argued that fact is the only way to fight biases, prejudices and the like. Yet, in this instance, you are not really behaving like scientists at all, are you?

JOHNSON: It's just Bill's stance and I understand it. But I think the point is perfectly well made as you've just stated it. It isn't scientific. We have more of a commitment to prevention than to pure science of information. I genuinely love information. I like to know anything and everything I can possibly know about something. I'm not particularly emotional about that information, but once you see the incredible susceptibility of people to being told what they should do and what will happen if they don't, then you cannot help but develop a sense of protectiveness.

PLAYBOY: To go back to an earlier analogy of running, people who jog are not intimidated by the racers who run four-minute miles. Why are you so sure that in the sexual arena people will feel threatened by information?

MASTERS: There's a hell of a difference between what you do when you're running and what you do with your penis — or don't do with it. And you can be just as objective as you want about being able to run a four-minute mile, but if someone says to you that you should routinely complete intercourse in 10 or 15 minutes, then millions of people are going to try.

JOHNSON: This is a very vulnerable area. If we are going to be allowed to create a science of human sexuality, then I believe we have an obligation to make people understand that there are tremendous variables within the natural range. It's a new field. You cannot open it up and presume immediate, total comprehension.

PLAYBOY: You have stated that, during intercourse, the clitoris receives indirect stimulation. There seem to be many women who say that may be true for others but not for them. What do you say?

JOHNSON: The clitoris does not require direct stimulation or contact. The total human body is a potentially erotic "organ". It is very possible to choose a completely asexual part of the anatomy and develop it as the source of sexual stimulation to orgasm. There can be back-of-the-neck orgasms, bottom-of-the-foot orgasms and palm-of-the-hand orgasms. Similarly, the clitoris is a unique organ, insofar as we know it has no other purpose than receiving or transmitting sexual pleasure. It is certainly very responsive to stimulation, and it is possible for a woman to develop that response to a level of dependency because she knows it works and she doesn't know that anything else works.

Those women who have not responded in intercourse after having developed real orgasmic effectiveness by stimulation of the clitoris — either by self or partner — but who expected direct transposition of this successful response pattern to intercourse can be

WHEN THE GOLD RAN DRY THEY TURNED TO CHAMPAGNE.

Avoca in Western Victoria used to be a roaring gold mining town. Then the gold ran out.

Then somebody discovered that the climate and the soil together produced a first class champagne grape.

So today they mine a different kind of gold.

A champagne fermented and retained in the original bottle, produced only by the traditional French Champenoise Method.

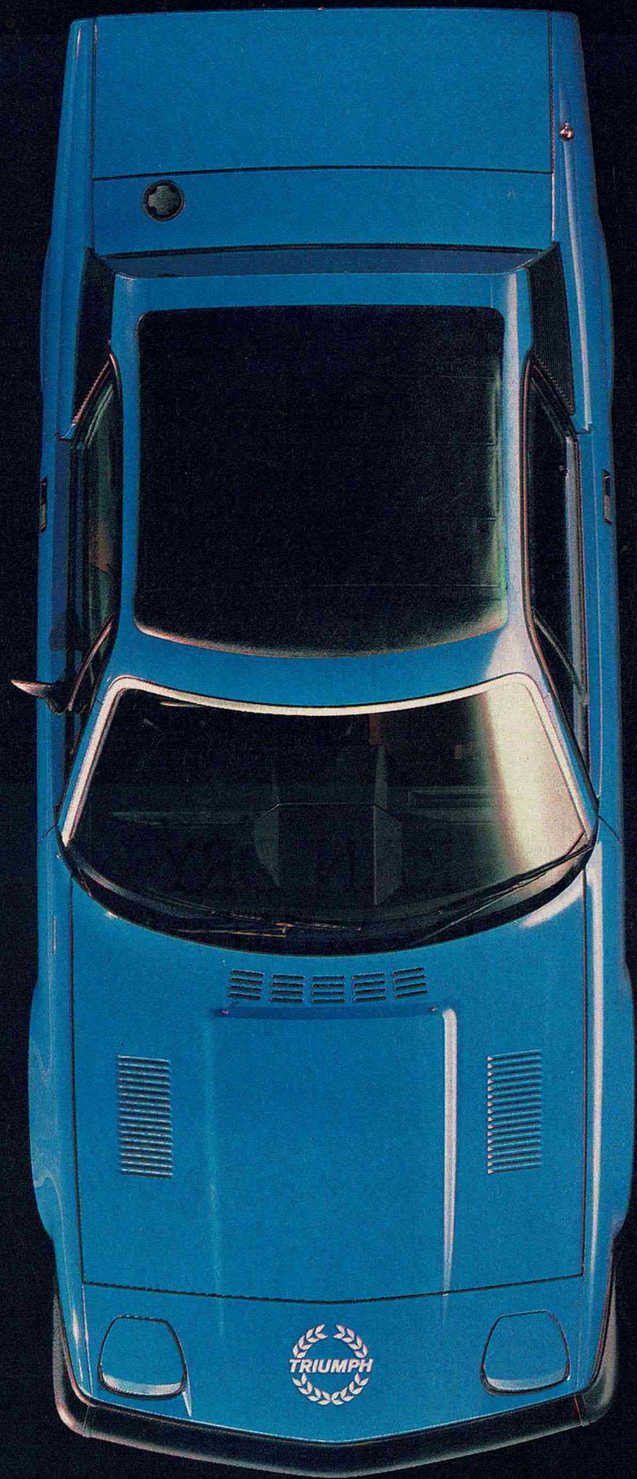
Chateau Remy Champagne has an outstanding flavour, bouquet, and natural effervescence.

Chateau Remy Champagne. Another kind of gold from the Pyrenees soils of Avoca.

Chateau Remy

NAT770

TURNS CORNERS LIKE IT TURNS HEADS.



If you wish to pass through life with all the charisma of a grey cloud on a rainy day, then the TR7 is not for you.

Like it or not, its wind cheating wedge shape has a hopelessly magnetic effect on innocent bystanders.

And while the body curves alone are enough to unsettle the chemistry of young ladies, it is the way our body handles the curves which will grab the undivided attention of the other half of the population.

Car and Driver came closest when they said, 'Like flying on the ground.' Yet you can still get over 9.4 litres/100km (30mpg)* from our 2 litre OHC engine. America's Motor Trend rated its cornering power in the same league with Ferrari Dino and Lotus Europa.

And with our 5 speed gearbox you may never tire of the thrill of re-enacting the Road and Track G-Force Test in which TR7 out-performed Alfetta and Porsche 924.

Triumph TR7. Someday you may settle down. Until then, don't settle for less.

TRIUMPH TR7

Sun roof, as shown, available as optional extra.

*The fuel consumption you obtain will vary with how and where you drive your vehicle, and your vehicle's condition and equipment.

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER, CONTACT: **SYDNEY:** MR. G. KENDALL, TRIUMPH CARS, 22 PARRAMATTA RD, LIDCOMBE, 2141. PHONE (02) 648 5411. **MELBOURNE:** MR. T. CAVANAGH, TRIUMPH CARS, 2161 PRINCES HIGHWAY, CLAYTON NTH, 3168. PHONE (03) 547 0611. **ADELAIDE:** MR. P. JONES, TRIUMPH CARS, 575 SOUTH RD, REGENCY PARK, 5010. PHONE (08) 268 3333. **BRISBANE:** MR. J. TAIT, TRIUMPH CARS, 1709 IPSWICH ROAD, ROCKLEA, 4106. PHONE (07) 277 4111. **PERTH:** MR. J. MILLS, TRIUMPH CARS, (L.D.3361) 535 GRT. EASTERN HIGHWAY, REDCLIFFE, 6104. PHONE (09) 277 1611.

LA 5027A P/M CR

Tabac original is composed of 19 rare and expensive ingredients.

You are the 20th.

Tabac. A genuine original, like the man who wears it.

The entire range including after shave lotion; luxury soap; shaving foam, deodorants; body talc; now available at better chemists and department stores.

Australian Distributors. Wilfrid Owen (Aust) Pty. Ltd. P.O. Box 316, Seven Hills 2147. Phone 6742100.

Compton WOO214

very disappointed or disillusioned about their presumed "inadequacy".

PLAYBOY: Let's get this straight. First there was the debate about clitoral vs. vaginal orgasms. Your notion is that all orgasms are clitoral orgasms, or, rather, all orgasms are total body orgasms. All this can get confusing.

JOHNSON: Freud postulated that, if a woman could not be stimulated to orgasm by intercourse, she was sexually immature. He carried it rather far. This is not to indict Freudian concepts in general. This incredible genius was getting answers from women at a time when it was highly inappropriate for women to express themselves sexually.

Freud also was a man whose interpretations must have had a lot to do with his personal life. To make matters more difficult, his perceptions and theories have often been taken out of context by those who treasure a single concept and defend it as the only way.

PLAYBOY: We have just read an abstract from the International Congress of Sexology in which some analyst is claiming there are clitoral, vaginal and uterine orgasms.

JOHNSON: Oh, St Christopher! The amount of garbage in this field and the number of people without credibility! Of course the uterus responds with orgasm — if the woman responding has a uterus. Every other part of her system responds in some fashion as well. The variables are in degree of involvement and intensity and in subjective perception. There aren't a dozen people in this field who know what they are talking about in terms of the basic nature of human sexual response. No. Make that 24. There are many people in the world who have made their own sexual self-discoveries who have infinitely better sexual insights than so many people who presumably are researching the subject.

PLAYBOY: We've heard of doctors who claim that they can cure an inorgasmic woman by surgically realigning the clitoris. Is there any basis in fact to that claim?

JOHNSON: I have such a violent response to it that I don't even want to publicise it. For God's sake, this is where I became a radical feminist in every sense of the word. I'm aware of the strategy of ignoring something inconsequential until it dies a natural death, but I find it difficult to invoke here. That a man determines what is wrong with female anatomical design, and a few silly women say "It's so wonderful", sets us back 50 years. My husband will not criticise other doctors, but, as a woman, I cannot sit still and give you a benign smile when you ask me that question.

If someone wants surgical modification of anatomy that a part of the

Great gift

Around the world in 168 countries, great events deserve the great taste of Black & White.

Great Scotch

563.P.132

De Beers

If he's got something worth saying,
let him whisper it in your ear.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

18 ct yellow gold and diamond bracelet,
1.55 carat, $4,810.

Diamond necklet,
0.65 carat, $2,990.

Diamond brooch, 0.94 carat, $2,705.
Diamond earclips, 0.70 carat, $2,080.

Pieces are enlarged to show detail.
All prices correct as at 14th May, 1979.

HARDY BROTHERS
JEWELLERS OF INTERNATIONAL STANDING

"In diamonds, as in all things, quality is always worth its price."

Hardy Brothers

When Hardy Brothers select diamonds on the international markets we place quality before price, seeking only the finest stones.

For, in our 126 years of experience, while price is soon forgotten, the pleasure of owning a fine diamond grows with the years.

In recent times, wise economic minds have come to regard fine diamonds as one reliable value in an uncertain world.

It is no coincidence that diamonds chosen purely for their beauty and excellence ultimately become the most valuable asset.

Hardy Brothers, one of Australia's most respected diamond authorities, can offer wise advice in your choice of a diamond and fine settings that reflect the quality and beauty of your stone.

You are cordially invited to visit our showrooms and inspect our selection of fine diamond jewellery.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II SILVERSMITHS HARDY BROTHERS LIMITED

HARDY BROTHERS
JEWELLERS OF INTERNATIONAL STANDING
G12 Gallery Level, Centrepoint, Sydney.
338 Collins Street, Melbourne.
116-118 Queen Street, Brisbane.

is neither malformed nor diseased, fine. But for someone to promote a male-oriented, male-originated concept of what women can or cannot achieve without surgical intervention is taking gross advantage of the lay person's vulnerability.

PLAYBOY: Everything you say indicates that orgasm is not a simple, mechanical event involving direct or indirect stimulation of the clitoris. What, then, are the essential ingredients of an orgasm?

JOHNSON: It is a blend — almost always an unequal blend — of three things. An orgasm represents the body's physical drive to express itself sexually, its system responding sexually. Second, there are psychological and emotional requirements that we learn to develop and fulfil. And, third, there are the influences of the social environment. There are dozens of other ways to label these three general areas of response, but all of them have to be present to some degree.

It is possible to pre-empt the requirement of two of them by overemphasising one. The physical, the component that is the entrée to the physical drive, is the actual tactile friction that one can apply. The perfect example of this is the woman who is fully satisfied, satiated sexually, who is not interested in the time, the place, the circumstances and who couldn't care less at that moment whether she is orgasmic or not. She is the woman who, as an exercise in achievement or because she has nothing else to do, will pick up a vibrator and, in the face of no interest, no drive, absolutely nothing, will produce orgasm. Women all over the world are proving this in the privacy of their own rooms — all the time.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example of one of the other sources?

JOHNSON: Let's take a woman of poor physical well-being, who has a low sex drive for physical or psychological reasons. Give that person an extraordinary evening with a person of choice in a remarkable set of circumstances and you will find that the requirements that are being poorly met by drive or by physical friction are pre-empted by what you would have to say are the psychological components.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you're describing the ideal fantasy evening.

JOHNSON: In 20 years we've observed several women who were able to reach orgasm through fantasy alone — with none of the other components being involved at all.

PLAYBOY: One of the more controversial chapters in your last book was your research on fantasy. How did you get the fantasy material?

MASTERS: It has been our experience that people tend to tell interviewers or therapists what they want you to know. Second, they tell you what they think you want to know. It is rarely before the third level of interviewing that they tell you how it really is. During the period the fantasy material was being collected, between 1957 and 1970, three types of interviews were conducted with each subject, from the homosexual, the heterosexual and the ambisexual study groups.

PLAYBOY: Why is that important?

MASTERS: Until very recently, nearly all of the available information we have had on fantasies has been found in the published clinical findings of psychologists or psychiatrists. Consequently, most of our beliefs about fantasy tend to be based upon the fantasies of people undergoing treatment for sexual and other problems.

It seems to me that if one is going to make use of fantasy material in psychotherapy — as a factor in diagnosis, in the study of the process or as a means of evaluating progress — it should be done on a conceptual basis which includes a study of the fantasies of men and women who do not have a need for health care. There is a great advantage in having information on the fantasy patterns of sexually functional people — especially when one is trying to arrive at an effective diagnosis for treatment of the sexually dysfunctional.

PLAYBOY: For years psychiatrists have used fantasies to diagnose latent homosexuality. Are you challenging this concept?

MASTERS: For the reasons you indicate, a small research project was conducted using the fantasy data collected from sexually functional men and women of variant sexual preference and the fantasy data from the heterosexual research populations in our research programs. We recorded the five most frequent fantasies for homosexual men and women and also for heterosexual men and women.

The fantasy which was most frequently reported by all groups was that of forced sex — the imposition of will, either physical or psychological. The only other fantasy common to all four groups was that of cross-reference. Homosexual men frequently reported fantasising about having sexual intercourse with women and lesbians similarly reported fantasies about sex with men. Heterosexual women also described fantasies of making it with other women on numerous occasions, and heterosexual men frequently experienced fantasies about making love with other men.

PLAYBOY: What does all this mean?

MASTERS: This information should make us take a long look at a very

popular diagnosis – latent homosexuality. We have been asked to believe that, if a male patient describes regularly recurrent fantasies about sex with other men, he can be labelled a latent homosexual. But consider this: when a homosexual man describes recurrent fantasies of having sex with a woman, he has not been labelled a latent heterosexual. What it really means is that the diagnosis of latent homosexuality may not have been as secure a connotation as we had previously been led to believe.

PLAYBOY: Were there any differences between, let's say, how a homosexual male and a heterosexual male fantasised about forced sex?

MASTERS: In all but one instance, the homosexual male was the rapist. The victims – who were restrained and forced into sexual service via whippings and beatings – were just as likely to be women as men. In contrast, the heterosexual men commonly imagined that they were the ones being forced to have sex – usually by a group of unidentified women rather than a single woman. However, when they imagined that they were the rapist, the victim was usually identified as a specific woman.

PLAYBOY: How did the fantasies of lesbians differ from those of heterosexual women?

MASTERS: The forced sex fantasy was the most frequently reported fantasy for lesbians. Their fantasies might cast them either as the victim or the rapist. Indeed, they often switched roles back and forth in the same fantasy. Usually the rape did not involve physical abuse, but rather some form of psychological pressure. Heterosexual women usually imagined they were being "taken" while an unidentified male or males rendered them helpless. But there was little specific sadism or masochism in their fantasies.

PLAYBOY: What was the most popular fantasy for heterosexuals?

MASTERS: The replacement of one's committed or current sexual partner. For a man it could be someone he knew, or a public personality. In his fantasy, she was always willing.

PLAYBOY: You mean men fantasised about making love with Jacqueline Bisset, for example?

MASTERS: Even more, a heterosexual woman imagined engaging in intercourse with a specific man – a Robert Redford. Others, like heterosexual men, perceived someone they actually knew. Like the heterosexual males, homosexual men seldom fantasised about their committed or current sexual partners. Their most popular fantasy consisted of images of anatomy – penis, buttocks, shoulders or facial characteristics. Their fourth and fifth favorite fantasies consisted of idyllic encounters with unknown men or group sex experiences. Only the lesbian women regularly reported fantasies about their established sexual partner.

PLAYBOY: Is it natural for us to lust in our hearts after strangers?

JOHNSON: I think sexual fantasy involving a stranger says one of two things. Either that so little has been put into the real relationship – when there is one – or the partner is so unappealing that "newness" of a fantasised stranger is used simply to provide erotic stimulation. Or it may be saying something about inability to trust intimacy: holding back from real closeness, not really getting involved out of fear of embarrassment – feelings that can't be handled. Does the stranger represent less risk of being misunderstood and rejected? Or less responsibility? Whatever, fantasy ultimately provides a substitute for those needs which are never communicated and, therefore, remain unfulfilled. Lesbians were more open in allowing their needs to be recognised by their partners. They evidently built their sexual relationships on a realistic basis that more nearly represented what they wanted and needed, and they fantasised about their partner.

"Your best friend or your partner may be your worst therapist. In the past few years we've been getting a lot of cases of aversion."

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that most of us are not able adequately to recognise our own desires?

JOHNSON: I'm saying that the difference between romantic desires and erotic necessities of sexual responsivity is something that very few people comprehended. We've had 30 therapists at our institute for training and it has been something less than easy to get them to conceptualise and clinically identify each patient's needs as unique. Of course most of us initially must work through walls of mythical, cultural "givens" before we finally understand something of the nature of sexual response.

Put simplistically, the concept is this: there are people who live sex and people who perform sex. Those who live it function effectively because their actions reflect their emotional and psychological needs. Those who perform sex are trying to cope with any number of things which keep them from properly expressing themselves.

They are contending with barriers which prevent them from plugging into their set of unique needs and preferences to which their natural response is keyed.

Effective treatment of sexual dysfunction often depends upon whether such a person can be helped to identify that source of desire and response within, and communicate it to his or her partner in shared activity. It isn't enough just to say "I want" or "I need". That assumes the partner is going to make it happen. It's only fair to add that another crucial factor in treatment is getting partners to understand and accept the other's primary needs.

PLAYBOY: How would you suggest that a couple deal with the problem of the non-orgasmic female?

MASTERS: Seek professional help if trying to work it out together has reached an apparent stalemate. Your best friend or your partner may be your worst therapist. In the past few years we've been getting a lot of cases of sexual aversion.

This is a reaction to sexual activity of phobic proportion. It may manifest itself as an incredible level of anxiety, dread or revulsion – even as vomiting, diarrhoea, palpitation or momentary loss of consciousness.

PLAYBOY: What are the causes of such violent aversion?

JOHNSON: Many things. With some frequency, we are encountering women who develop sexual aversion when their partner decides to teach them how to have an orgasm during intercourse. They start working on this and sooner or later their efforts become just that – work. Not infrequently the male considers her response to be the measure of his own sexual effectiveness. This deliberate removal of the pleasure aspect eventually leaves her simply afraid, to the point at which she has become nauseated or otherwise aversive at the mere thought of sex.

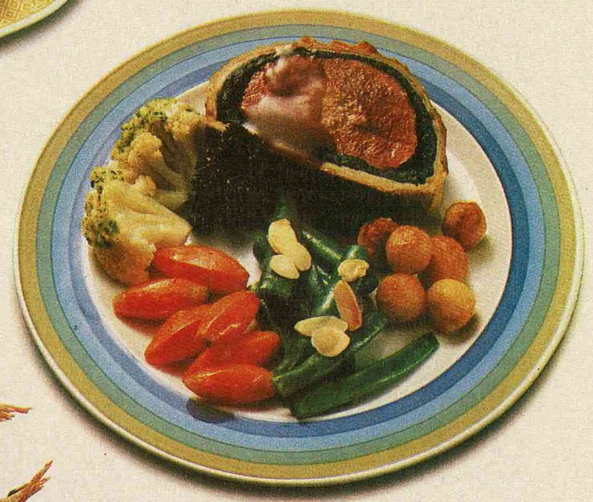
PLAYBOY: No doubt her lover ends each session with the hackneyed question: did you come?

MASTERS: If you want to improve sex, that is not the right time to start such a discussion.

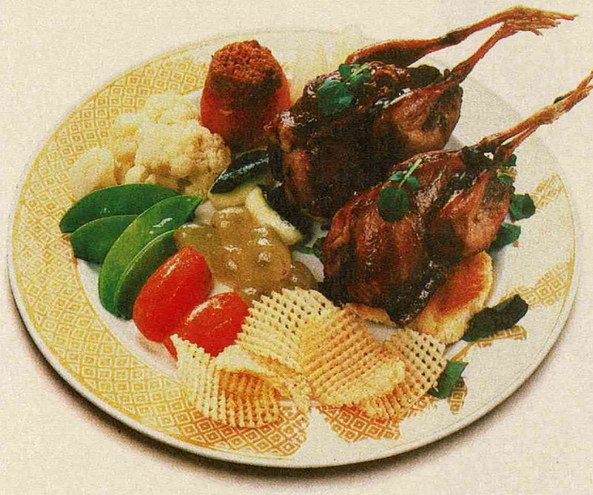
PLAYBOY: When should you start it?

JOHNSON: You choose a time when you're not in bed together, and you ask: "What do you enjoy? What is your experience like? What do you feel? Because I care, I really want to know." For all the right reasons, curiosity or just wanting to be part of her experience. "I want to enjoy it. I want to appreciate it." Also, if you want someone to tell you what has

Parmelia Hilton, Perth: Garden Restaurant.
Geraldton Rock Lobster Salad.
The lobster shell is completely hollowed out and filled with a special potato salad. The medallions of lobster are cut into fillets, fanned along the top of the shell and garnished.



Melbourne Hilton: Cliveden Room.
Heart of Fillet of Beef Lord Nelson.
Long fillets stuffed with a mixture of prawns and mushrooms, wrapped with fresh spinach leaves and delicate pastry, served with sauce John Haig



Sydney Hilton: San Francisco Grill.
Quail Forestiere.
Filled with wild rice, roasted and served with morel and champignon sauce.

If you insist on a Hilton, it serves you right.

Perfection is defined as the highest pitch or manifestation of an art or skill. And in culinary art there are few finer practitioners of perfection than the Chefs at Hilton.

From classic to nouvelle cuisine, from Escoffier to Guérard, preparation, presentation, and the correct balance of taste and texture are the results of years of experience and dedication.

But that is no less than one would expect of the Hiltons and their three great restaurants; the San Francisco Grill in Sydney, the Cliveden Room in Melbourne and the Garden Restaurant in Perth.

And that's just one of the reasons why the name Hilton has come to mean something more than first class, right around the world.

Bon appetit!

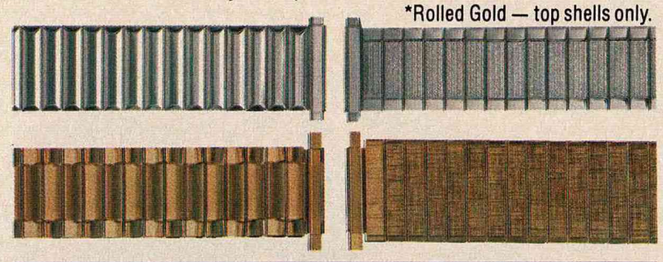
The Hiltons
Sydney, Melbourne, Perth.

CCHC82

Style with strength.

Speidel expanding watchbands offer you comfort, style and fit. Choose from a wide range of styles and widths in Stainless Steel or Rolled Gold*. Curved or straight ends. No wonder they call Speidel Australia's band leader.

*Rolled Gold — top shells only.



Speidel®

MAKES YOUR OLD WATCH LOOK NEW
OR YOUR NEW WATCH LOOK BETTER

ALA/SW 1146

happened, at the moment it has happened, learn to ask in advance. Say that it means something to you. Not: "Did you?" For heaven's sake, if she didn't, think where that leaves her. She has to admit inadequacy or know the possible let-down that she may bring a partner who depends on sexual achievement.

PLAYBOY: A woman should announce her orgasm?

JOHNSON: Like any experience that you acknowledge to another human being, it gains another dimension. If you smell some marvellous fragrance, it certainly reinforces that experience if someone else shares it.

PLAYBOY: You mention sexual fakery in the book. Could you explain the term?

MASTERS: Sexual fakery is an escape hatch, a pattern of behavior that offers the illusion of self-protection. The heterosexual woman who pretends to have an orgasm would be an instance of sexual fakery.

PLAYBOY: Does that make it more difficult for the woman to reach a genuine climax?

MASTERS: Yes, it does. A woman who fakes an orgasm generally tends to do so to remove herself as quickly as possible from the sexual interaction because she presumes there's nothing in it for her. From then on her chances of ultimately achieving orgasm are significantly diminished, for lack of opportunity and, perhaps, because she ceases to become involved sensually. People who are sexual fakers begin to identify with the image they project. It makes it quite difficult to get to the root of the trouble.

PLAYBOY: In *Homosexuality in Perspective,* you say that you try to get patients to confront their fears of performance. Short of therapy, what can the individual do about performance fear?

MASTERS: Well, it helps a little bit to understand it. And it helps even more if the partner understands as well. Beyond that, there's not much anybody can do without turning to professional help. Fear of performance is devastating, and effective therapy is usually needed to neutralise it.

PLAYBOY: Can you summarise your therapeutic approach?

MASTERS: Yes, but we don't want to appear to be cookbooking it. First of all, we find that facing your fear of performance helps in a therapeutic context. We explain to patients that, having once experienced such fear, they are going to have to live with the possibility of it emerging at any time for the rest of their lives. You must not tell someone that things are going to work splendidly at all times in the future because, after working effectively for two or three years, the fear

You'd be safe to say:

'TOYO STEEL-BELTED RADIALS ARE SECOND TO NONE.'

Ask the man who drives for his life. He'll tell you, *"You'd be safe to say Toyo".*

Toyo Tyres.

Developed out of original technology in Japan. To the point where we claim there is no better or safer tyre you can buy. At any price.

In the intense technology of tyres, Toyo now claims the lead. World-wide.

The lead, for example, in a range of steel-belted radials for both cars and trucks.

Toyo steel-belted radials. Tyres of polyester and steel. With steel only where it counts – under the tread, giving you positive protection from punctures and the safety of better traction on any road in any weather.

Tough and flexible, polyester sidewalls do more to absorb the shocks of the road. Supple, they stay on the road without lifting through the sideways thrust of a corner – unlike all-steel alternatives!

For driving comfort, fuel economy from lower rolling resistance, longer tread life, and above all the safety of better control and more sure-footed cornering: Toyo.

At any price, a tyre at least equal to the best you can buy.

TOYO

TOYO Out of original Japanese technology: A better, safer tyre.

AP3304

may return, and the man or woman is devastated. It's much better to be psychologically prepared for realities of sexual response and to learn how to deal with them.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound as if there's a sexually troubled person hiding behind every bush. How many people have sexual problems?

MASTERS: Our guess is that at least half of the couples in America have sexual problems, based on impressions from our clinical work and legal literature.

PLAYBOY: When you wrote *Human Sexual Inadequacy* you said that, in therapy, you had an effective cure rate of around 80 percent. Are you still doing as well?

MASTERS: Our failure rate is running about the same level. In some areas there's an improvement. In a couple of areas the results are worse. In the past five years we've been less effective in working with the female and more effective in working with the male. It averages out, but, actually, to use these figures represents an improvement because we're dealing with more difficult cases.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

MASTERS: In the first 12 to 15 years of our therapy program, about 45 percent of our cases were referred to us after there had been failure in prior psychotherapeutic attempts to reverse the sexual dysfunction for which the man, woman or couple had sought professional support. In the past five years, about 85 percent of the people who have come to us have experienced prior psychotherapeutic failure.

PLAYBOY: In a chapter of *Human Sexual Inadequacy* devoted to premature ejaculation, you said the condition would not be a problem within 10 years. Obviously your prediction hasn't come true. Why not?

MASTERS: Surprisingly, rarely do we see a case of premature ejaculation in the clinic now. Since it's relatively easy to reverse, our guess is that the first-line health care professionals are taking care of the problem.

JOHNSON: When we first treated cases of premature ejaculation, we noticed an almost stereotypical case history. Usually the person's first experience was under circumstances where it was necessary to rush through intercourse under a great deal of pressure. For instance, the back seat of a car. There was no sense that you should linger and appreciate the act – there was just the fun of doing it. I think – I hope – that conditions have changed.

PLAYBOY: With the petrol shortage, we doubt if anybody is doing it in back seats any more. Are there any other reasons for the change?

JOHNSON: I believe that premature ejaculation – like a lot of other areas of distress – has come to be accepted as a minor problem. It's not immediately threatening to the male image. Men know it's treatable. I think there's a growing feeling about all sexual problems that they are not as previously thought – a matter of "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away".

PLAYBOY: Do you find that you have to deal with a great amount of public antipathy to your work?

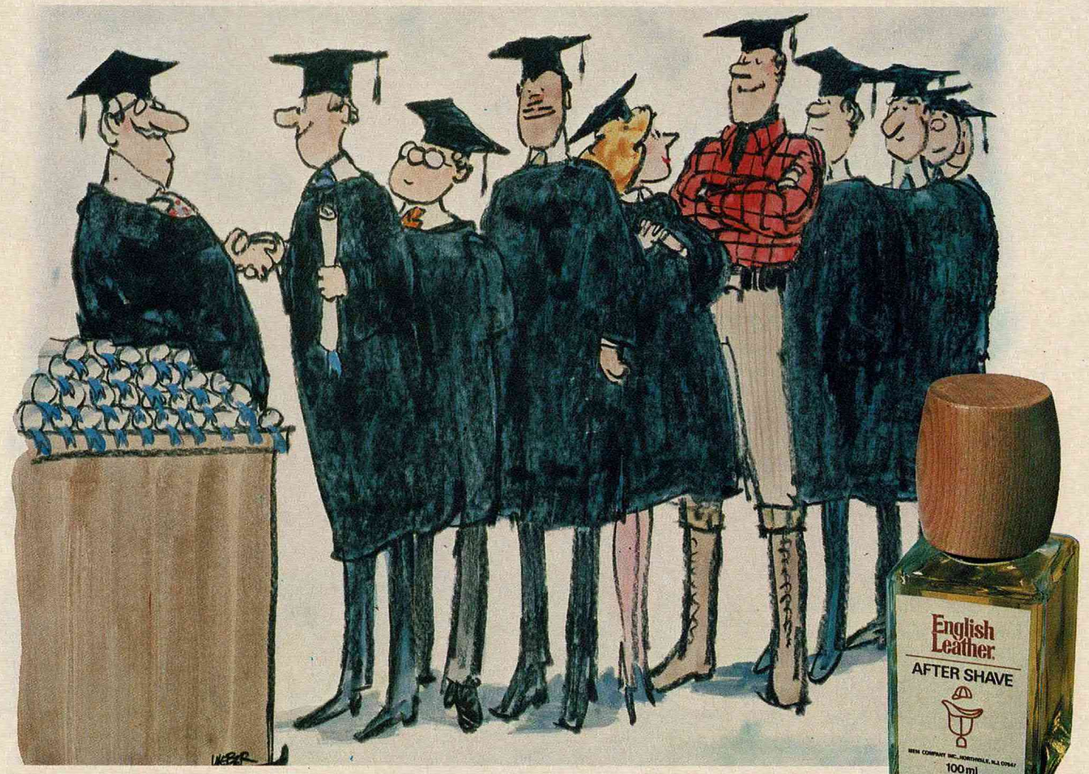
MASTERS: To work in this field – I don't care whether you are publishing PLAYBOY or *Homosexuality in Perspective* – you must expect to contend with significant levels of public opprobrium. When you live for years in this atmosphere, it is inevitable that a significant level of paranoia intrudes on your objectivity.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever concerned for your security?

MASTERS: Let me put it this way. We certainly don't have a total sense of security. And we certainly didn't have a sense of it when we published *Homosexuality in Perspective* a few months ago. Anybody as identified in this field of sex research and sex therapy as we are today has to live with the possibility of some manner of social threat.

PLAYBOY: What kind of threat?

MASTERS: Hate mail for *Human Sexual*



"Somebody's wearing English Leather."

BE7134

Pierre Cardin denies that the only reason his underwear is so elegant is because the French are so obsessed with taking off their clothes.

Whether or not their popular image of romantic passion is fact or fiction, there's one obsession that no Frenchman would ever deny.

An obsession with style.

And there's no denying that one of the finest exponents of this rare art is Pierre Cardin himself.

His new range of men's underwear more than adequately demonstrates this fact.

The fabric is the finest of cottons.

The cut is what you would expect from the fashion centre of the world.

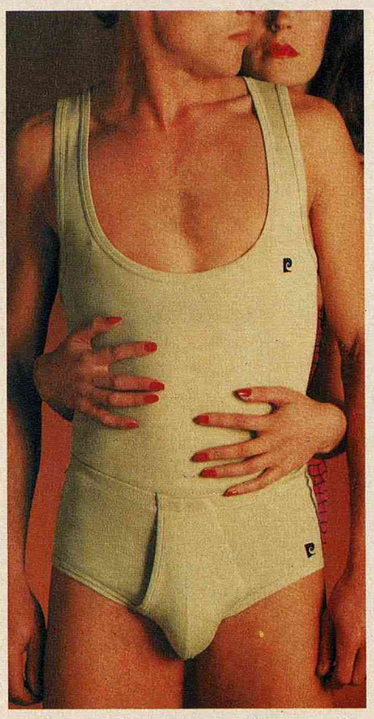
And the attention to detail is what the man demands before he'll put his name on it.

Pierre Cardin men's underwear is now available in Australia at selected menswear boutiques and department stores.

They are available in either hipsters, semi-briefs, bikinis or singlets.

Forever putting paid to the myth that you can't buy style.

pierre cardin
PARIS



Response was heavy – dozens of "drop dead" letters. There was a significant bundle of similar mail when we published *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. The hate mail comes in the first three or four months. About 80 percent of it is actually scatological, some of it obviously pathological. Much of it isn't signed. But since the publication of our last book, we have received only six drop dead letters.

PLAYBOY: Love was never mentioned in your first book. Neither, perhaps more surprisingly, was oral sex. Why?

MASTERS: We didn't study oral sex in the original research project because we didn't have the courage. We were running scared in terms of opportunity to finish the work. We had gambled our professional careers by undertaking the investigation of human sexual physiology. Where would we have gone had we been stopped by the university authorities before we had something significant to talk about?

PLAYBOY: Reduced to a life of private practice, perhaps?

MASTERS: At best. I might well have been thrown off the listing of a specialist society, even taken off the AMA rolls, or brought up for censure before the licensing board on a charge of moral misconduct.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wondered what prompted you to go into sex research at the same time Hefner was beginning PLAYBOY? Was it something in the water supply?

MASTERS: I wish I could answer that. Hef and I have talked about it several times. The only thing that I can say is that, aside from curiosity about sex, I looked at the total area of human sexual function and realised that nobody knew very much about the subject. Rather, that nobody was sure about his information. I suppose it was a combination of an embarrassing lack of knowledge by the health care professionals and the challenge of working in an area where nobody had ever worked before.

Of course, Kinsey opened the door for us. Kinsey was the first person to get permission from a major university to conduct sex research. I doubt whether Washington University would have given us permission to work in this field if Indiana University hadn't taken a bath in the cold water first.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the future of sex research?

MASTERS: I would like to see it accepted to the point where it could be funded in parallel with other legitimate areas of research in human physiology.

JOHNSON: So that young, well-trained, competent people will be attracted to it, and take these rather primitive early studies and apply the sophistication that is now available. So they might study the perceptions that are enhanced now by the openness in the field, the openness to the idea of human sexuality.

But it does take funding and supportive environments and they are not particularly forthcoming. People are doing what they can. They are certainly working on the psychological and sociological aspects of sexuality, but, unless those areas are supported by basic science and pre-clinical work, it's going to fall back into the old traps of speculative hypotheses. And then we will be locked in at another level, as we were after the Freudian insights first opened doors to thinking about the role of the sexual dimension of human experience.

PLAYBOY: After 25 years of sex research, what remains a mystery to you?

MASTERS: Sex.

JOHNSON: One thing you can be sure of: the more one knows about sex the better chance there is of dealing with it effectively when something is not satisfactory. We continue to believe that sex is a natural function. We've proclaimed that for so long now that people surely are tired of hearing it. Maybe in another 10 years our society will allow us to love it.

FOUR YEARS after the last US Navy CH-47 and 53 choppers lifted off the rooftop helipad of the US Embassy in Saigon, the malignant legacies of our involvement in the war for Vietnam remain.

One of those legacies is drug addiction. The Vietnam Veterans Association in New York estimated in 1977 that 100,000 American Vietnam veterans have died of drug overdose or some other drug-related incident. But few have considered what Vietnam did to Australians.

The Australian armed services are now grappling – unsuccessfully – with a major drug and alcohol addiction crisis, at least partly germinated in the jungles of Vietnam, and in the R and R watering holes of Sydney. An exhaustive four-month PLAYBOY investigation across Australia finds:

- Alcoholism, drug abuse, heroin addiction and marijuana use are rife and are on the increase among Australia's 70,000 service people.
- Many of our serving heroin addicts are Vietnam veterans.
- Ninety nine RAAF, 19 RAN and 11 Army personnel were dismissed from the services for hard drug offences in the 18 months to August 1979. Altogether, hundreds have been sacked.
- A senior defence security officer suspects hard drugs are being smuggled into Australia aboard military aircraft and warships.
- Several senior RAAF officers believe drugs and/or alcohol may be implicated in military aircraft crashes.
- Defence chiefs fear the security risk posed by service drug addicts and alcoholics, who

Models by David Yardley and Greg Mackay. Photography by Denis Scott

Drink and drugs in Australia's armed forces

article
By Lee Patterson

PLAYBOY INVESTIGATION

are prime prospects for blackmail and exploitation.

• The service hierarchy has seriously underestimated the drug and alcohol abuse problem. There are inadequate alcohol treatment facilities and no screening or rehabilitation programs for drug addicts.

• Scores of service heroin and speed addicts are seeking treatment and rehabilitation outside the services for fear of prosecution, dismissal, loss of pension rights and a wrecked career.

• Defence Minister Jim Killen this year told the Commonwealth Parliament that no detailed statistics were held about alcohol and other drug offences in the services. However, service chiefs have since supplied these statistics to PLAYBOY.

• As many as 12 percent of Australian soldiers, sailors and airmen may be alcoholics, according to civilian drug and alcohol experts.

Kerry is a tall, lanky young man from the bush who voluntarily laid down the ploughshare to take up a rifle. Vietnam taught Kerry (a pseudonym, like those used in all case histories in this article) two things.

"Luckily, one was how to stay alive," he says. "The other was how to cope with boredom."

Kerry left the Army 18 months ago – involuntarily. He was an "occasional" addict who got caught.

Kerry was more fond of grog than heroin, but was introduced to it in a Saigon brothel he visited, infrequently, with mates. "You didn't get to Saigon much," he explains.

"I'd had the occasional smoke (marijuana) but I didn't resist when some guys from a US camp near ours tried to turn us on to smack. They were pretty persistent about it. I tried it – two or three times over a period of a fortnight. Then I just kept on going. It didn't hurt. I snorted and spiked and it was a nice buzz – you didn't worry and get frustrated quite so much.

"I thought heroin was something I would be able to leave alone when I returned to Australia. But I couldn't."

Kerry was identified as an Army drug user when he became ill. "They didn't find any dope, but they found a burner and some syringes and other gear in my flat," he says. "They brought the police in. I wasn't even referred to the MO for treatment. I wanted to kick it in then, but they just sent me to a clinic outside."

Kerry regrets having been forced to leave the Army. He still hasn't found a job outside: "I would have liked to have had the chance to try to clean up and stay in the Army.

"I don't know how many junkies there are in the Army – it isn't like a club or something where you all meet. But I met about 25 in the time I was in – and that's not including the guys in Vietnam. They didn't get into it much over there that I remember. But back here is where some go for it in a big way. I was amazed when I came back. You'd go to a party and always someone would have some dope, and away you'd go. That never happened before Vietnam as far as I know."

Kerry is an Army statistic. One of the busted brigade. Kerry and Paul and Michael and Ian are part of the military statistics Defence Minister Jim Killen blandly admitted knowing nothing about when pointed questions about drug and alcohol addiction were raised in the Commonwealth Parliament a few months ago.

In fact a number of people, service people, drug therapists, drug users, didn't know anything about the drug and alcohol problems in the Australian Armed Forces if they had to speak on the record. So I spoke to many of them on a confidential basis.

The service drug users I met who wanted to be rehabilitated were scared – too scared to reveal their identities and their problems – because their employers, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, would have extracted retribution. And in the services, in the case of drug addicts or hard drug users, retribution is dismissal.

The services admit they have some problems, but nothing uncontrollable. But the admissions about the limited nature of their problems are some improvement in terms of fact-facing, because only a few months ago there weren't supposed to be any problems at all, or no statistical evidence of such problems, anyway.

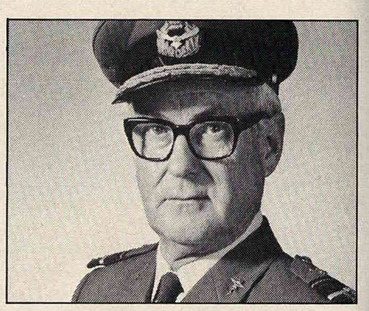
It's also true to say that the statistics they provided don't look too serious, but that's the way things are with drug and alcohol figures. They merely represent the tip of the iceberg.

On the credit side, there are signs that the service chiefs are finally admitting there is a problem that has to be faced. There are signs that hard-drinking officers of the old school are at last accepting that a man who prefers water to whisky is not necessarily a piker. The port still does the rounds of the table after a regimental, wardroom or squadron dinner, but so, too, does the mineral water.

The director of Sydney's Wayside Chapel Crisis Centre, Bill Crews, a drug counsellor in Kings Cross for nine years, says he's seen dozens of heroin addicted sailors and soldiers at the centre. He is treating an average of 12 service addicts every six months.

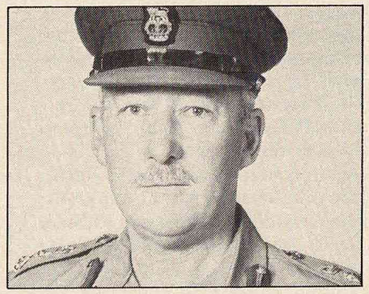
"I believe the problem started in Vietnam, but was really exacerbated

THE DEFENCE LINE



Air Vice Marshal Morgan: "Serious."

Air Vice Marshal Jordan: "Negligible."



Brigadier Hooper: "No compromise."

THE CORPORATE service attitude to drug taking and alcoholism in the forces is a curious mix of denial, unco-ordinated concern, paranoia and even indifference.

The initial reaction of departmental spokesmen, when I asked them for interviews and information, was denial: "First we've heard of it" and "We don't really have those sort of problems," then silence.

After trying for nearly a month to arrange briefings, I phoned the department and outlined the information I had accumulated. Suddenly, a group of officers was assembled in Canberra for a briefing, including Air Vice Marshal D.A.S. Morgan, Director-General of Health Services, RAAF; Wing Commander V.D. Parker, Provost Marshal, RAAF; Wing Commander C.R. White, RAAF Personnel; Brigadier J.A. Hooper, Deputy Chief of Army Personnel; Brigadier M.J. Ewing, Director of the Army Legal Service; Captain B.G. Gibbs, Director of Navy Legal Service; Commodore E.E. Johnston, RAN, Director of Public Information, Defence Department; and Colonel Ray Duke of Defence Department public relations.

They were frank and helpful, but it was obvious that most were not known to each other – a sign of the lack of co-ordination on drug and alcohol problems in the services.

Generally, the officers denied that there was any major problem in the non-alcohol drug area. They agreed that there were serious problems with alcohol, qualifying the admission with the claim that drinking within the services was no worse than in the community at large. Air Vice Marshal Morgan was concerned about the alcohol question – he is an active in-service campaigner for the establishment of a military hospital for alcoholics, so far without success.

He said the cost of ignoring the problems was horrific, both in terms of the risk of accident and the cost of replacing trained men, particularly an air crew which, he said, costs about $3.25 million to train. "Just the other day," he told me, "we had a serious accident with two NCOs who were underneath an aircraft servicing it. They had each taken two separate drugs which reacted against each other, affecting the men's judgment. A serious accident resulted."

Morgan told PLAYBOY that, of the RAAF's total strength of 21,759 at July, 1979, at least 1200 were alcoholic, if the accepted incidence of alcoholics within the general community was relied on as a base.

As far as I could establish, the Defence Department – acting through Air Vice Marshal J.C. Jordan – has only once previously spoken publicly of drugs and alcohol. Jordan in 1977 told Mr Justice Williams, sitting on the Royal Commission into Drugs: "The number of detected hard drug users was negligible, and those who abused drugs tended to be of junior rank."

A breakdown of statistics of cases detected and/or dealt with between 1975 and 1977 indicated that, of a total of 1071, 519 involved Army personnel, 307 the RAAF, and 245 the RAN.

In 1975, the breakdown is: Army, 197; Navy, 33; RAAF, 72. For 1976, it runs 183, 96, 119; and in 1977 (up to September 30) 139, 116, 116.

In 1977, 114 of the Army's 139 cases detected involved the use of marijuana, four cases involved heroin, four LSD, three morphine and six involved cocaine, Mandrax, Valium, opium or pethidine.

Of the Navy's 116 cases in that year, 114 involved marijuana, one involved heroin and the other Mandrax.

Of the RAAF's 116 cases, 97 involved marijuana.

The RAAF dismissed 41 people in 1974 for drug offences, 40 in 1975 and 58 in 1976.

Wing Commander Parker firmly denied that the Butterworth RAAF base in Malaysia is a source of heroin importation to Australia.

"I have been to Butterworth many times and talked to the Malaysian narcotics police, who tell me that a tonne of Grade 3 and 4 heroin goes through Penang every month," Commander Parker told me. "But none of it has, to my knowledge, touched Butterworth. We have very good facilities for our people there and we have never had any trouble."

Statistics supplied by the RAAF to PLAYBOY demonstrate that there has been a 65 percent leap in the number of personnel dismissed from the Air Force for drug abuse during the period 1977 to 1979 compared with the period 1974 to 1976. This increase is far greater than for the other two services, although the number of personnel dismissed from the Navy each year is rising rapidly.

In the three years to August, 1979, the RAAF dismissed 215 men and women for drug offences. From January to August this year, the RAAF dismissed 24. Wing Commander Parker, whose security police investigate suspected drug offenders, said there have been 70 investigations during that time, and a total of 339 investigations from 1975 to 1978.

The RAAF attitude to hard drug use is instant dismissal.

Air Vice Marshal Morgan said the RAAF had only begun looking at the drug and alcohol problem in the services three years ago.

"Recently, in the United States," said Morgan, "I saw USAF and USN alcohol control programs which were run by the alcoholics. Group therapy is the dominant approach.

"I saw one group at a USN base which included sailors, officers and, I might add, one two-star admiral. There is no distinction or discrimination."

The Army says it has discharged relatively few soldiers for hard drug use in recent years. Five soldiers were dismissed in 1976, eight in both 1977 and 1978, and to October 1 this year, three have been dismissed. This is insignificant in a force of more than 40,000 men, except that during the course of this investigation I met as many serving soldiers addicted to heroin as the Army found in two years.

The Army Director of Personnel, Brigadier J.A. Hooper, sums up the Army attitude to drugs: "There can be no compromise with drugs in the Army. Habitual users are simply dismissed from the service. We have to keep our men and women fit and alert. There is also a serious security risk."

The brigadier said the Army was prepared to offer a soft drug user a "second chance" where, after consultation with the relevant commanding officer, it emerged that the soldier was shown to be an experimental user and willing to be rehabilitated.

Captain Gibbs said the Navy's attitude was similar.

Brigadier Hooper commanded Australian troops in Vietnam and does not believe that any contemporary hard drug problems in the Army stem from that theatre. "We were able to keep our people pretty well away from Saigon, where most hard drugs were pushed," he said.

Commodore E.E. Johnston, who commanded Australian destroyers in the Vietnam theatre, claims that no sailors, certainly none under his command, got anywhere near hard drugs in Vietnam, partly because they did not go ashore.

Commodore Johnston also said that sailors who did become drug-affected while overseas were shipped home if caught. "We also have dogs trained to sniff out drugs and they are often put over a returning ship."

According to Captain Gibbs, the RAN (strength 16,595) dealt with only 19 cases of hard drug use among sailors and other personnel in the 18 months to August, 1979. Six involved heroin, another six a variety of hard drugs, one cocaine and five LSD. There were 150 cases of soft drug use.

Gibbs said the Navy wanted to give its men a fatherly drug education program, using a team including a medical officer, a naval policeman and another who, where possible, had experience of drug or alcohol abuse.

by the visits of American servicemen who came here on R and R in the late '60s and early '70s," Crews says.

"They were the ones who really turned Australian servicemen on to heroin and hard drugs. It wasn't long before smack became very prevalent – a lot more than it had been – around the Cross."

Only recently Crews was looking for a young runaway girl in the Cross. A friend of the girl told Crews she knew where the missing teenager was, and took him to a flat. "The girl was there," says Crews. "She was with about 20 servicemen, mostly sailors, having a party. There was a bag of smack on the table, syringes, the lot.

"The sailors I see with drug problems are mostly from Garden Island dockyard. Some of them will shoot up between their toes or under their tongues so that the injection marks can't be detected during a routine medical inspection.

"The numbers I have seen personally are small. But they represent – in a statistical sense, across the service population – a great many addicts who haven't come forward for treatment yet. If that many are coming to me alone, then there must be many, many more. From the things they say, the heroin problem is not confined to a handful. Far from it. The ones the services find out about and the ones who drift outside to places like the crisis centre for help are only a fraction of the whole.

"Even more frightening for me are the stories you hear about the heroin being smuggled in on Navy ships and aircraft. No one seems to have concrete evidence that it is going on, but the sailors and other servicemen talk about it. Constantly. I believe that, where there is smoke there is fire."

"I had a huge habit," says Michael. "The Army doctor told me just to drink lots of water, and they locked me up in an observation ward. That was in the '60s before I got out. I've been on dope for 12 years now.

"In the '60s I was based in Sydney and spent a lot of time in the Cross hanging out with R and R guys. They were quite amazing. They'd arrive, just walk into someone's flat with a bag of smack and slap it on the table. It was very pure and relatively cheap then. I was whacked for a year. The Australian soldiers and the Yanks used to mix a lot, and that's when I saw a lot of Australians getting into it. The Vietnam time and R and R and all that turned a lot of our people on."

It is not just civilian drug and alcohol experts who are concerned about the twilight world within the services. During the course of this investigation I talked with serving officers who are grappling with the problem, and retired officers whose decision to get out stemmed at least partly from frustration with the services' inability or reluctance to come to terms with the problem.

"We just aren't going fast enough," claims one, necessarily anonymous, senior Army officer. "We have talked a lot over the past three years or so about what to do to tackle the problem but things move very slowly in the services, too slowly."

The officer says the problem is too big to be avoided any longer and cites overseas figures to support his pleas for urgent restructuring of medical and rehabilitative programs for Australian servicemen, who have a long tradition of hard drinking.

"Surveys conducted recently in the UK show that the armed services are the third highest alcohol risk group behind brewery workers and travelling salesmen," he says. "A 1977 survey of drinking in the US Navy – a dry ship navy – found that 38 percent of the enlisted men and 12 percent of the officers had a drinking problem."

It is estimated by experts that at least five percent of Australian males are alcoholics and about 10 percent are problem drinkers. Conservative observers place the rate of alcoholism in the armed services between five and nine percent, while Denis Travers, director of the Victorian Foundation on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence, believes the figure could be in excess of 12 percent.

The Army maintains that it has discharged relatively few soldiers for hard drug use in recent years – five in 1976, eight in 1977 and again last year, and only three in the first nine months of this year.

Heroin addicts don't go around volunteering to be statistics, but the Army's official figures clearly do not reflect the extent of addiction known to civilian counsellors. The number of soldiers seeking help in civilian drug counselling clinics certainly indicates that the problem is getting worse.

Of a number of ex-service doctors to whom I spoke, the majority agreed that, compared with the statistically-enlightened and progressive US addict-identification and rehabilitation programs, the Australian services are awakening very slowly to the extent of the problem. They say the depth of the crisis has to be faced before effective solutions can be set in motion.

"The main problem," says one doctor who recently completed two years' service, "is that the Army doesn't have a preventive approach to drinking. A few alcoholics are coming forward for treatment, but many more remain undetected and, therefore, untreated. They are a risk to themselves and to the Army as some of them are engaged in sensitive work involving explosives and mechanical equipment."

Suicide is a grim spin-off of the alcohol-related problem, in the opinion of at least two ex-Army doctors. Says one: "We never got any figures on suicide rates across the whole service. But from my own experience, there are quite a few Army suicides, as there almost certainly are in the other services. A lot of men in the Army are unhappy, depressed and lonely, and they hide a lot of their problems from each other, or try to suppress them with booze and drugs."

The ex-Army doctor tells of one young soldier with both marital and emotional problems: "The man was a classic case of intending suicide. He eventually killed himself by driving his car off the road into a brick wall. The commanding officer was very worried about any mention of suicide. Soldiers, in the view of many people in the Army, aren't supposed to have human problems."

Sydney drug counsellor and former addict Terry Lynch is widely respected as one of the most effective drug workers. He says the biggest offenders in Australia's service drug problem are not dope users but "those who maintain a totally judgmental and moralistic attitude to drug offenders".

Says Lynch: "Many of the users can be rehabilitated. They are experimenters and can and should be helped by the services. They should not be hunted outside, or just left to crack up on their own. The authorities' present attitude not only denies the men treatment, but it allows them to deny that there is even a problem; unfortunately, I think that that is exactly what they want to do.

"There is quite invidious discrimination being practised against drug users in the services. Alcoholics have the blind eye turned to them. They have their 'problem' described as 'war neurosis', 'ulcers' or 'tension' in medical reports, and they are usually looked after – at least the alcoholics they get on to. But they do get help."

Lynch says he has treated dozens of servicemen for heroin addiction over the past three years. Not surprisingly, he never knows with what success. The addicts rarely return.

Lynch says that, in 1978, he treated two soldiers who had been on extended leave together. Both were heroin addicts. It was near the end of their leave and their last deal of smack.

"They had run out of money and they were scared," Lynch told PLAYBOY. "Someone brought them to me. What happened to them is what happens to a lot of addicts. They can't get the stuff any more and they are broke. They just crack up. The older one was a Vietnam veteran – he picked up the habit over there. He has been hooked ever since. The younger one was much less experienced.

"I had a lot of trouble getting them booked into a place to get them detoxed. The older guy took quite a few days to straighten out; the younger fellow was a lot easier. I started to ring around the clinics and hospitals and couldn't get the really strung-out guy a bed. Finally, in desperation, I rang the Army Repatriation Hospital at Concord in Sydney. I told them the problem and they just said: 'If you bring him in here we will have to charge him.' He would have been out of the Army as soon as they got him on his feet. Eventually we got him admitted, under another name, to a private clinic. It took five days to de-tox him and get him straight, then he went back to the Army."

Ian is 33. His wife talked him into resigning his career in the Army.

"Army is just like outside. There are two sorts of people: juice freaks – boozers, drunks – and the dope freaks. The piss artists win hands down.

"It's less of a hassle to use dope in the Army than on the street. Outside, everyone wants to sell you some, straighten you out, rip you off. Who gives a stuff in the Army? Half of them wouldn't know what dope looked like.

"I've taken a lot of things: speed, grass, mandies. My old lady got paranoid about me getting kicked out. She's a reformed junkie. But I never worried about getting done inside."

Lynch says service drug addicts have the same habit to support as civilian addicts and they resort to similar methods to support that habit.

"You do anything to get money for dope. Addicts will lie, cheat, double cross to get money for the next deal and then rationalise it all to themselves afterwards. Service addicts are no different. They will steal Army property and sell it to make money to support their habit. I have seen stolen Naval revolvers, complete with ammunition, around Sydney for sale."

Lynch says he knows personally of heroin addicts who joined the Army to clean up, believing the disciplined, outdoor lifestyle would help them get off the drug. "God knows what the Army thinks about that," says Lynch. "During the first six months of Army life, kids don't seem to be tempted by drugs. They are too busy, and life is too physically demanding. But after their initial training is over, they find life isn't so hard, maybe even a little boring, and they begin to drift. They are ready to experiment."

Bill Crews agonises over the naivety of the service addicts he tries to help. He finds that most of them are still kids who believe they are less addicted, or not addicted at all, if they snort heroin rather than shoot it up. Similarly, young recruits find it difficult to swim against the stream, to resist the tide of booze and drugs. It is a natural step from joining in the traditional Army ritual of getting plastered, to which the authorities turn an avuncular blind eye, to drug experimentation and addiction. And the pity of it is that the services tend to attract the kind of people who are especially vulnerable. Says Crews: "The services attract men and women who have a disproportionately high rate of difficult home backgrounds. Many are orphans or State wards who want to extend the institutional environment of their childhoods."

Some RAAF officers – including pilots – believe that drugs and alcohol are seriously eroding operation-efficiency. No specific evidence is available that drugs or alcohol were causative factors in any recent crashes in which lives and aircraft have been lost. But suspicions linger in the minds of at least three senior RAAF officers to whom I spoke.

During a briefing with senior service officers in Canberra (see page 72), the Director of Health Services in the RAAF, Air Vice Marshal D.A.S. Morgan, told me he could remember no circumstance in which drugs or alcohol had been implicated in "recent" aircraft crashes. However, he cautiously agreed with the theoretical possibility of their implication.

A report by American Air Force research psychologist Dr Anchard Zeller on alcohol and other drugs in aircraft accidents gives reasonable grounds for those RAAF suspicions. Dr Zeller reported that, during the 12-year period from 1962 to 1973, there were 89 US Air Force aircraft accidents or incidents in which alcohol and/or other drugs were mentioned as being in some way associated with the mishap.

Dr Zeller found that there is a continuing and constant level of involvement of drugs and alcohol in accidents involving USAF aircraft.

Alcohol, he found, was by far the most prominent drug mentioned in relation to the crashes, while there were no instances of illicit narcotic involvement with the crackups. Zeller found that, in many cases, over-the-counter or prescription drugs were implicated in the accidents. Suicides were also given as reasons for some of the 89 aircraft losses – a spectacular and extraordinarily expensive way to wipe yourself out.

In one accident, reported to Dr Zeller, a USAF crewman, a loadmaster, was removing the door for a parachute drop when he fell from the aircraft. Blood alcohol levels subsequently indicated a .16 percent saturation.

In another case, an auxiliary crewman fell to the cargo floor of an aircraft as it prepared to land. He was

LONDON – The Pentagon's NATO defence plans for facing numerically superior Warsaw Pact armies across the Iron Curtain, based upon an assumption of higher morale, combat-readiness and technological potency, have come under scrutiny following the breaking of a heroin ring in West Germany.

American soldiers at a high-security missile base were caught last August with 70 grams of high-grade heroin.

Now the US Army is likely to probe the combat-readiness of its troops around the world, and hopes other NATO countries will follow.

The latest swoop, by a joint German-American drug squad, was part of an intensifying anti-narcotics campaign involving the arrest of more than 200 soldiers in Germany alone. It followed discreet signals to the White House from the countries where American troops are based.

Early inquiries suggest that five percent of American troops in Europe are involved in multiple drug abuse, nine percent are addicts and 40 percent regularly take marijuana.

The chairman of the US House of Representatives Select Committee on Narcotics, Lester Wolff, and fellow committeeman Glenn English, believe that the equivalent of perhaps two divisions of American troops in Europe alone (a minimum of 20,000 men) are incapacitated by drug addiction.

A survey of US forces in America found that "drug abuse remains a serious personnel problem, particularly among the 18-to-25-year-olds, and it merits continued emphasis". The survey found that 31 percent of enlisted men and women use marijuana.

The survey has been dismissed in the US Congress as a public relations exercise intended to underplay the size of the problem. Glenn English has asked whether voluntary information by soldiers, jeopardising their own careers by admitting to an unlawful act, can be reliable. – THOMAS LAND

diagnosed later as suffering from acute alcoholic withdrawal symptoms, with delerium tremens.

An accident investigation board determined that misguided judgment on the part of one pilot had been "precipitated by alcohol". The pilot had had only two or three hours' sleep before he took off after drinking until 3am. He apparently attempted a low altitude barrel roll which he did not complete. The autopsy indicated arteriosclerotic cardio-vascular disease "markedly greater than the pilot's 41 years would suggest".

"It is impossible to prove that we have lost aircraft through drug or drink-affected pilots," says one RAAF officer. "I hate to think we have. But I know we have occasional heroin users among our senior officers, and that includes pilots."

By his estimate, 70 percent of all Air Force recruits have experimented with at least one drug before they join the service. "I know a hell of a lot of pot is smoked on and off base. But I also know of heroin, magic mushrooms, banana skins, cane toads, LSD, all sorts of pills, cocaine and opium – you name it – being found on some of our people. It's only in the past four years that any statistics at all on drug abuse have been kept in the Air Force."

The RAAF, in fact, now trains men for all three services in the skills of drug detection.

One senior officer estimates that RAAF security police spend 40 percent of their time investigating drug suspects. Although both Army and Navy security police are believed to be devoting a similar amount of time and energy to the pursuit of drug offenders, a senior defence source admitted to me that "there are simply not enough men or money to be able to check out every case or suspect".

There have, however, been notable security coups, such as the midnight raid on the RAAF base at Darwin in 1973 when the provos uncovered a sizeable cache of pot and a mini marijuana plantation growing among decorative flower beds. Suspecting that hashish and heroin are being flown into Australia on board military aircraft flying back from South-East Asia, RAAF security police periodically stake out the Amberley base in Queensland and Richmond in NSW.

A senior security officer told me that, so far, they have been unsuccessful in finding evidence of smuggling by service people. "But," he said, "I know that it is going on."

Another officer told me: "Watches have been set up on bases. They use dogs to inspect aircraft and crew quarters, and panic searches have been conducted, but I think the security people have yet to find a source importing and dealing in drugs."

The services face severe problems in trying to detect drug offenders, not only because of the lack of finance and security personnel, but because of the sheer number of cases, and the way in which military life is changing.

Says one RAAF officer: "In the early '70s, the forces began charging for food and accommodation – it's known as rent and rations. Consequently, a lot of people, with increased wages and better conditions, went to live off base. There has been a mass exodus. That is why it is difficult for the authorities to keep suspected drug offenders under any sort of surveillance. They lead totally civilian lives except that they get up in the morning, put on a uniform and go to work on a military base. There is no hope of controlling use or abuse of alcohol while so many of them are living off base."

Paul is 31, and a veteran sailor with the RAN.

"I've been on Palfium, morphine and scag for about three years. I don't use much and I don't consider myself to be addicted. I only use drugs about once or twice a week.

"The Navy doesn't really care what we do off duty as long as we turn up straight for work and don't start puking everywhere.

"There have been very few dopers caught by the naval police that I've heard of. They come around sometimes and give you talks about drugs. We always go – for a laugh.

"The docs are pretty hot on drugs on shore bases but not on board. I don't think they get time to learn up on it at sea.

"There are a few blokes I know who use gear. A hell of a lot use dope – that is sort of accepted. You don't do it openly, but there are places on every ship where you can go and blow a joint. A lot of grass is smoked in the Navy—more now than there used to be.

"If you get caught with grass—as long as you are not caught with a joint in your pocket on the bridge or something—you get bawled out. They know the ranks use grass, and I reckon some of the officers are into the odd joint, too."

Denis Travers was invited about 18 months ago to help set up an alcohol program at Laverton and Point Cook Air Force bases in Victoria. A RAAF psychologist ran the program but when he left the service the clinics were dismantled. Travers believes the reason lies in lack of interest and defence hierarchy antipathy.

Dr Nan Waddy, psychiatrist with the NSW Health Commission and former acting director of the Commission's Central Drug and Alcohol Advisory Service, was informally consulted about one Army program.

"What was wrong with it," she says, "was simply that it was decades out of date, authoritative, punitive and unworkable. What they considered doing was parading a man before his commanding officer, putting him on a course of Antibuse – an emetic for alcoholics which makes them vomit if they go near alcohol – and ultimately discharging or severely disciplining him if the treatment didn't work.

"This isn't the sort of program which is likely to meet with much success with servicemen, who, I fear, do have an enormous and difficult problem to overcome with alcohol abuse."

•

When, last May, Senator John Button asked for details on the incidence of drug and alcohol addiction in the three services, for details on the number of men and women dismissed from the service for drinking or drug-related offences and for an outline on rehabilitation and medical programs, the Defence Minister, Jim Killen, replied: "There are no detailed statistics on the incidence of alcoholism and drug addiction detected by medical officers in any of the services."

According to the Minister's reply, each service has "comprehensive instructions dealing with drug and alcohol abuse", and guidance is issued on "the types and effects of various drugs and on the prevention of misuse of alcohol". Referring directly to Button's request for details on the number of officers and men in the three services who had been taken off active duty, discharged, hospitalised, rehabilitated or otherwise treated for alcohol or drug addiction, Killen said: "Statistics in the form requested are not held." Only three months after Killen gave his answer, defence chiefs gave PLAYBOY most of the statistics requested by Senator Button.

Senator Button told PLAYBOY: "If Mr Killen and his Department do not know what is going on inside the services, when the evidence suggests that something very definitely is going on, they ought to.

"If Mr Killen does have these statistics and won't release them, he should say so and not mislead the Parliament."

Defence personnel must accept higher standards of discipline and behavior than apply elsewhere. It is time the services and the Government took the initiative. The consequences of ignoring or misleading the critics are too terrible even to contemplate.

"I see they've found a way to get round the Ayatollah's sex ban."

Photography by Richard Fegley

OUI, SYLVIE!

meet mademoiselle garant, a très charmant miss from french canada

SYLVIE GARANT is not your typical girl next door, not, that is, unless you grew up in a small industrial town outside the city of Quebec. Sylvie is French Canadian. When she was in her early teens, her parents sent her to a summer camp run by nuns near Boston in the US to learn English. "I remember walking into my first McDonald's. I said 'What's with this place? No hot dogs?' "

She attended a convent school until she was 12. Did that affect her sex life? "It's not like I missed anything, you

know. When I started attending public school, I discovered boys. I got crazy like everyone else. I started wearing my tight pants and T-shirts."

You listen to her accent during a light lunch and suddenly you are in a French movie – one of those charming comedies with no plot. You keep looking at the tablecloth for sub-titles. Sylvie stops the conversation to ask if she is making sense.

"When you speak only a little English, you can get away with a lot. Someone tells you to do one thing and you do just the opposite. But sometimes it gets you into trouble. Once, I found this T-shirt: it had a little Tweety bird saying, EVEN I LIKE A LITTLE PUSSY. It wasn't until I got to Toronto that I discovered that meant something else."

Her eyes sparkle and she ends the anecdote with a delightful laugh. She is getting away with something again. Toronto, where she lives now, has taught Sylvie a great deal about . . . oh, whatever. "I grew up in a very small town. When you went out on a date, you counted kisses. Twenty kisses

in one night was serious business. I wanted something different. When I was 15, I spent the summer in Toronto. When I got out of school, I decided to come back here."

Sylvie found a spot in the competitive modelling business almost immediately. As she takes you on a walking tour of the Yorkville section of Toronto, you see her picture in the windows of jewellery stores, fashion centres, and in many magazines.

As we walk along, she points out apartments she has lived in – a small room over a photographer's studio, a high-rise. This is her turf. It is not the kind of place we usually look for a lady to adorn our pages. How did a nice girl . . . ? "Oh, one of my boyfriends reads your magazine. We do read PLAYBOY in Canada, you know. He suggested I try out. When I saw the first shots, my heart went" – Sylvie's hand makes a fluttering gesture against her breast. "It was the most insane thing anyone could do. But now that I've done it, I feel great."

You've come a long way from the convent, Sylvie.

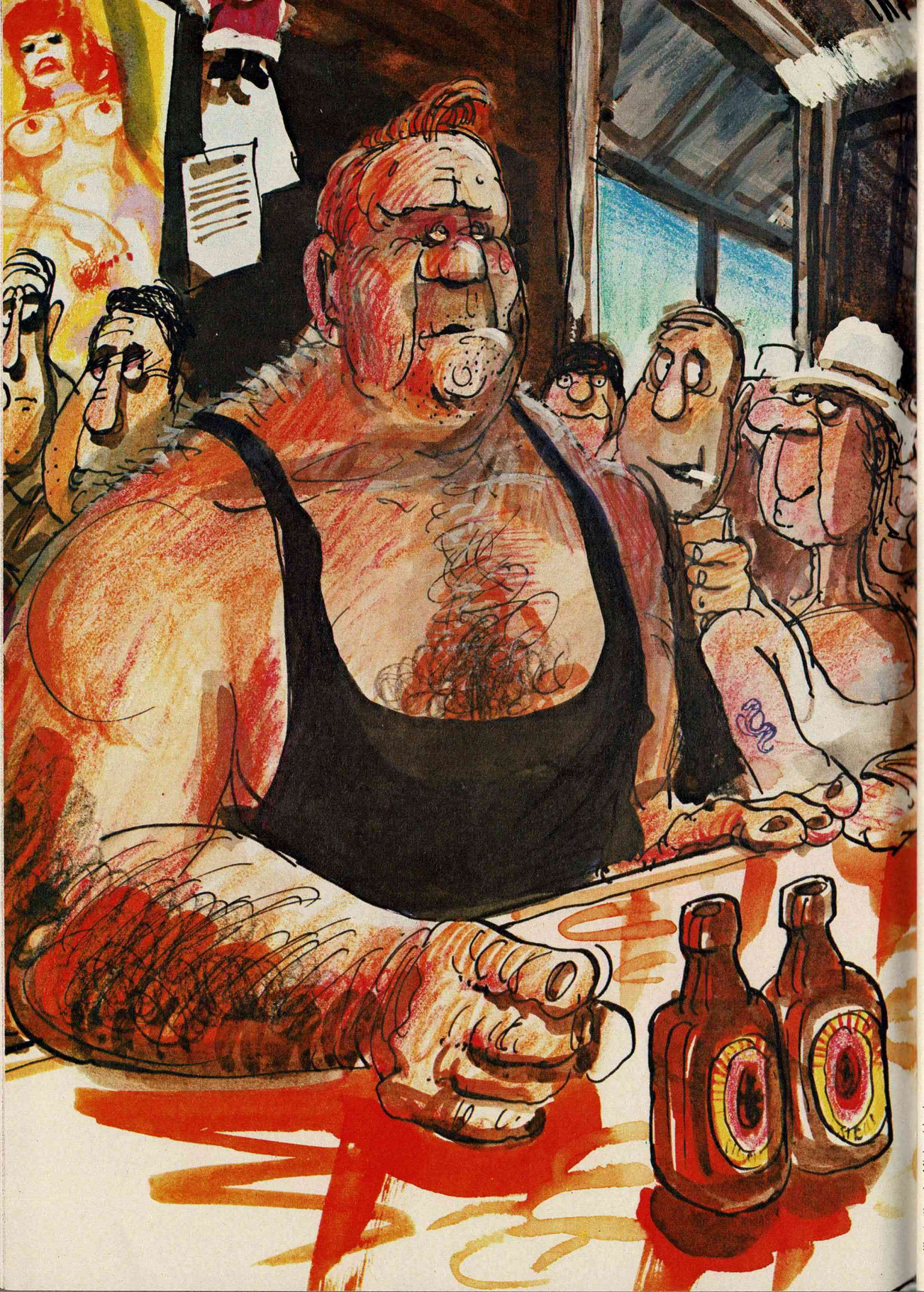


Illustration by Michael Lodge

ONE HUNDRED STUBBIES

it didn't seem possible that any human could down that much booze in one go and live to enjoy it, but then ivan was not altogether human

humor **By KENNETH COOK**

THE CONVERSATION IS absurd, like most in outback pubs by the time everyone has had five beers. The two of them, pink from the dust of the opal mines, are leaning on the bar peering earnestly into each other's tanned deep-etched face. Like two grotesque dolls they carry on a nonsensical argument – "he can," "it'd kill him," "it'd take four hours, it wouldn't kill him. Nothing would."

I lean closer. Their voices are beginning to hit a hysterical note. Like buzz saws their shouts rise above the hubbub of another hundred drinkers. They are obviously used to yelling at one another 15 metres underground with jackhammers going full blast.

"A hundred stubbies in four hours. Do you reckon that would kill him?"

"It'd kill anybody."

"He's not anybody."

They stare into each other's face, the importance of the topic growing in their minds as the beer runs down their throats. The temperature's well over 45°C and I'm not going out. It's probably not much lower in here but at least there's an unlimited supply of cold beer.

"Why are you so bloody sure?"

"Because I'm bloody sure."

One of them is almost middle-aged, with grey hair all over his exposed shoulders. At least it would be grey if he washed off the pink dust. His face is dulled and brutalised by years of grubbing away in the ground all morning and drinking beer all afternoon. Or perhaps he was born with a dull and brutal face. His companion is younger, probably not 30, a little fat but with the heavy shoulders and arm muscles of the opal digger. If men keep on digging in the ground for opal for a few generations they'll probably develop forequarters and arms like wombats.

In fact this younger man looks like a wombat, a hairy nosed wombat because of the three-day growth on his face. Not quite like a wombat, because a wombat has some expression on its face if you look hard enough, while this character's face is just a blob of pendulous blankness. With its pink dusted stubble it looks like a discard serving of blancmange growing a strange mould.

"Well, if you're sure, will you bet on it?"

"Sure I'll bet on it."

You can't tell who's speaking because their voices sound identical, like knives scraping on plates at an unbelievable volume. But you can tell the sound is coming from them and gradually a whole pool of silence is falling around them as the rest of the bar tunes into their conversation.

"What do you reckon, Ivan?"

Now you can see who's speaking because the older man turns and addresses himself to the drinker alongside him.

"What do you reckon, Ivan?"

Ivan turns slowly and you realise that you are looking at a monster. He stands around 180cm high, and his shoulders must be nearly 140cm across. His chest, black singleted and covered with dust, stands out like a giant cockerel's, a vast billow of muscles with dark streaks running over the pink dust as the sweat makes its own little rivers. One great arm hangs disproportionately low by his side, the other rests on the bar with an enormous pink hand almost totally concealing a pint glass of beer. His hair is short and closely cropped, and he carries a comb of bristles over a face that for one mad moment makes you wonder whether it's possible to cross a crocodile with a hippopotamus. This is a face that embodies complete disinterest and malice with a bland complacency that assures you that no thought has ever disturbed the brain that nestles just under that absurd cock's-comb of hair.

He's wearing shorts, and two massive legs, not unlike the legs of a hippopotamus except that they're pink and hairy instead of grey and wrinkly, prop up his body. It's as if the body is resting on the legs rather than joined to them because he doesn't seem to have any waist. He's 140cm thick all the way down until suddenly he's got legs. The junction is

concealed by the baggy shorts but you get the impression that the legs might walk away any moment, leaving the body standing there.

"What do you reckon, Ivan? I reckon you could drink 100 stubbies in four hours."

"Course I could," says Ivan. His voice is flat and deep, almost pleasant by comparison with the other two, but only by comparison.

"There," says the older man, turning to his companion as though everything has been proven.

"Bet you he couldn't."

"Bet then. Go on, bet!"

"What do you mean bet?"

"I mean what I say. What'll you bet he can't drink 100 stubbies in four hours?"

"Bet you 500 bucks."

The older man thrusts his hand into his hip pocket and brings out a wad of notes. He counts 50 10s on to the counter. The younger man looks on impassively, while Ivan, losing interest, turns back to his pint.

"Match that."

The younger man, having waited until the last 10 is laid down, dives into his own pocket and counts out his bundle of 10s. He pauses before laying down the fiftieth.

"Who's paying for the beer?" he says cunningly.

A long pause while this is pondered.

"Take it out of the centre," says the older man at last.

"All right Ivan. Here's the biggest beer-up of your life and on me," says the older man, grabbing Ivan by the shoulder.

"Come on Bill," this to the barman, "set up 10 stubbies. Ivan's gonna sink 100."

Bill doesn't react, just reaches into the refrigerator and lines 10 stubbies up on the counter.

"Off you go Ivan. Remember, I'm betting on you."

"He's gotta be standing at the end," says the younger man, sullenly, as though he's now worried.

"He'll be standing. Come on Ivan. Sink 'em."

Ivan is looking at the 10 stubbies. You can see he is thinking by the contortions on his face. You can almost hear him. The three men are now the centre of a large circle that has formed as the concept of the bizarre bet is grasped by the other drinkers. Money is appearing from dusty pockets as side bets are laid. Ivan is still thinking.

"Come on, Ivan."

"I want 100 bucks," says Ivan.

The older man is shocked.

"What do you mean you want 100 bucks?"

"I mean I want 100 bucks."

"Whaffor?"

"Drinking the beer."

"But you're getting the beer free."

"I want 100 bucks."

"But you're getting the beer free."

"I want 100 bucks."

Conversations tend to be limited on the opal fields.

"You can get nicked."

"Right."

Ivan turns back to the bar and orders another pint. The older man looks at him disbelievingly. Ivan downs his pint. Obviously he intends to stand by his position.

"All right then," says the older man desperately. "If you drink all of the 100 stubbies, I'll give you 100 bucks."

"A hundred for trying," returns Ivan without even turning around.

"God almighty. What happens if you drink 50 beers and pack it in? Do I still give you 100?"

"A hundred for trying," says Ivan.

The older man stares at the impossibly broad and unyielding back. You can tell that he is thinking, struggling for a solution.

"Tell you what," he says finally. "A hundred and fifty if you make it, nothing if you don't. How's that?"

Ivan thinks. A long pause.

"All right," he says and reaches for the first stubby.

"Take it off the top," says the older man to his companion, which presumably means that the winner will have to pay Ivan's fee.

This seems reasonable to the younger man but he takes his time about making up his mind. By the time he nods assent, Ivan has already drunk six stubbies.

His technique is impressive. He picks up one of the little squat bottles in either hand and flicks the tops off with his thumbs. Most men need a metal implement for this, but not Ivan. He has thumb nails he could use as chisels at a pinch. Then he raises his right hand, throws back his head and pours the beer into his gaping mouth all at once, the whole bottle, one continuous little jet of beer until the bottle is empty. Then he does the same thing with the bottle in his left hand. Both bottles empty, he puts them down neatly on the counter and reaches for two more.

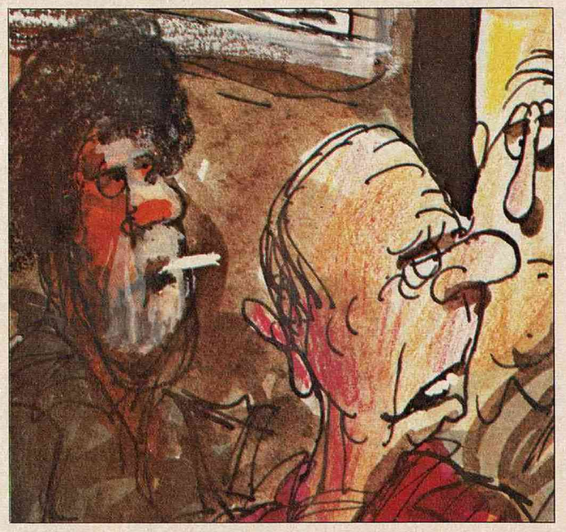
There are 340mls of beer in each of these bottles. One hundred bottles will be 34,000mls. The mathematics are beyond me but it must be a monumental weight of beer. I time him. It takes just on eight seconds to empty a bottle. One second to put the two bottles on the counter, one second to pick up two more, one second to flip off the tops. He's swallowing a stubby every 11 seconds. Swallowing's not the word. There's no movement in his throat. He's just pouring it straight down into his stomach. A stubby every 11 seconds. At this rate he'll drink 100 in 1100 seconds. That's less than an hour, I think. But he couldn't keep this up. For obvious reasons. He'd burst, for one.

I'm not the only man in the bar making these calculations. In the great circle now surrounding Ivan, men are looking at their watches and counting. To save time the barman has put 20 cold stubbies on the counter just as Ivan downs the 10th. Ivan doesn't pause. He's drinking, or working, rhythmically as though he were on an assembly line: pour down one bottle, pour down the next, both bottles on the counter, pick up the next two, flip off the tops, pour down one bottle, pour down the next. The only sound in the bar now is the slap of the bottles on the counter and the metallic rattle of the bottle tops hitting the floor. All the drinkers are silent, watching in an almost religious awe, their own glasses held unnoticed.

I realise for the first time that the clock that hangs above the bottles at the back of the bar has a chime. I'd never been able to hear it before. It chimes six o'clock just as Ivan finishes his 40th bottle of beer. As if it were a signal, he slams the two bottles on the bar and pauses. The silence becomes intense as everybody starts leaning forward slightly, wondering. I am convinced Ivan will drop dead.

Ivan stands motionless, his hands on the bar, his body inclined slightly forward. The pause lengthens, the silence deepens, if silence can deepen. I can even hear the clock ticking. Suddenly, Ivan's back muscles convulse and a monumental belch erupts through the bar, breaking the silence like a violent crack of thunder. I swear the front rank of spectators reels back. A burst of cheering and laughing and clapping.

Ivan reaches for the next two bottles and is back to his rhythm again. Forty-five bottles, 50, 55, 60. The impossible translated into reality in front of your eyes. And now a piece of virtuosity: Ivan flips the tops off two bottles, but instead of raising his right hand, raises both hands and pours the contents of two bottles down his throat simultaneously. It takes just eight seconds. Six hundred and eighty mls of beer in eight seconds to join the flood that's already coursing through his stomach, intestines, bloodstream. Technically he's got to be dead. No human tissue could withstand an



assault of alcohol like that. Perhaps Ivan isn't human. Perhaps he was never alive. He's stopped again. He glances around the circle of spectators.

"Had it, Ivan?" says one hopefully.

Ivan ignores him.

He looks to his principal, the older drinker. There's something he's forgotten, a condition in the contract that wasn't spelt out.

"Time out to leak?" he says, a little plaintively.

"Sure, get going," says his backer.

At 80 bottles Ivan stops again. We wait expectantly for the mighty belch, but it doesn't come. He pauses for about 15 seconds then reaches for two new bottles. But there is a change of pace. The mighty fingernails fumble slightly before the bottle tops fly off. His movements are suddenly deliberate and ponderous. Once he misses his aim and a jet of beer splashes on to his chin. I wonder whether this counts as a whole bottle but nobody raises the point. He is pausing now, each time he sets down the bottles.

I am aware that gently, almost whispering, the whole bar is counting, 85, 86, 87, 88, and now there is 25 seconds between each bottle, 28, 30. At 95 Ivan stops again, one half-full bottle in his left hand. He leans forward. We wait again for the belch, but there is no sound. Ivan shakes his head from side to side. I see his eyes. They've gone completely white, like a blind man's.

Ivan starts to sway.

"Come on Ivan, into 'em boy."

Ivan's massive body swings around in a slow circle, his feet still firmly on the floor. But then he steadies himself and the giant hand is raised. But this time he puts the bottle to his lips. It does not go down in one unbroken stream. He swallows many times with great effort. He puts the bottle on the counter and reaches for two more. He can't get the tops off. The barman whips them off for him. Slowly, painfully, eyeballs rolled deep into his head, body swaying in ever increasing circles, Ivan drinks each bottle.

"Ninety nine!" It is a roar.

Then Ivan drinks the 99th bottle. But now he is spinning quickly, inclining his body at an impossible angle. It can only be the weight and size of his legs keeping him upright.

Somebody has to put the 100th bottle into his hand. Obviously he can't see it, or anything for that matter, but somehow his hand finds his gyrating head and he gets the bottle to his lips. Down goes the beer, slowly, terribly slowly. But down it goes, all of it.

One hundred!" It's a mighty animal scream. The empty bottle crashes to the floor.

Three or four men try to stop Ivan spinning and there is a general hubbub as bets are settled and fresh drinks ordered. Then Ivan brings instant silence with a vast bellow.

"Vodka!" he shouts.

The word, as much as the level of Ivan's thunderous voice, brings the silence.

He turns to the bar and thumps it.

"Vodka!"

Dazed, the barman pours him a nip of vodka.

Ivan brushes the glass off the bar with a sweep of his hand that demolishes half a dozen other drinkers' glasses as well.

"The bottle!" he roars.

There is silence.

Then, timidly, terrified in the presence of a mystical greatness, the barman puts a bottle of vodka on the counter. It is open, but Ivan breaks the neck on the bar in a ritual gesture. Apparently he can see again, although his eyes are still just blank white.

He raises the vodka bottle until the jagged neck is 15cm from his mouth, then pours a gush of the clear spirit down his throat. Half the bottle gone, he slaps it down on the counter; it rolls on its side and the vodka slops on to the floor. Nobody notices.

Arms by his side, eyes pure white, body rigid, Ivan makes for the door of the bar. A quick passage clears for him and he goes through in a stumbling rush, like a train through a forest. He crashes into the door, the bright flash of late sunlight illuminates his huge frame and he plunges headfirst out into the street and hits the dust with a thud that seems to shake the building. Just once his head moves, and then he is a motionless heap of sweat-sodden humanity in the dust.

"We'd better get a tractor to drag the poor bastard home," says somebody.

"Yeah," and two of the drinkers, kindly men, wander off to organise the tractor.

"He's forgotten his money," says someone else.

"I'll keep it for him," says the barman, "he'll be back in the morning. Probably have a head."

The normal noises of the bar rise, the barman helps the drinkers catch up with lost time and everything is as normal as it ever is in an opal town in the centre of Australia where the heat has blasted the sense out of everything.

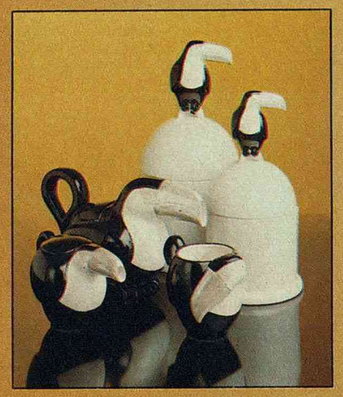
THE FIVE SENSES

excite all your senses with the tempting exotica we've selected for your xmas stocking extravaganzas

HEARING

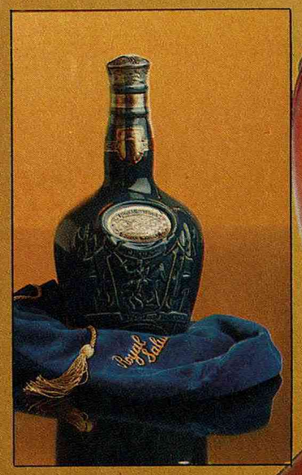
As the tweeter said to the woofer: "I love aural sax." It sounded great to us too as we explored the new horizons in hi-fi. For those independent listeners who like to tune in without strangling themselves — and friends — in cables, we suggest they try the Infraport infra-red headphones, pictured left five times life size. Made by Sennheiser, they're $349 from most audio outlets. Our quest for unusual, and stimulating, aural oddities turned up, from top right: For inter-office by-play: a Midland one watt walkie talkie that's legal. Dick Smith has them in all his stores for $49.50, which includes accessories. For long-distance drivers who want to explore the UHF airwaves before they get clogged, there's the new Philips FM-320 CB mobile radio. It's $330. And for slimmers there's the hip hugging ultra thin RF-016 portable clock radio from National, at $129.95. If you're short of space, a set of mini components from Uher includes a pre- and power amplifier, an FM tuner and an independent, fully portable cassette deck; -$2498 the lot from selected hi-fi dealers. If you want to continue with the space saving idea, try a pair of BBC-designed miniature Rogers LS-35A loudspeakers. They're $595 from selected hi-fi outlets. They are regarded by many hi-fi buffs as the best mini speakers around.

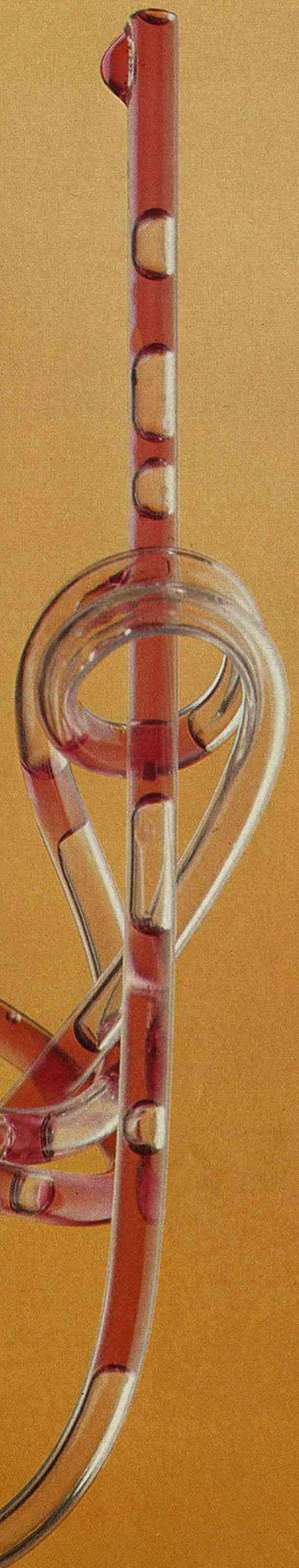
Photography by Tandy Rowley



TASTE

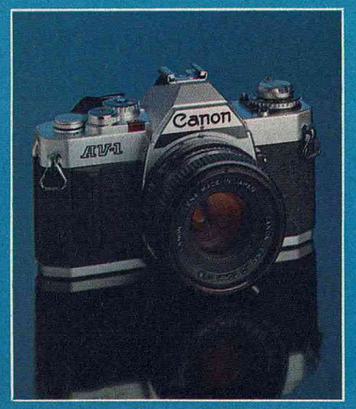
A gourmet friend, worn thin by marital conflict, has retaliated with his own kung fu code for fellow food freaks — tung fu. If that's hard to swallow, try this straw for suckers, right. It sells for 95 cents at Habitat, Sydney; Ornamo, Hobart; Kinderplay, Melbourne; Alfresco, Brisbane; Wisemans Cottage, Rockhampton and Bensons, Adelaide. Catering for other tastes, we have, from top left, a toucan tea set available from Myriad stores nationwide and specialist gift boutiques. About $52 for the pot, $33 for the jug and bowl, $38 for the large canister and $33 for the other. Afraid of the real thing? Fake it with real fake food which you can take-away from Georges, Melbourne; Martinvale, Sydney; Design House, Brisbane; Designa, Perth. Breakfast is $20.50. For getting into crevices in the ivories there's the Sunbeam Dental Jet at $50.70, at leading department and electrical stores. And finally, for the connoisseur, Chivas Royal Salute, $80. Regal stuff indeed.

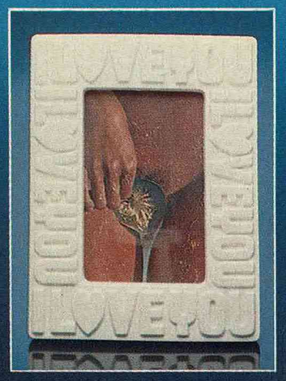




SMELL

The sweet smell of success is found in Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps, capped by lalique crystal doves, $250 for 110ml at David Jones, Myer, Georges and other selected stores. First de Van Cleef & Arpels, $140 for 60ml from David Jones, Sydney, Brisbane and Canberra; Piaf Perfumery, Adelaide and L'Elegance Parfumeurs, Perth. From top left, we freshen the air with an Aramis 900 12-hour candle, $17.50 at selected stores. A pillow filled with a collection of sleep-inducing herbs and flowers, $13.95, and these plump lavender sacks, $4.69 from Hemphill's Somerset Cottage Herbs and Spices.





SIGHT

Give your pupils an eye-opener with a pair of Sterling zoom binoculars, right. They offer your optic nerves "glide" focusing and finger tip control. $96 from George's Camera Stores in Sydney and Canberra; Ted's Camera Store, Melbourne; Dixon's Photographics, Brisbane; John Mack Camera Specialists, Adelaide and most WA photo stores. Other sights include, from top left, Canon's new AV-1 which gives the aperture priority, $378 at photographic stores. The "I Love You" picture frame, $14.90, and the Octascope, $7.20, with its kaleidoscopic view on life, are obtainable from Martinvale and Plus Designs, Sydney; Kitchen Revival and Lauriston Collection, Melbourne; Au Fait and The Very Thing, Brisbane; Calico Cottage, Rockhampton; Gaslight Gallery and Miss Piggy's, Canberra; Concept Designs, Adelaide. Our famous bunny appears on these Playboy dark glasses. $42 for men, and $49.50 for women. From OPSM. They're something to set your sights on this festive season.

TOUCH

Tickle her fancy with this sensuous feather duster, right, $2.65 from Plus Designs, Sydney; Kitchen Revival, Melbourne; The Very Thing, Brisbane; Gaslight Gallery, Canberra; Concept Designs, Adelaide. And for that added touch, from top left, Devin Country Bath Grains for spiking the bath, $65 from selected stores nationwide. Elegant ebony and gold razor, $324 from Percy Marks, 79 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The Italian touch comes with these tagliatelli and spaghetti soaps at $10 a basket from Richards and Company, 41 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Firm the flab with a Biotherm Massage Program, $26.50 from selected pharmacies nationwide. And for that confident touch use Nail Works by Clairol. They will shape, file, buff and smooth finger and toe nails, $17.95 from top department stores.

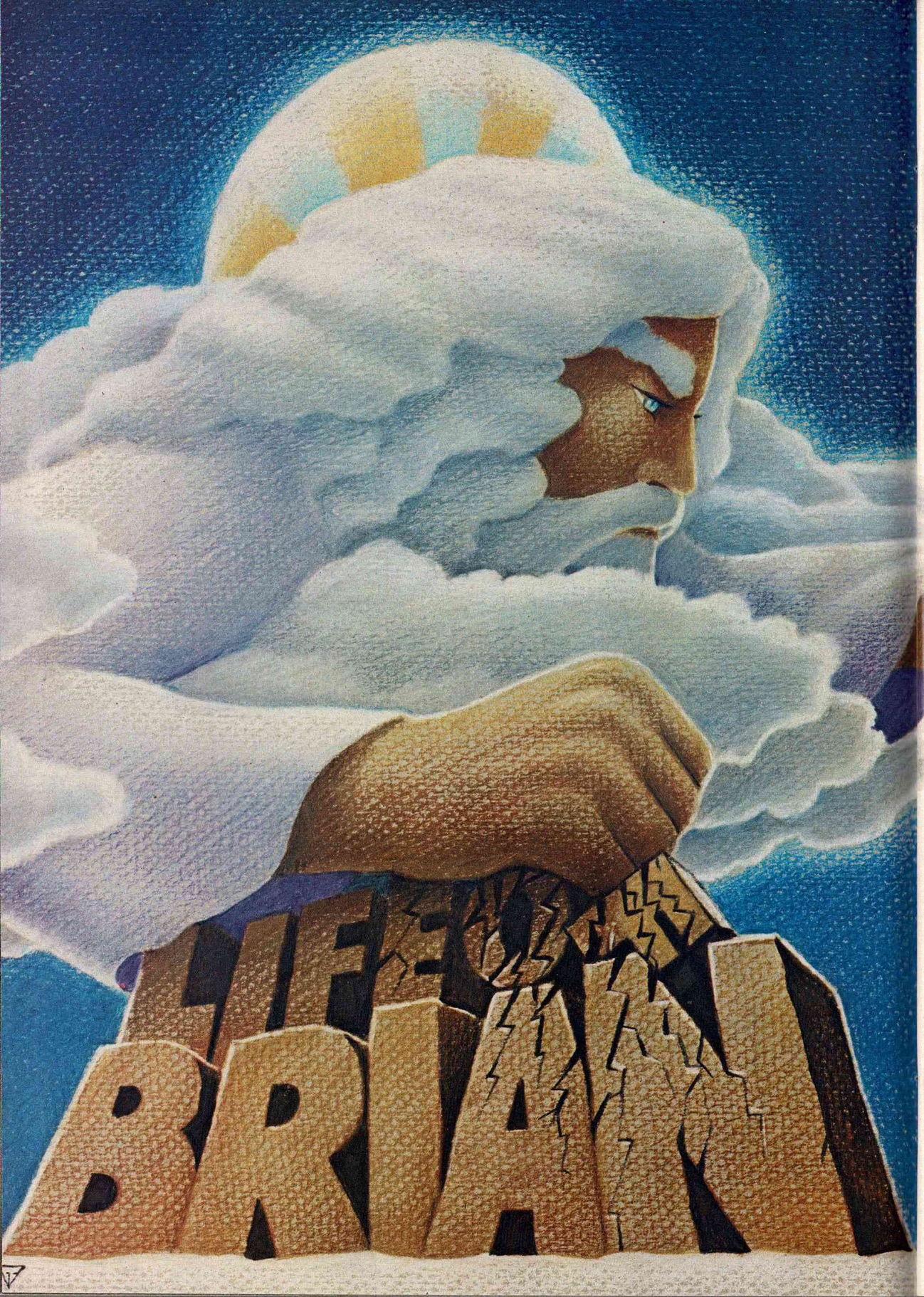


Illustration by Gordon Fitchett

Playboy Interview

The Gospel According to Monty Python

WHO ARE these crazy guys, anyway? When Monty Python made its TV debut on England's BBC in October 1969, most viewers understandably expected a lion-and-trapeze act. As it turned out, it would be only the first time that the crazed, wacky group consisting of five Brits and a Yank would confound and outrage their audience. In the years since, after 45 shows, three movies and a collection of books and records, the group's mordant satire is known from Australia to Zambia.

But this time the boys may have gone too far. At least some who have seen their new movie, Life of Brian, *think they may have.*

We talked with Eric Idle, Terry Gilliam, Michael Palin, Terry Jones, John Cleese and Graham Chapman about their own religious convictions, their careers in film and why their *lord didn't book a table for the last supper.*

PLAYBOY [To Eric Idle]: Your new film, *Life of Brian,* is about a guy who is born in the next-door manger to Jesus and goes on to be mistaken for the Messiah. How would you characterize what your group is trying to do?

IDLE: It's a very moral film, perhaps one of the most moral films made in the last 10 years.

PLAYBOY: Give us some idea of the plot.

IDLE: The plot? It's the story of Brian, the time is Jerusalem, the place 2000 years before Hollywood. A young and remarkably unattractive girl, Mandy Cohen, is raped by a Roman centurion, who promises her the known world – slaves, asses, baths and all the gold she can eat – before deserting her. The fruit of their union is Brian. The rest, of course, is history.

PLAYBOY: Thanks. Won't a lot of people see the movie as being a blasphemous travesty on the life of Our Lord?

IDLE: I don't see why. He's *our* Lord, too, you know.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of references in the film that some may interpret as anti-Semitic. Are there any Jews in Monty Python?

IDLE: Nobody's admitted it, but most of us are circumcised. Sure, I expect there'll be a fuss, but it's not an attack on Christ or on Jews; it's just a critical look at the Church Establishment. But it's important George gets his money back.

PLAYBOY: George?

IDLE: George Harrison. He financed the film, went into hock for it. He also appears in a bit part in the film. He plays the man who rents out the Mount for the Sermon.

PLAYBOY: What did it feel like, being crucified in the film?

IDLE: Very nice, thank you. I did yoga. We were up there for days. A very uncomfortable way to die, I'm sure. You died of exposure, not the nails. The nails are no big deal, nothing to get hung up about. That's what struck us when we first thought up the idea: the irony of a carpenter ending up on a wooden cross. Naturally, we started out with some awful jokes, how Jesus was really a terrible carpenter who kept hammering nails through his hands, and how the cross kept toppling over so he'd have to yell instructions. But that's not the direction we took, in the end.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide on the final tone to take in the movie?

IDLE: After we'd got the bad jokes out of our system, we all went off and did independent research – books on the period, the Dead Sea Scrolls, contemporary histories. I became fascinated with the origins of Jewish monotheism and dug out embarrassing facts about Solomon, for example, who worshipped 400 gods when he died. But what was interesting is that none of us came back with any material about Christ Himself. There is nothing particularly funny or mockable about what He said. They were just simple, basic truths and moral precepts. But everything that went on during Christ's lifetime gave enormous scope for comedy – the authorities, the people, the churches.

PLAYBOY: And you don't think you've tilted at one taboo too many?

IDLE: Religion, or the Christian religion, really, is a taboo which nobody is allowed to satirise. But, as I wrote in the foreword to the book version of *Brian,* one way of measuring the freedom of any society is the amount and style of comedy that's allowed. A healthy society allows more satirical comment than a repressive one, so, if comedy is to act as a safety valve, it has to deal with taboo areas.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you'll have trouble with it in America?

IDLE: What I like about America is that the country is based on people running away from religious persecution and from the British tax laws – which is exactly what I'm doing, at least as far as taxes go. So screw George III and all his descendants, and screw the cretinous English bureaucracy, too.

PLAYBOY [To Terry Gilliam]: Give us your version of what you tried to do in making a film satirizing Jesus Christ.

GILLIAM: I don't think you can call it a Jesus Christ movie. It's hardly religious, in fact.

PLAYBOY: How do you see it?

GILLIAM: It's a film about suburban England, but cleverly disguised as a Biblical epic with expensive sets and costumes. The title that kicked the whole thing off was *Jesus Christ, Lust for Glory.* A fantastic title, I thought, but it got lost in the shuffle. We shied away from what we originally planned. There was a steady retreat from all references to Christ, so that the film is now more about revolutionaries attacking the Roman Establishment. I suppose everyone felt they didn't want to knock Jesus Christ himself, which

is fine, but there was a certain amount of pussyfooting, a dilution of original intent. My guess is that none of the other guys had the strong religious upbringing I had. I come from a quite rigorous American church family. I suspect they're afraid to tackle religion whereas to me religion is familiar territory, and I'm not afraid to attack it.

PLAYBOY: Nobody would accuse you of showing undue reverence after seeing the animation sequence you did in *Monty Python and The Holy Grail,* in which God appeared between the clouds and told the people to stop grovelling in front of him because he found it annoying.

GILLIAM: Well, there's no mystery about the subject for me. When we started *Brian* I wasn't afraid to deal with Christ, but some people really got bothered. I wanted to do a bit about a telephone lineman working up a pole. The camera pulls back to show the guy is working on one of the three crosses, with wires strung between them, and the guy's having a problem getting an answer. This really bothered John Cleese, not through any conviction, but through some vague concern that Christians might be offended.

PLAYBOY [To Michael Palin]: Gilliam says *Life of Brian* isn't about the times of Jesus Christ, but about suburban England. Do you agree?

PALIN: Actually he's not far off the mark. Most of us come from an English middle class background, quite normal, and to that extent *Brian* resembles all Python material in that this is just another version of things seen from our particular viewpoint. In the case of this particular film we decided to ignore the divine element in the Bible story and concentrate instead on the historical background, of a small country called Judea dominated by the great imperial power of Rome. A wonderful idea for Python to make jokes about pomposity and the deflation thereof. It's all part of what very clever people call the ongoing process of demystification of the hero.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any qualms about turning the crucifixion into a comic turn?

PALIN: I must confess I found myself wondering how on earth we could handle it, but once we'd acknowledged the idea that it wasn't only Jesus who was crucified, that in fact crucifixion was an established form of capital punishment as well as a grand public spectacle, it was possible to let the mind roam and look at other aspects of crucifixion — the attitudes, for example, of other people involved in the arrangements.

PLAYBOY: Such as the centurion you play in the film?

PALIN: Exactly. There's this pathetic young man, a draftee in the Roman army, just been transferred from Italy to Judea, and it's his job to mark the victims off on a list as they leave the cells. He doesn't actually say "Have a nice day" as they go out, but he's that type, gives them a bright reassuring smile and an encouraging pat as they trudge off.

PLAYBOY: Who did the research for *Life of Brian*?

PALIN: We all did, with varying degrees of interest. One book I read gave some excellent insights, for example, into the prophet and messiah business of the day. There were an awful lot of them on the loose. I think there was a certain amount of integrity in the writing. I mean, we didn't just make jokes about Jesus falling off his donkey. We'd had all that, gone past that stage. Laughed ourselves silly at trying to reserve a table for the last supper, Jesus saying, "Book it in the name of the Lord", and being told he could have only two tables for four people and one for five.

PLAYBOY [To Terry Jones]: As director of the film, how would you answer people who find *Life of Brian* to be blasphemous?

JONES: [Taking dictionary from bookcase]: I'd suggest that they look up the word. Here, blasphemy: "A profane speaking of God or of sacred things; impious talk." Nobody can accuse us of *that;* in fact, I think the film is almost disappointingly reticent in its references to Christ or God. I guess that some people may get upset by the film, some will probably insist on being upset by it, but I rather doubt that our little comedy is going to shatter the faith of anyone who genuinely holds a serious belief. They might even appreciate the occasional trenchant point the film makes.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

JONES: One example is where the crowd, having decided that Brian is a new savior, finds a sandal on the ground. Some of the people shout, "It's a shoe!" Others shout, "No it's not, it's a sandal." One group isn't interested in the sandal; they find a gourd lying around and decide that *this* is the object they should venerate, and so they stand around arguing about these things and what they mean, then they all split into factions and go off in different directions. It's a bit like a three-minute history of the Church.

PLAYBOY: [To John Cleese]: Had you given much thought to religion before you started writing *Life of Brian?*

CLEESE: My own view is that religion has been a deadweight on England for years, a view that was reinforced by the research we did for the film. The Bible story itself just doesn't wash. Too many loose ends and inconsistencies, especially about Christ himself. At Sunday school we learned that he was the meekest of men, but he raised holy hell in the temple, virtually demolished the place, or so we're told. What about the time when Mary comes to him and says, "I am your mother", and he says, "Piss off, I have no mother, no family"? This is a picture of a man who's totally alienated from his mum!

The fellow was a renegade who denounced and attacked every orthodox religious and political figure of the day. That's why they strung Him up. He was a revolutionary, like all great religious leaders, like Mohammed.

PLAYBOY [To Graham Chapman]: As the person who plays the title role of Brian, surely you must have some thoughts on religion.

CHAPMAN: I'm surprised that more churches don't go in for hallucinogenic mushrooms. It would make Communion a more meaningful experience.

PLAYBOY: Until the churches reform themselves, what do you recommend?

CHAPMAN: Staring into the middle distance. One thing you do when you stare into the middle distance is use your imagination. If imagination made us what we are, perhaps it can come up with a cure for what appears to be a global seizure of terminal silliness. Look at Iran, where an extremely silly monarch is replaced by an extremely silly fanatic. Does this represent change? I can't understand why the Ayatollah, who is portrayed as the epitome of the ascetic, austere religious visionary, chose a naughty place like Paris to spend his exile. Why not Baffinland? Maybe he wanted a *fun* exile. Possibly he nipped out now and then for an occasional midnight flit in his Levis and T-shirt. But more likely he just put on his robes and pretended he was a sofa.

PLAYBOY: As an actor who first earned his medical degree, you served as unit doctor in Tunisia during the filming of *Brian.* There you were, playing the role of a guy who is mistaken for Christ, and, as well, you were healing the sick off-camera. Now isn't all this a little over the edge?

CHAPMAN: Oh, I just looked at people's dicks and gave them pills. We all came back alive, I believe.

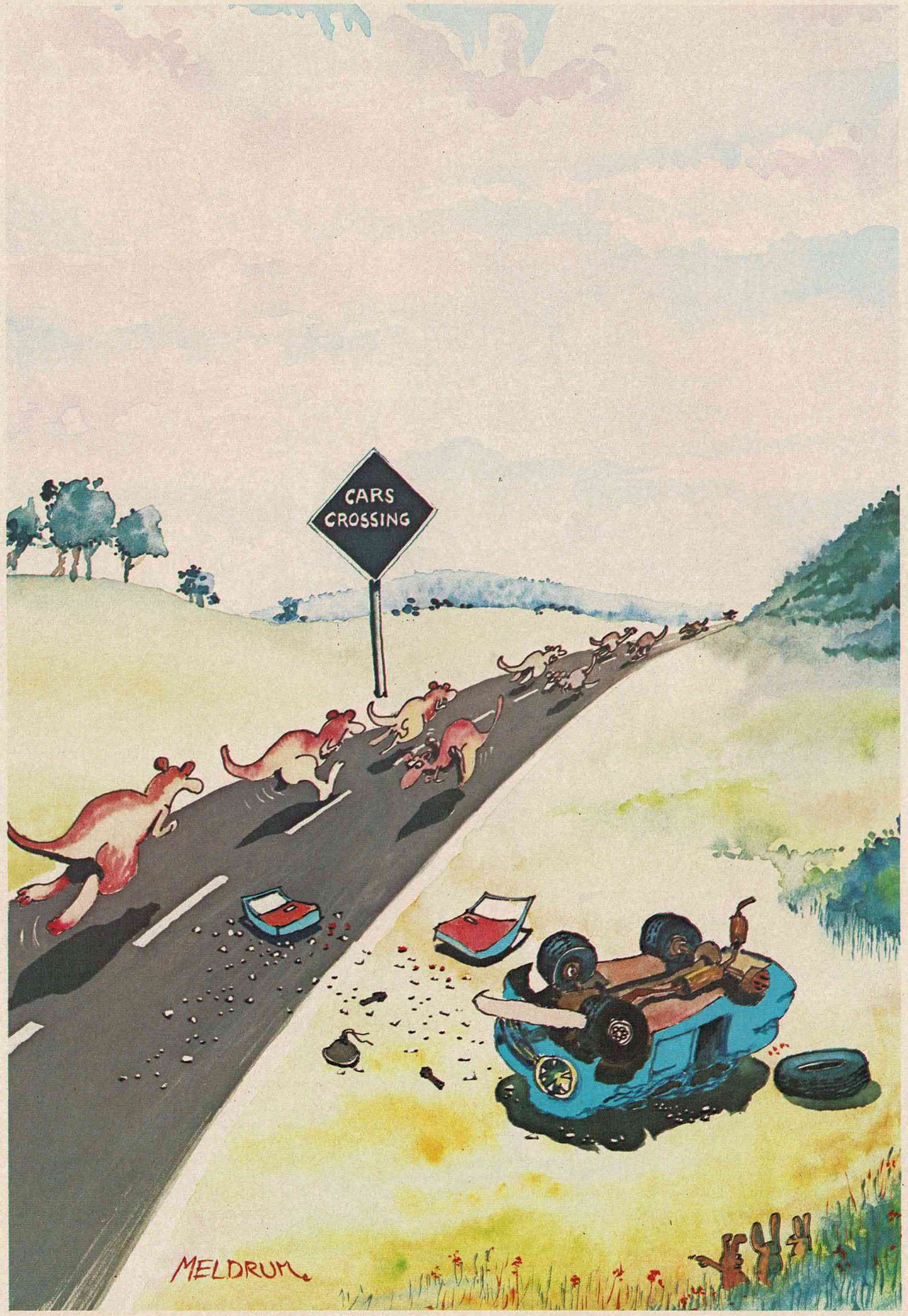
CLEESE [To PLAYBOY]: Excuse me.

PLAYBOY: Yes?

CLEESE: Here we are, waffling on about religion, and all those columns of type will run in the magazine, surrounded by glossy ads for aftershave and tight trousers. Will anybody read this? Surely people will just want to turn to the tits, won't they?

PLAYBOY: No, our readers are too subtle for that.

CLEESE: Oh.



A Rose from the Golden West

when she migrated with her parents to perth from england, it was just the start of a voyage of discovery for angela mccartney

THE ROARING Forties landed the odd lost mariner on the shores of Western Australia a few years back, but it was a fair wind which brought beautiful Angela McCartney to the same coastline only a decade or so ago. England's loss was Western Australia's gain because the immigrant kid has grown into a 21-year-old crowd-stopper who can be claimed as part of the West's bountiful heritage.

There's the slightest hint of London in the accent that hails from Luton, but Angela looks and feels more at home in and around the warmer climes of Perth, WA. Memories of English schooldays, old friends, the family house and snow in winter are still strong, but Angela is happy her family chose to live in one of the best corners of the Empire.

It was a big move for Angela, but it won't be her last. Reaching the magic age of 21 has coincided with a desire to face new challenges, see new places and meet different people. She's not sure what the immediate future holds, but is excited by the prospects. "I'd call myself a talkative person," she says, "and I love people who are prepared to communicate." Communication rates highly with this lady, and the prospect of travel and making new acquaintances sets her pulse racing.

Angela's happy for the time being to take things as they come. Her lifestyle is a busy one but she finds the time for relaxation, which often means enjoying the outdoors by taking her pet doberman, Mahalia, for a walk.

Most little girls grow up and turn their attentions to men, but Angela is very careful in her selection of a mate. "I'm a bit superstitious and the signs have to be right, but I guess I'm attracted to someone who shows genuine interest in me."

When Angela made her first trip to Sydney for PLAYBOY, she liked what she saw but admitted to baulking at the prospect of staying in room 13, on the 13th floor. "I thought it was a bad omen, but it must have been a good sign because the PLAYBOY offer has been one of the best things that has happened to me."

For a lady who has such head-turning looks, Angela is anything but complicated. A trip to the dentist, or being

"I like a man who is prepared to talk to me, but he must take care of my physical needs, too."

"I guess that I am superstitious, like avoiding the number 13, but I would never allow it to interfere with a relationship."

"Making love is a fun thing to do when the man I'm with is as aware of me as I am of him."

blasted about by blustery people or weather, make her run for cover but, like almost any girl, a spin in a Porsche or the flash of diamonds is guaranteed to put that extra light in her beautiful eyes.

When it comes to men, she knows what she wants. "I don't have a type as far as looks are concerned, but an attractive man with good manners is the guy most likely to win my interest." Angela is wary of moody males and hates the communication gulf brought on by long silences. "If a guy is prepared to open up and talk, it is much easier to find if we've got something in common." Angela is a romantic, and that means she craves affection and care. "I like getting very close to the man in my life, and growing to know him as intimately as possible."

A quiet night at home or a day spent with friends ends in perfect fashion if she winds up with the man who means the most to her. Sitting down to a fine seafood meal with a bottle of wine followed by a dance-floor rage constitutes a great way to spend an evening with Angela. For the lucky, it means taking her home to soft sounds on the hi-fi, gentle conversation and afters. "I'm looking for the man who is prepared to give as much as I am."

Australia's sunshine brought this English rose to full bloom, and she's made a dazzling addition to the garden.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Angela McCartney

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Angela McCartney

BUST: 35 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 8st 2lbs SIGN: Taurus

BIRTH DATE: 7.5.58 BIRTHPLACE: England

TURN-ONS: Porsches, Diamonds and Dobermans

TURN-OFFS: Windy days, going to the dentist & getting up for work

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Wild Geese, The Good bye Girl & Close Encounters.

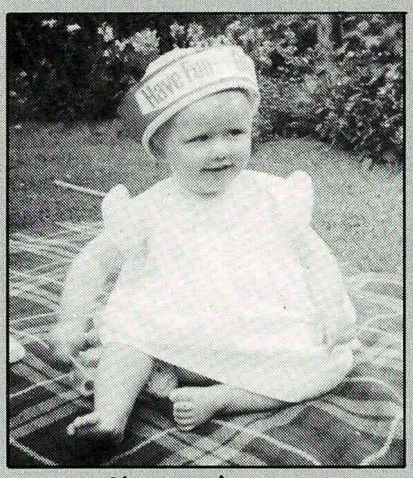
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Rich are Different & The Thorn Birds

FAVORITE FOOD: Salads Prawns & Oysters & Anything I don't have to cook

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Rickie Lee Jones, Electric Light Orchestra & Little River Band

RELAXING: Walking my dog and having my hair done

GOALS: To be happy.



Age 1
& Having fun

Age 5
& a winning smile

Age 17
Ready to Bloom!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An accident early on the wedding day resulted in the groom's penis undergoing extensive repairs with the aid of splints and bandages. In the honeymoon suite that night, his eager bride, ignorant of her husband's plight, slipped out of her gear in seductive fashion with the accompanying phrase of "Look, untouched by human hands," as she shed each item.

Finally, she stood naked in front of her tortured husband who, grasping his member in nervous response blurted: "Well, look at this. It's not even out of the packing case yet!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marital fidelity* as unadulterated boredom.

There was this guy in the bar tonight," ventured the worried husband, "who claimed he'd screwed every woman in this street except one." After a few minutes thought, his wife replied: "I'll bet that would be Mrs Belmont three doors down. I've always thought she was frigid."

A female veteran of many an amorous adventure finally persuaded the young potholer, whom she had accompanied only out of curiosity on an underground crawl, to stop long enough to administer to her urgent erotic needs.

"There!" she sighed when he had entered her. "Isn't this better than poking around in some silly old cave?"

"Well, anyway," parried the fellow, "it's certainly roomier."

The two green spots on the inside of either thigh were the reason for the young girl's visit to her doctor.

"Hmm," mused the doctor, "does your boyfriend happen to be a gypsy?"

"Why, yes!" the astonished patient exclaimed. "How did you know that?"

"Never mind," replied the doctor, "but don't worry about the spots. Just tell your boyfriend that his ear rings aren't genuine gold."

When an angel, who had the night off, paid a visit to California, he imbibed so much in the discotheque run by an entrepeneur named Samuel W. Frank that he grew careless about his belongings. When the winged one flew back home next morning, he was stopped at the pearly gates by Saint Peter, who asked sternly, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"Heavens," exclaimed the hung-over angel, "I left my harp in Sam Frank's disco!"

My new boyfriend is an absolute magician," burbled the girl.

"How so?" inquired her roommate.

"When he waves his magic wand at me, all my inhibitions disappear."

The hottest brothel in town was doing such a brisk trade that the only screwing space available to the sex-starved sailor was on the roof, which he readily accepted. His activity was so fierce as he tore into his task that the girl lost her grip on the tiles and the entwined couple plunged off the roof and landed at the feet of a neighborhood drunk. "Madam," hiccupped the lush, fronting the alarmed brothel-keeper, "I do believe your sign has fallen down!"

You're looking rather pleased with yourself," said the barman to his most regular of customers.

"You bet," replied the drunk. "I've just joined the Southport Prostitute Club."

"But there isn't a prostitute club in Southport!" retorted his host.

"Yes there is," slurred the drunk. "Here's my membership card."

"This says Southport Parachute Club!"

"Oh hell, I've just put myself down for 10 jumps."

The flashy cocksman had always fancied getting it off in a lift and thought his chance had finally arrived when he found himself alone with the shapely female lift operator.

"In this job," he murmured breathlessly in her ear, "you must get tired of all the stops and starts."

"I can handle the stops and starts," she coolly responded. "But I certainly get tired of all the jerks."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"That's quite a special you've got in Hardware today."

THE BLACK HOLE OF BANGKOK

an innocent australian's chilling account of five days of living hell in a thai jail

article **By GEORGE MICHAELS**

GEORGE MICHAELS (a pseudonym, for obvious reasons) is an Australian who went to Thailand a little over seven years ago with his wife and family on a two-year management contract. Noting the good business opportunities, Michaels stayed on after the contract ended, working first with a Thai airline and then as an independent consultant. After last minute hitches to a number of money deals, Michaels early last year finally thought he'd found the ideal investor ... an Australian resident in Bangkok, who had all the hallmarks of wealth. The Michaels family built up a close friendship with the potential Godfather and his friends. But then Michaels was arrested and confronted with his erstwhile investor "and a couple of young chaps". The "investor" was Bangkok bar owner William Sinclair. The two "young chaps" to whom Michaels refers were Australian football star Paul Hayward and hairdresser Warren Fellows. All three were, at the time of going to press, still on trial in Bangkok on charges of possession of heroin with intent to smuggle it out of the country. Michaels was questioned and allowed to go. He had had no underhand dealings with Sinclair. But he soon found himself deeper in intrigue over a business deal with a woman he discovered too late was Sinclair's Thai mother-in-law. Frustrated in her attempts to have Michaels arrested for what she claimed was fraud, Sinclair's mother-in-law disappeared to southern Thailand, returning with a number of policemen who were related to her through marriage. Early one Monday morning they turned up at Michaels' home and carried out a citizen's arrest. Confident that charges could not be preferred against him, and waiting to clear the whole thing up, Michaels went with them to the local police station. But his hopes were soon dashed ...

DAY ONE. 11 am. The heat is wet, tangible and all-encompassing. I have been standing in practically the same position for the past two hours in a cell about four metres by five – not all that bad, I suppose, except that I happen to be sharing it with 23 other souls. They seem to be suffering less discomfort than I, due, no doubt, to the fact that they are dressed (or undressed) in a variety of garments far more suitable to the occasion. Shorts, sarongs and singlets seem to be the norm. On the other hand, I am clad in a dark blue suit and long socks. My shoes, along with my briefcase, are located outside the cell door. I suppose, since this is a dwelling place, the removal of shoes retains a degree of Thai good manners.

My reasons for being here are not all that important. Suffice to say that I have fallen foul of Thai law through a combination of stupid misjudgment, misplaced trust and straight naïveté. I certainly can't blame the law as such. My imprisonment is legal. That I am guiltless is immaterial. Anyway, I'll be out

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

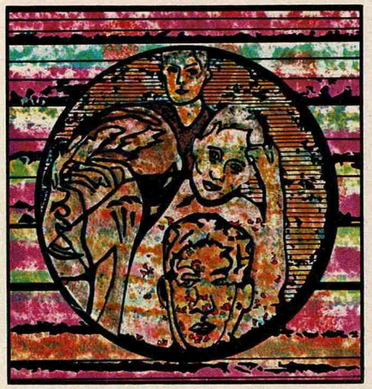
in a couple of hours: my lawyer is on his way. Still, I'm embarrassed at being the only foreigner in the cell, since I stand out like the proverbial pimple on a pumpkin. Staring visitors to the police station subject me to pointing fingers and barely suppressed giggles. My cellmates riddle me with questions as to why I am here.

I would like to be able to remove my jacket but there isn't anywhere to put it except on the floor and all available space is taken up anyway. Sweat trickles down my legs and arms. There is a ceiling fan outside the bars above the desk sergeant's chair, but only a waft or two penetrates to where I am standing. I am supposed to be at a business meeting about now. Pity.

1.15 pm. I have seen my lawyer, briefly, through the cell bars. He is lunching with the inspector, he says, and will return after they have had a "discussion". I hope their restaurant is well air conditioned! I have now been generously allocated a small section of floor space and I squat down to try and relieve the increasing cramps in my calves and thighs. Now four more miscreants have joined us. One, a little fellow barely 150cm tall, is sitting by the toilet quietly weeping. Apparently he has been caught stealing copper pipe from a construction site. I try to speak to him but his distress prevents any real communication. He also seems to be a little mentally retarded, perhaps. Another young man with a decidedly robust build, and clothed in what appears to be part of an army uniform, is coping with the situation stoically, despite being manacled at the ankles. Two gentlemen of Chinese extraction have established themselves quite comfortably in spaces near the bars. They have little bags of food and cold-water containers at hand — even little pillows — and they're treated with deference by the other inmates who perform small duties such as leg massages and body fanning. They chat desultorily with visitors and don't seem to be unduly worried. I am beginning to get worried about my own situation, however.

2.30 pm. To my vast relief, I have been released from the cell and allowed upstairs to the inspector's office with my lawyer to explore the possibilities of bail. I've been told I need a couple of reputable Thai people to guarantee that I will appear in court on the due date. Shouldn't be too difficult as I have many Thai friends. But, unfortunately, the phone is not working very well and, although I have called a few people, none has been available to talk with me. I get through to my house and my maid arrives to see what she can do to help. The inspector asks her if she has any land she could put up as a guarantee, and when she tells him she is just a poor servant he seems to lose interest. My lawyer informs me the inspector has now changed his mind and that a property deed will have to be submitted as bail bond. And the inspector keeps glancing disconcertingly at his watch.

6 pm. Back in the cell again. The inspector has patiently explained that he has no choice in the matter. During my absence, 12 of the prisoners have been removed from the cell, so that there is fractionally more room. I am able to sit down with my back against the wall and stretch my legs a little. My maid has been home and returned



with a T-shirt and jeans together with a whopping great pork sandwich. I have made a sort of a bundle out of the clothes and this is being used to reserve my space, which is next to a plumbing duct. My immediate neighbors consist of a group of perhaps five young men, all arrested for possession of heroin. They appear to have accepted my presence and, indeed, have been taking quite an interest in my well-being. Sips of Coke from plastic bags and the odd cigarette are offered. I am resigned to the situation, at least for tonight. Before being returned to the cell, I was able to contact a Thai lady friend of many years who has promised to come to the police station tomorrow and bring a land title deed to bail me out.

While I was away upstairs, I missed the afternoon food handout, it seems, but my new-found friends have saved a little boiled rice and curry which they generously offer. But my throat feels too dry to swallow and, strangely since I haven't eaten at all today, I feel no pressing hunger.

I do need to relieve myself, however, but I am stricken with some sort of nervous retention at the thought of doing so virtually in public. I have also discovered that I am not built for squatting down in any sort of comfort. My cellmates are able to do so for hours on end in complete relaxation, but I need to alternate between sitting on the floor and standing upright, neither of which is the slightest bit satisfactory. I wish I could lie down for a while, but there simply isn't enough room. I wait for the coming darkness with the idea of sneaking over to the toilet in the corner under cover of night and allowing nature to take its course. Might even have a splash with the plastic dipper to try and remove some of the grime I have accumulated during the day.

8.30 pm. I can forget all about the darkness and the privacy it might have afforded me. Our cell is brilliantly illuminated by a pair of intensely hot spotlights located outside the bars and suspended from the ceiling. By pressing my head behind the plumbing duct, I can just keep the light out of my eyes. I alternate between fits of depression and bouts of induced fortitude.

In spite of the crowd, cleanliness seems paramount among the inmates. Scraps of rice are carefully swept up and deposited in a bin in the corner. Small empty tins have been pressed into service as ashtrays. I'm at least grateful that I returned to the cell early enough to secure my space. Latecomers aren't that lucky. It's a bit reminiscent of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. I fully expect to hear cries of "No room, no room" whenever a new body arrives. Even after this relatively short time, the small fact of having one's very own floor space has assumed ridiculous proportions.

The time is now 11.30pm. I have managed to doze a bit with my T-shirt and jeans as a primitive pillow. My hips feel as if I have just finished a gruelling game of rugby. It is an effort to stand and stretch without disturbing others who are asleep despite the lights and the constant noise. I discover that, during my sleep, my small bundle has been rifled and I have lost my cigarettes and lighter and a small pair of nail clippers. My pork sandwich has also disappeared. I still feel no need for food, but now I feel terribly thirsty.

DAY TWO. 2.30 am. I am now beginning to feel disoriented. The dip bath was greatly refreshing, despite the shortage of water which is apparently turned off after midnight. There was just enough in the bottom of the concrete tub to allow about five small plastic containers to be scooped up and poured over my head and body. Even

"Men, we've discovered the New World!"

managed to accomplish the basics of nature. From one position in the cell, it is possible to catch a glimpse of the clock on the station wall, otherwise I would have no idea of the time. Five or six of the lads are huddled together in the back of the cell and I see that they are making up a fix for themselves. God knows where they got the necessary gear from. I feel a wave of horror come over me as I watch them.

They make up their mixture from a "brown sugar" heroin mixed in with ordinary tap water from a plastic dipper which I realise is the same one with which I have bathed. The mixture is held in a spoon. A dispensary needle with an attached length of plastic tube is also "cleaned" in the same bowl of water. The mixture is then drawn up into the tube by sucking on the open end. After the vein is successfully located, the hit is administered by blowing into the tube. They seem to be completely oblivious to the fact that the duty sergeant is a mere two metres away. He appears oblivious too, I note with interest.

Only a few more hours and I will be able to go home, have a hot bath and sleep. How I long for that soft bed!

7 am. Small snatches of sleep only through the rest of the night. The heroin has had different effects on the users, but most have spent the past few hours of the darkness laughing and creating merry hell. I am reminded of a group of kids who are drunk for the first time in their lives.

The old lady has brought the morning rice issue. I am still not hungry, but am conscious of having lost a fair amount of weight. My share is eagerly accepted by my cellmates.

Many have now fallen asleep, legs and arms intertwined. The little fellow is still sitting in the same place and is still weeping soundlessly. He is not, after all, mentally lacking, but has a severe voice impediment which makes him hard to understand.

Overnight my clothes have become filthy and, in spite of my bath and another earlier on this morning, I feel sticky and entirely disreputable. My hair is matted and gritty and combing doesn't help much.

I note that most of my cellmates go in heavily for body tattooing. One young man, who appears to be the leader of the "heroin sect", is decorated with a magnificently pornographic tattoo extending from his shoulder blades to his hips. I am offered a cigarette, or more precisely the share of one, by an ugly old desperado in the corner. I learn that he is making his 20th or so visit to prison for possession of drugs for sale. He isn't, in fact, aware of quite how many sentences he has already served and accepts his fate with resigned demeanor. His tattoos are more conventional than some. He has his fair share of leaping tigers and heads of Red Indians, together with mystic signs of one kind or another. I learn that the tattoos help to hide the telltale "tramlines" on arms and legs that are the mark of the hardened heroin mainliner. Other body markings are lucky charms, much as Thais wear amulets round their necks.

Noon. Once again I am out of the cell and upstairs. Not in the inspector's office this time but that of the junior officer in charge of my case. He seems to be rather busy on one or another job and hasn't time to tell me very much.

I am still trying to find out when I will be released. I am permitted to use the phone but it is working even less efficiently than yesterday and I cannot get through to my lawyer at all.

My maid, bless her heart, arrives again with yet another monstrous sandwich. I haven't the heart to tell her I cannot eat it, so insist I am saving it for later on. I send her off with instructions to find the lawyer.

3.30 pm. My maid returns with a note from the lawyer. The lady with the title deed, he says, is incommunicado and he feels she is "avoiding him". My maid also says she has tried to locate the lady without success.

The lawyer's letter suggests that we wait to apply for bail at the court which, he assures me, is easier than at the station. The young officer answers my question by telling me that I can be held for a maximum of seven days before being taken to the court for the first hearing. It might as well be seven years the way I feel. It was also suggested that if I can raise the sum of 20,000 baht (roughly $900), perhaps another professional bail bondsman can be employed to cover my release. There has to be a better solution.

By coincidence, an old mate of mine arrives in the police station to organise the change of his residency papers and I ask him to look in when that job is completed. He promises to do so. He doesn't. It is now obvious that I am going to spend another night in this place and the memory of the one preceding fills me with despair. (I am to find out later that my erstwhile buddy has been spreading the rumor that I am being held for murder!)

5.15 pm. I am now transferred, with a number of cellmates, to another, larger police station some five kilometres away from the original. Here, it seems, I may well spend the next five days. We are manacled together. I am beginning to feel quite attached to my friends.

We go through an outer barred gate into a reception area a little over two metres square where the cuffs are removed and we answer a roll call. Once again I go through the minor indignity of being the focal point of attention. We go through another barred gate into a wide corridor with identical cells facing each other on either side. These cells, about five metres deep and nine long, have a couple of smaller divided sections which are apparently for the women, since there are several ladies lounging about in various stages of undress.

The sides facing the corridor are made up entirely of bars and, since there are two ceiling fans in the corridor, at least some air circulates. In the corner is the bathing cubicle set behind a concrete partition about a metre high. A modicum of privacy is afforded by one tattered old shirt suspended across the access gap.

The arrival of our group brings the number of occupants to 23 and there is adequate room for all to set up house. It seems that everyone knows everyone else and, as the guards lock the outside doors to the station proper, the corridor rings with cries of greeting. Almost like an old boys' reunion.

I settle into my place against the solid back wall. About two metres above my head there is a line of barred windows which would normally have admitted light and air. Unfortunately some person at some time in the past has seen fit to weld thick steel plates over these openings so they serve no useful purpose. The ceiling lights are harsh blue fluorescent and have the effect of making everybody appear pasty-faced and ill. Since I do, in fact, feel quite unwell at this stage, it is perhaps appropriate.

9.30 pm. I have been befriended by a group of four bank robbers who have been here on special remand for a month awaiting a hearing. They have therefore established definite seniority. They are a jolly lot considering they are looking at probably 50 years' imprisonment for their deeds. I am told, in great detail, of their heist of a bank in Hadyai, a southern town. Two million baht, no less! Not a penny recovered. They don't tell me where it is, though. I don't blame them for that! They insist that I join them in the "deluxe" part of the cell and I feel a twinge of guilt as I watch my old companions settle into less salubrious sections. I am also ceremoniously presented with a sliver of soap to keep and a towel on loan. I feel quite fêted. I am clean for the first time since Monday morning and have even washed my hair.

The gang leader is a tall, slim lad who speaks a little English which he apparently wishes to practise on me. When not robbing banks, he informs me, his job is that of a racing driver! Given that there is one dirt track in the whole of Thailand and they race on it about three times a year, it amuses me to try and imagine how many such jobs can possibly be available. His number two man is squat and heavily built with dark skin and a mouth graced only by two teeth set far apart. He says with pride that he was once a Thai boxer and I can well believe it. The remaining pair of young men in the gang don't look as if they could commit any sort of crime, let alone rob a bank.

Our number two bank robber has me laughing for the first time this week. He is a natural comedian and could have done well as a star of screen or TV. He is also the cell trader and has set up shop in his prestigious corner. I find out that I can rent a toothbrush for two baht a day. I can buy shampoo in sachets. Cigarettes can be provided and I can even have some marijuana should I wish. He proudly shows me his accumulated wealth which consists of about 800 baht in grimy 10s and 20s tightly bound with a rubber band.

These lads insist that they prepare a feast in my honor, and so we dine sumptuously on sweet bread dipped in condensed milk, fried rice and bitter oleang coffee to finish off. I manage to force down a little of it in order not to offend my kind hosts.

My maid has traced me to my new abode and, after a hassle with the guards, is allowed to send in clean underpants and a note with the news that the lawyer is still trying to get me out. Sounds a bit hollow to me.

DAY THREE. 1 am. I have slept for a couple of hours in relative comfort, helped by the donation of a small pillow by the bank robbers. I seem to be adapting to sleeping on hard boards and am beginning to wonder if I will ever be able to sleep in the dark again after this ordeal is over.

There is a random pattern about prison life to which one seems readily to adapt. And, since there is no real difference between day and night, sleep is not regulated. One sleeps in small snatches at any time it suits. The only regular occurrences are those imposed by one's very situation. Food arrives at 7 am and 4 pm. Water is turned on three times a day at 6 am, midday and 8 pm for an hour each time. Visitors may come for an hour at 8 am and 7 pm to shout through the three layers of bars. The biggest enemy is boredom.

This time I have been awakened by the concerted yells and shouts of my addict friends who are trying to make a "buy" from the night duty sergeant.

However, they are cramped by the fact that one of them, who earlier confessed to me that he has a "500 baht-a-day habit", is writhing on the floor in the advanced rigors of withdrawal. All, it seems, are suffering to some extent – violent sneezing, running noses, body itches and an excess of saliva. Despite their own condition, they are greatly concerned for their brother, who seems in really bad shape. Strong-smelling balm is applied to his chest and at one stage even a primitive heart massage is tried. The guards eventually remove him and the last I see of him he is being dumped on to a stretcher. I assume they are taking him away to a hospital or something like that.

9 am. Our sick friend is back among us, seemingly bright and cheerful. I don't ask any questions, but I ponder many things! The whole group, in fact, is cheerful and without the problems of the previous night, so I assume that supplies have been forthcoming from one source or another. My assumption proves correct since they are all now crouched in the familiar circle in the corner fixing up the "daily dose". This time they have top grade white heroin and a proper syringe setup. After they have all had their requirements, we sit for a while and talk. Most state that they would, given the choice, prefer not to be addicted. All, however, say that the big "rush" they get from heroin is the greatest thing in the world and they feel no desire to give it up.

Noon. My robber friends have left for their appointment with the judge. They certainly went with flair. Smart casual clothes for the occasion produced from their duffle bags. Hair shampooed and neatly combed. Finger-nails clipped and filed. They are taken out under high security, double handcuffed to each other and with an armed guard. As they file out, the whole jail breaks out into spontaneous applause and cheering. I shall miss their company.

My maid – how can I ever thank her for her goodness and patience these past few days – has arrived a little earlier today and she brings with her a pint of milk which I demolish almost at one swallow. The first real nourishment I have felt like so far. I ask her to phone the family priest and ask him if there is anything he can do to help me.

7 pm. The afternoon has passed idly enough. I wish I had something to read. A group of us has been playing a Thai version of chess and I find I am quite good at it. One of the boys has come up with a largish sheet of crumpled brown paper and the squares have been marked out with an old ballpoint pen. The chess men are fashioned from matchsticks and twisted pieces of foil from a cigarette-pack lining.

Many of the inmates are feeling low again and there is a roaring trade going in APC powders and a filthy-looking green cough mixture which has a high alcoholic content and is supposed to stave off withdrawal symptoms. They tell me they will get new supplies when the night guard comes on.

The maid returns yet again, this time with spareribs in sauce which we share along with some boiled rice kept over from the afternoon issue.

DAY FOUR. 7 am. Slept with little interruption through most of the night. My maid, bless her heart, is here with the priest. He has already spoken to the Embassy and I learn that someone from that establishment will be here to see me later in the day. At least something is being done at last. He also leaves me his copy of the Bible.

Noon. My cellmates have been quiet

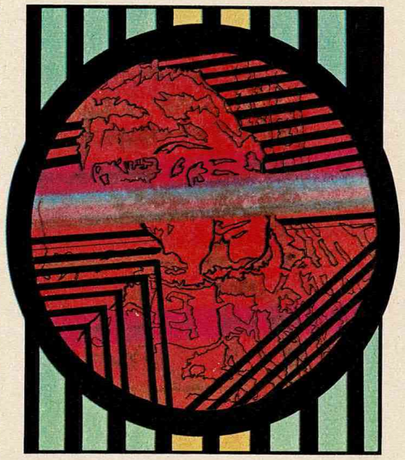
most of the morning. We have a couple of new admissions, one of whom is a good-looking young fellow who is apparently a taxi driver for one or another of the hotels. He is also in for possession of heroin for sale, and his family are outside in the foyer of the station, crying and carrying on. They look like a nice family: two little girls, and the wife is an attractive lass. This lad speaks fluent English and tells me that he has never been arrested before. He knows what he has done and realises that, apart from the jail sentence he will get, his job is finished. Jobs are hard to get in Bangkok, I rationalise. He shrugs.

At 3.30 pm the Embassy man comes to visit me with his staff assistant, a Thai. This time I am permitted out into the police station proper to have the interview. It is embarrassing to a degree, since the man is a friend of mine. He tells me that my court appearance is set down for tomorrow morning and that he understands that moves have been instigated by my priest to raise the required bail. He also, more ominously, advises me that the press are on to the story. He also volunteers to call my wife in Sydney and I now feel this is a good idea. I'd rather she finds out that way than by reading about it in the Australian newspapers.

Not five minutes after he leaves, the press appears in the form of the local ABC representative and the correspondent for the Herald group. We talk for a while and they seem sympathetic. They both know me personally and are embarrassed about the matter. I assure them that I have no wish to suppress the matter; merely that the truth, or that part of it I can tell, be printed or broadcast. They seem relieved that I do not try to use friendship to stop their reportage.

11.45 pm. My maid has been in with cigarettes and a towel. She has also promised to come by early in the morning with some decent clothes for me to wear to court. I am beginning to put together quite a prison kit now. I have also found the Bible very good reading. I liked the last few verses of Luke 12 about the settlement of arguments before going to court. Very apt under the circumstances.

Unfortunately, we have now been transferred into a different cell and this one is really the bottom of the pile. It is at the rear of the station and is accessible only through a small barred door in one corner. All the rest is solid wall. There are 27 of us in here and the heat is dreadful. The usual toilet niche is in its accustomed place. But this one beggars all description! The concrete water container has been smashed and pieces of debris lie around in about 10 centimetres of smelly black water that is swarming with dung beetles and cockroaches. A tattered old waste-basket of dubious vintage adds its ancient contents to this mess along with fruit peelings in advanced state of decay, cigarette butts, torn plastic bags and other rubbish of a less recognisable nature. A smallish and rusty canister is propped under the tap to collect a few drips. The squatter-type toilet pedestal has collapsed in on itself and an investigation, decidedly unpleasant, reveals that this breakage prevents the excreta from being flushed into the sewer outside. The smell is hideous. We are outraged at all this, particularly as



our old cell has only one occupant, but our cries of rage are ignored.

I try to settle down but am bothered by cockroaches crawling over me. I admit to an almost pathological fear of these filthy insects. So I squat in the corner reading the Bible while my cellmates prepare a last heroin orgy before they go to court early tomorrow. The non-heroin users have produced a quantity of marijuana which they smoke through an ingenious "bong" pipe made from a salad-dressing bottle.

DAY FIVE. 8.30 am. Clean clothes are here and I make a fair job of tidying myself up despite the difficulties of bathing. One young chap has produced a pair of nail clippers – unfortunately not the ones I lost on Monday night. We get our share of rice and curry, which is not too bad at all, unless I am getting used to it. I have developed an irritating foot infection consisting of little blister-like pustules which are quite painful and itch when burst. Somebody gives me a kind of unguent which is supposed to cure everything and I find some relief. I can no longer open my bowels and my urine, what little there is of it, has become a yellowish-orange.

We are all herded out into the corridor where we are finger-printed (four times!) and manacled together. We wait for the transport which will take us to court.

10.30 am. We have all been trucked over to the Criminal Court in a rusty old police pickup. A two-hour trip in the Bangkok traffic and my careful attempts to look clean and tidy have been to no avail. We are seated in a small courtroom awaiting the judge.

There isn't any sign of the lawyer and I realise that it is four days since I have seen him. For that matter, there is no friendly face at all. Where is my maid? Has my priest also deserted me? If I am remanded for another 12 days, it will be in Klong Prem prison and that would literally be the end!

11.30 am. We are led, still manacled, into a larger set of judicial chambers crowded with at least 100 other people. The judge, if that is who it is, is seated at a high desk like something out of a Kafka nightmare.

I recognise my name being called by the court clerk and I am nudged to my feet to acknowledge my presence. I reply, somewhat formally in Thai, and this brings a ripple of giggles from the assembled people. Nothing appears to have happened, and nobody asks me anything at all.

But we are led out of the room and down a flight of stairs to the rear of the main courthouse where we are finally admitted into a holding area, heavily barred, where the handcuffs are finally removed. I hardly have any time to appreciate this small comfort when my name is once more called and I am required to sign an official-looking paper after which I am thrust, none too gracefully, inside a further set of bars.

For a brief moment, I believe that perhaps my case has been adjourned to the afternoon session. But a quick examination of the paper I have signed reveals the worst. Despite my limited ability to read Thai, I can see that I have been remanded for 12 days!

12.45 pm. This cell is cavernous. At least 20 metres deep and possibly six across, it forms the basement of an administrative building of some sort.

The guard is not a policeman but rather an employee of His Majesty's Prisons and he makes my previous jailers appear like Sunday school teachers by comparison. He is small and wiry in build with slicked-back hair and he has a permanently sour expression. Each inmate is checked in

in the same manner. His crime is noted and, if it is drugs, he is ordered to the left side of the cell. Other offences to the right. All must squat on the ground in straight lines extending from front to back of the cell.

Examinations are crude and rough. Body examinations are, to say the least, personal and conducted out in front of the whole mob. The contents of my paper bag are brusquely hauled out one at a time and, after being peered at, are dropped on the floor. No matches are permitted. Toothpaste tubes are opened and half the contents squeezed out. One old fellow's tin of Milo, sealed, is broken open and simply poured on to the concrete. Cigarettes are pulled from their pack and also dropped in the heap on the ground. One young fellow is a bit slow to answer a shouted question and receives a crashing forearm jolt to the chest for his pains. Another benefits from a set of closed knuckles applied to the temple. An extremely pretty young girl, tall and slim, receives the same search procedure as we have done. It turns out "she" really isn't!

We are not permitted to cross the string lines of demarcation, and the floor-squatting is painful. Every so often we are required to count off from the left. If anyone is a little slow to shout his number, we begin again.

Finally, at 1.15 pm I see a friendly face! Through the double layer of bars I spot my maid, ever faithful, trying to locate me. I am granted the privilege of approaching the inner bars to speak to her. She shouts to me that the lawyer is here and trying to fix the bail. A friend has come forward with the 20,000 baht we need, she says. My heart leaps. I am not deserted after all.

2.30 pm. No luck with the bail. My brief elation dies as my friend tells me in shouts through the bars that the landowner arranged by the lawyer will not submit his title deeds since he doesn't know me. I wrack my brains for some sort of solution. I suggest that I assign all my property to my friend as some sort of guarantee. He agrees to try it on the judge. I locate a stub of pencil from another inmate and tear a piece of paper off my carry bag to write the assignment. This is examined by the guard and passed on to my friend, who rushes off with it. I am left, hoping but not daring to hope too much in view of earlier disappointment.

3.30 pm. This last hour has dragged by. In the interim, we have had to sweep out the cell and then hose it down. More people have been admitted and we have the countdown nonsense applied each time the newcomers settle into their proper lines. The whole process seems so pathetic and futile.

4.30 pm. A miracle! I have been called to the door and handed a small slip of paper. Just 20 minutes before we are to be taken to Klong Prem, the judge has accepted the bail and I am free!

I rush around giving my meagre possessions away to my less fortunate brothers. My cigarettes and my towel (such a precious item!) — and even my T-shirt and jeans. That the other inmates are jealous it is plain, but they are so obviously pleased for my sake that I am deeply touched.

I am subjected to some bantering questions from the guards on the outside gates and at last the door clangs shut, this time behind me.

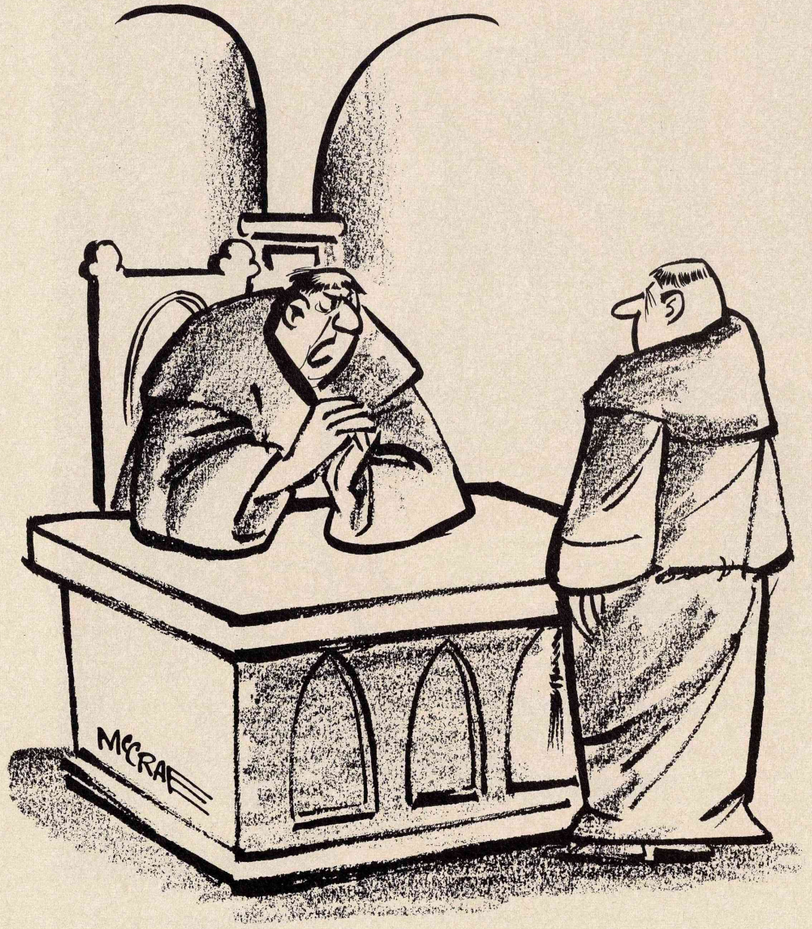
The sun strikes at me almost like a physical blow. My legs are weak and rubbery. I am virtually led to the nearby shade and handed a plastic container of ice-cold Coke which I gulp greedily. My maid asks if I am hungry. I am laughing, crying all at the same time. My dear friend the priest takes me by the shoulder and speaks to me quietly for a moment, but I do not hear or understand what he is saying. Even my maid's husband has taken a day off from work to come out to the court.

All these good people have done so much for me, and yet I have doubted them from time to time. I feel a deep sense of shame. I have learned many things these last five days.

My suffering has been small after all. The suffering I have seen will not be so easily forgotten.

"I complained because I had no shoes,
Until I met a man who had no feet."

FOOTNOTE: A month after he was bailed out, the charges against George Michaels were dropped.



Brother Nicholas! What's this I hear about you undergoing a sect change?"

STICK IT IN YOUR FAMILY ALBUM

what was dear old grandpa <u>really</u> thinking when the camera caught those demure portraits of yesteryear? join us on a trip into his fertile imagination

Photography by Art Kane

nothing could be further from my mind than the pleasures of the flesh . . .

. . . so why do these ravishing visages impinge upon my consciousness?

an upright family man, i have no time for foolish, lustful frippery . . .

. . . and yet that comely wench in lace is worth a thousand wives in taffeta

The return of thunderball

THOMMO

after a year of personal and financial disasters, he's fitter than ever and bursting for a chance to get at the pommies and the windies

sport By NEIL JAMESON

THE JET was 9km above the Northern NSW coast when I was suddenly struck by the absurdity of it all. Fancy flying 1000km just to interview a guy whose major claim to fame is that he can hurl a hunk of leather quicker and with greater accuracy than just about anyone else. Ah, yes. But this man is Jeff Thomson; and that makes it all different.

Just how different is illustrated by the life-size poster in the bar of the Queensland Cricketer's Club. It is Thomson the bowler in full delivery flight; the split second image a batsman's eye grasps before rocketing red leather rips his off stump out of the ground or almost lifts his head from his shoulders. Or, if he's lucky, simply sings by at almost 160 kmh to land like a hot rivet in the wicketkeeper's gloves. It is the classic Thommo photo: athletic aggression, controlled power and tremendous natural ability all crammed into one split second of cricket history.

The windows of the QCC overlook the open expanse of Brisbane's famous 'Gabba ground and, on a hot spring afternoon, drinkers can catch the Queensland Sheffield Shield side sweating through a training session in the nets.

The guy dressed in the maroon tracksuit trousers takes the ball and ambles into a stuttering delivery stride. The action is classically familiar and it causes the drinkers wearing the cricket club ties to pause over their beers. Ball whips from hand, skips off a good length and beats the batsman's stroke. The drinkers nod in approval. Thommo's back.

He's back and it is the best news the Australian cricket public has heard for almost two years of a sporting civil war which carved the world's playing strength into two camps. One lot went West into the professional ranks of the World Series Cricket organisation while the rest stayed under the umbrella of international Establishment cricket. But not Thommo. Caught, straddled between the two camps by the political and financial flow of the times, he became a bone severely savaged by the pressures of a split allegiance. In the space of two years he made and lost a fortune, was temporarily banned from playing first class cricket, reportedly finished more than $60,000 in debt, and had to work overtime to drag his marriage off the rocks. A victim of his own naivety (and a she'll-be-right disposition) and other factors, Jeff Thomson came as close as any sportsman has ever been to being all washed up.

But, to the cricketing public, the major loss was the breakup of the famous speed partnership that Thomson had enjoyed with Dennis Lillee, and Lillee without Thommo was like Rogers without Astaire, Lennon without McCartney or a pie with no sauce. And the public resented it because it cost Australia dearly in international results.

But, completely without warning, Thomson was given an out. And so was the cricket public. Just as suddenly as the cricket cold war had started in 1977, the executives from rival camps found the solution for peace. The summer of 1979-80 would signal the end of hostilities when Australia, England and the West Indies would meet in a three-way series with great wads of cash as incentive to produce the best cricket in the game's long history. And it was freely tipped that the Thomson-Lillee duo would tango once again. It shaped as Thomson's chance to do what he does best, bowl at the opposition's finest in front of the world's

Illustration by Greg Somer

biggest cricketing crowds for the healthiest incentives ever offered.

He didn't know it at the time, but Thomson's other savior came in the form of a briefcase-toting Australian solicitor named Frank Gardiner. Their first meeting was far from cordial but today, says Thomson, "I trust him totally."

"Trust" is the operative word. Gardiner is now managing the Thomson career and that means the Queensland solicitor is handling the task of unravelling the financial knots that resulted from Thommo's split with his first manager, David Lord. Under Gardiner's personal management, Thommo's name has once again started pushing products and, as commercial faith is restored, so the debt overload is gradually rolled back.

Thomson will never forget his first confrontation with Gardiner. The Australian fast bowler, still nursing a healing broken shoulder, was the pace hope of a national side in England in 1977 to defend the Ashes. Most members of the Australian tour party had their World Series contracts tucked safely away and the Cricket Split storm was about to break. However, Thomson was contractually bound to Queensland and to radio station 4IP and would have faced heavy legal action if he tried to defect to the WSC ranks. Confused and plagued by injury problems, news of the failure of his Brisbane sports store, marital issues and warnings from 4IP, Thomson decided to trust nobody and just sit tight. Alarmed at the failure of their sport superstar to deliver the goods, 4IP despatched a hatchet man to England to fire á few fiscal truths at Jeffrey Thomson. The man they sent was Frank Gardiner.

"I was sitting in the hotel," Thommo recalls, "when in walks this guy and says: 'Look, you've got this option, you've lost your $633,000 or whatever, you're going to get this and that and, and as far as we're concerned, there's no way out of it.' So I says: 'Listen. Don't come in here and put the heavies on me, because you'll go straight out on your earhole.' He just struck me at a bad time; I couldn't care who it was, I would have jobbed the bastard."

Out of that unlikely first meeting has grown something that many would have thought impossible. Gardiner, seeing the potential of the Thomson image in the light of a cricket settlement between WSC and the Establishment, persuaded his new charge to strip his lifestyle back to the basics. That meant off-loading a Dino Ferrari and the sports store and settling for much quieter living. Thommo didn't have a profession to fall back on so, for a while, he readily admits, both he and his wife, Cheryl, lived on the income she earned as a professional model. During 1978 Thomson's name appeared almost as much on the court pages as the sports. "Thomson owes $9000, promoter claims in court", "Court rejects Thomson move", "Thomson, WSC in appeals bid", "Out for the season after court rulings". And so the newspapers told the story. But the real damage was registered in the sports pages. Former cricketing great Keith Miller wrote: "Face Up To It, Thommo, You're A Has Been". It was a bad year for the speedster, and even when Gardiner had extricated him from all 4IP ties, the Australian Cricket Board successfully delayed his move to the WSC ranks.

Earlier in '78, Jeff Thomson had fulfilled his last major commitment for the board by touring the West Indies with Bobby Simpson's gang of youthful second stringers. But many of the tourists were new faces to Thommo and he obviously missed his old team mates who had joined WSC. A personality clash between captain and ace bowler didn't make things any easier, and Thomson has since said he was annoyed at the way the Australians bitched about what the WSC players were earning compared to their payments. "If these blokes only realised that all they've got to do is get out there and perform, they'd soon find they had nothing to bitch about," he says. Thommo feels that his run-ins with Simpson were played up by the press. As far as the former Test veteran is concerned, Thommo rates him a "great bloke".

"Some people are tipping Thommo to be faster than ever, and that this season he will break the magic 160kmh mark."

"He's got his good and bad points and so have I. But I've probably got a few more bad ones than him."

Thomson doesn't think that he has changed much since then. He admits to being a lot more cautious, and if you ask Frank Gardiner, he'll tell you that Thommo is not the same headstrong bloke he met in a London hotel two years ago. "I'm not a businessman," says Thomson, "and I never will be. I just want the opportunity to play cricket again."

But there were a few high spots for Thomson during 1978. It is indicative of the man's tremendous talent that, during his worst season in first class cricket, he could still find the reserve to blast through South Australia to take 6-18 in a Gillette Cup match. That was in October, the same month that Miller tagged him a "has been". It was during this match that Thomson had a chance to study the bowling form of a former Adelaide milkman by the name of Rodney Hogg. "He wasn't very pleased with his effort," recalls Thomson, "but I told him that I thought he had a good chance of playing for Australia." Hogg's subsequent selection and record wicket-taking series against England early this year established him as Australia's new speed superstar. Past heroes are soon forgotten, but Hogg's memorable words in the light of his glory were: "I just want the opportunity to bowl with Lillee and Thommo."

This summer Hogg might team with the great pair to form what could be the most lethal speed trio in world cricket. Pundits have expressed doubt about the success of the combination in the light of Australia's need for two shock bowlers plus a worker who will take up the slack to rest either of the more explosive openers. Hogg has a reputation for being able to bowl only in short spells, and this might limit his value in the new regime. It will make the selection task problematic, with speedsters of the quality of Len Pascoe, Wayne Pryor, Alan Hurst and company hot for a shot at both England and the Windies. So what does Thomson think about the selections? His reply is typical: "I don't care who I'm playing with as long as I know they're out there doing their best."

It is a summer Jeff Thomson has been looking forward to. Since late winter he has been fitter than at any similar period during his career. Never a great trainer, he has been making a point of running long distances during the week and packing added strength into upper arm, shoulder and back by lifting weights. At 29, some people are tipping Thommo to be faster than ever and that this season he will break 160 kmh – the magic 100 mph delivery mark. He returned to Brisbane from a Barrier Reef fishing trip in time to start early season training with the Queensland Sheffield Shield squad and was more confident than ever that this would be the season for the northerners to pick up their first Sheffield Shield victory.

"Since coming from NSW to Queensland, that's one thing I have wanted to accomplish – help Queensland win the Shield. If we could have retained our full team for the entire season, I reckon we would have won a couple by now. It irks me that you bust

"You certainly have the gift of tongues, Mademoiselle Lachaise."

your guts for so far, only to see it all die in the final stages."

At one stage he was a hot tip to return to NSW, but it is the Queensland weather and his wife's dislike of Sydney that is keeping him north of the border. With his shoulder stronger than ever, his early season plans are to get Queensland off to a good start and thereby ensure regular selection in the Australian team.

Thomson doesn't know who will win the Test series, but he's certain of one thing: England will finish last in the three-way contest.

"Pace will decide it, and when you look at the players available, Australia and the Windies have it all and England's got nothing."

What about Ian Botham of the England team?

"What about Botham? He's got the figures (1000 runs and 100 wickets in Test matches) but we'll see how he goes when he gets down here. Who's he played in the last couple of years? We'll soon find out how good he is."

The press like to nominate Geoff Boycott's wicket as the one Thomson prizes above all others, and there is some merit in the claim, because Boycott's ponderous approach to batting is everything Thomson hates about Test cricket.

"I couldn't care less about Geoff Boycott," says Thomson. "He's one bloke who doesn't drive me crazy."

Who, then, does drive Jeff Thomson crazy?

"Pommies in general. The Windies don't worry me. They're a good bunch of blokes and play the game the same as we do – out there to win. But the Pommies would rather block out and play for a draw when the pressure's on. Let's face it, you're playing for 60,000 people, plus a huge television audience, and how boring was that stuff between Australia and England in the last series out here?"

England won that series 5-1 but, according to Thomson, it was Australia's lack of ability which lost it, rather than any particular merit on the part of the English side. However, he concedes that the decision to appoint a tour manager and a physiotherapist to the Australian side this season was a good idea, even if England did think of it first.

"But that's what we've been begging for for years," he says. "They expect you to go out there and play for six hours, days on end, but have no intention of taking care of you."

In some ways, those close to the dressing rooms will notice a different Jeff Thomson this season. It used to puzzle him why only a few Englishmen would ever bother to join the 11 players they'd been doing battle with for five days for a social dressing room drink after a Test match. Now he just accepts those sort of things as the way some human values contrast with others. But there are some things about Jeff Thomson that will always characterise him Thommo of the couldn't-give-a-stuff nature. Like, what did he think of the summer itinerary; was it too tough? The reply: "Aw, I don't worry about those sort of things, I just turn up and play."

But there are some things about him that neither ruin nor fame will change. There will always be that overstated cavalier spirit, that frustrating casualness regularly disturbed by the flash of brilliance and the increasing conviction that you can take Thommo out of Bankstown, but you can't take the Bankstown out of Thommo. He's just a suburban boy and always will be. He doesn't drive a Ferrari any more but the big Ford is bright red and has wide wheels. The fishing boat parked at the side of his

"The prospect of coming in from the Paddington end with an assisting breeze is enough to will him back into Tests."

Bulimba house is a huge twin-hulled beast with dual 85 hp outboards. That's Thommo, fast and flash. On a quick shopping trip before practice at the 'Gabba, I ride in the red Ford with Thommo and Cheryl. I make a favorable comment about the appearance of the car and receive the stunning reply: "I haven't cleaned it up since the fishing trip, but I like to keep a car spotless. My cars are always neat" (and he pats Cheryl on the knee). "Aren't they, hon?" The comparison is almost humorous – this man has a history of financial foul-ups, but the cars have always been neat! Jeff Thomson, you're priceless.

At the 'Gabba, he works like he really means it. Perhaps his mind is on the prospect of bowling under lights (something he's never done) at his favorite ground, the SCG, with the Sydney mob behind him once again. Thomson can't remember having a bad game at the SCG, and the prospect of coming in from the Paddington end with an assisting breeze is enough to will him right back into the Test arena. He goes better in front of big crowds and this season well might produce the biggest in cricket history. There could be some friction in the WSC-Establishment marriage, but according to Jeff Thomson "there's always been friction". He knows how he feels about it, and he's got a fair idea which players he'd be picking if he were a selector. "The way I feel, and I know this applies for some of the other blokes, is that we just want to play cricket as best we can and hope that we'll get selected."

Any flack might well be a mixture of cricket tinder and press torch, and Thomson is one guy whose wariness of the Australian sporting press has been a lesson hard learned. (In granting an interview to PLAYBOY, Thomson would not move without the green light from Gardiner, who would not make his client available until the publishers of Thomson's autobiography, which is due for release this month, also gave their approval).

"A lot of press guys bugger it for themselves and their mates by writing sensationalist crap," says Thomson. "You give them a story and the way it comes out is nothing like the real facts. It makes you wary of speaking to all press guys, which is a pity, because I know there are some blokes who are pretty straight."

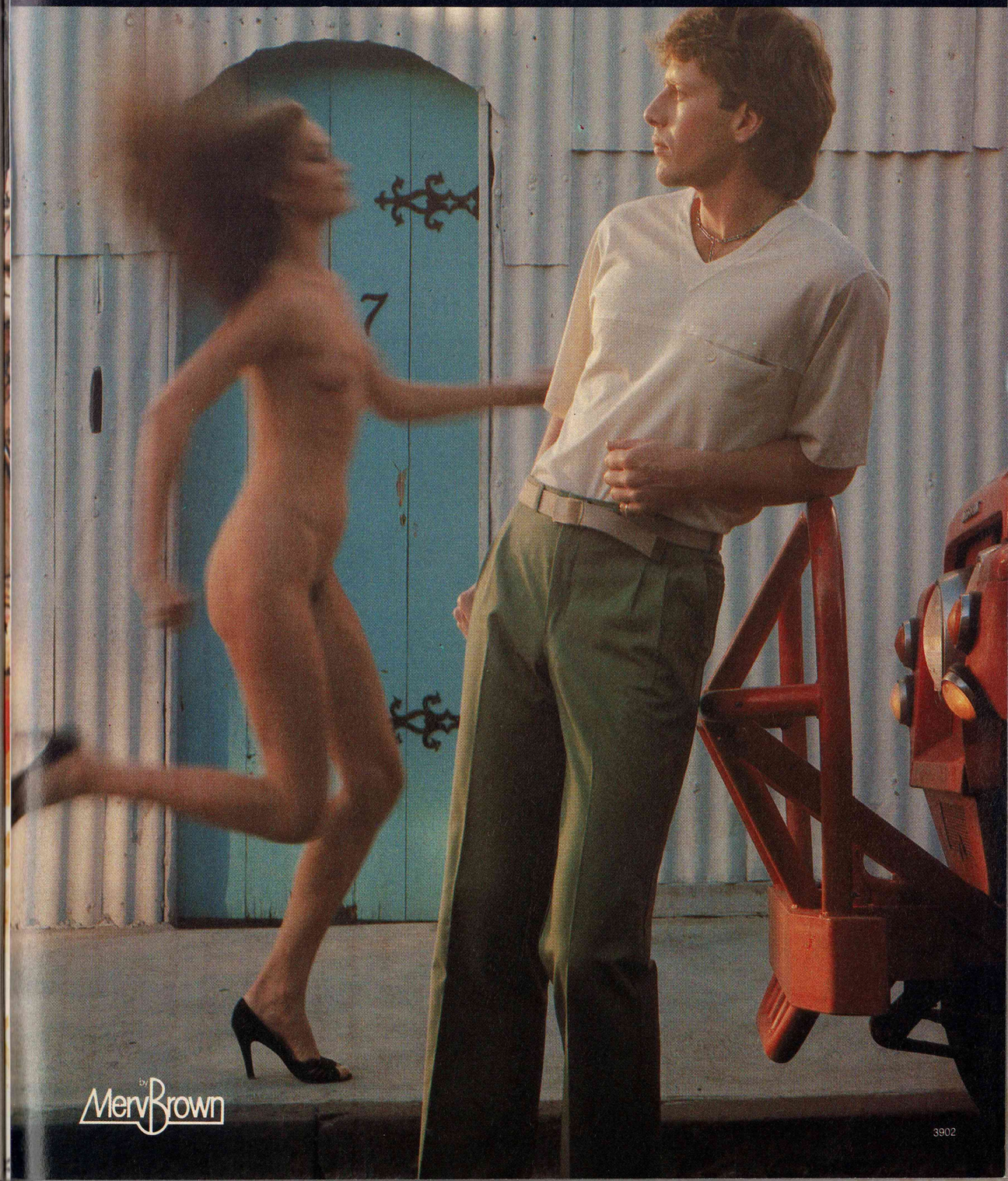
Cricket writer and commentator David Frith probably knows more about the autobiography than Thomson because he is the man who did the writing. But Thommo's never been one to backtrack on anything he's said in public, and there's no way he'll be withdrawing anything in the same fashion as former Australian captain Graham Yallop did with his "Lambs To The Slaughter" autobiography.

"I've always spoken my mind and tried to be straight with people," he says. "In some ways that has been my downfall. It's amazing when I think about it. I suppose you could say I was like one of those boxers in an old movie who didn't know how to do anything else but fight, and while he was trying to do just that, all the swifties were climbing on the bandwagon."

The difference is that, in this story, Thommo is not down for the count. With Gardiner in his corner, he thinks he's got a good chance of picking up on all the lost endorsement opportunities that went begging a couple of years ago. If so, he'll soon find himself clear of the creditors and with a future guaranteed free of financial woe. This season will really make the difference and possibly decide Thomson's real place in cricket history. If he lucks out, then some sportswriter will probably find him somewhere up the coast chasing fish. But the whisper is that Jeff Thomson will bag more wickets than fish this summer.

STRIKE 1

Not exactly outrageous, more a reflection of today's trends:
Pants that accent fun, a casual sense of line, originality, European informality. For guys who like to create their own sense of style.
Strike 1 pants. Clothes that distinguish the men from the boys.



I WAS A (FAILED) SEX AID TESTER

she started to scream . . . neighbors pounded the wall . . . the dog barked . . . the battle of rubber goods was under way . . .

humor

By RICHARD BECKETT

Now you make love just fine
And you dress real dandy
And you can make the most delicious apple candy.
But honey,
Are you making any money?
That's all I want to know.
— Pub ditty, anon

A LONG, long time ago, before both vibrators and Kelly's Rubber Women were invented, sex aids were pub jingles; either ribald shouts about the lady's ability to make money or her twitwitted inability to understand the sexual act at all . . . "it wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nightie; 'twas Roger, the lodger, the sod . . . " These days jingles are out and rubber goods are most definitely in.

It used to be easy for a mother's son to have a go at getting a bit. The game play was simple. One used to sit in a pub on a Saturday night for several hours, drink quite a lot of beer, get an attack of the hiccups, have a double brandy nothing to get over them and then make a determined attack on the nearest nurses' quarters. You won some, you lost some. But you didn't have to carry a carpetbag full of *things* to break through.

It was your pantless male self facing up against the forces of virginity and the matron who was screaming that she would call the police.

These days, before you even set out, you are forced to study advertisements that say . . . "Make it special tonight. Wear Something Light."
"A woman can tell a lot about how a man feels
by the condom he wears.
Because what he wears affects how she feels.
That's why there's something special about a condom
that's extremely
light. Fetherlite.
Fetherlite's unique
lubricant formulation,
Natursol, coupled with an amazing lightness, lets
you express your true feelings.
With a sensitivity
you may never have experienced before . . . "

Even if you disregard this advertising and simply attempt to buy a franger from your nearest chemist, the girl behind the counter these days will give you a handful of samples in red, green, pink, blue, a special number with a Donald Duck head and the gee whiz zipper of them all which boldly states: "NOW! EXTRA RIBS for added pleasure." Extra bloody what?

I know about all these things. I really do because, I have to admit it, I am a *failed sex aid tester.*

Sex aids now are such big business that they have generated their own consumer guides. Added to this they also have generated enormous criticism, not so much from the God botherers, but from reputable design experts, such as Victor Papanek, dean of the School of Design at the California Institute of Arts, and author of the book *Design for the Real World.* In this book he tilted at the sex aid industry and said:

"Last year, in order to illustrate what might happen if design were to continue completely unchecked, I wrote a brief satirical piece that tried to show how the combination of irresponsible design, male chauvinism, and sexual exploitation might be highly destructive. Entitled 'The Lolita Project', it appeared in the April 1970 issue of *The Futurist.* My satire concerned itself with the proposition that, in a society that views women as objects for sexual gratification, an enterprising manufacturer might well begin tooling up for the production and marketing of artificial women. These plastic women were to be animated, thermally heated, response-programmed units, retailing at around $400, in a vast choice of hair colors, skin shadings and racial types. It also suggested various improvements upon nature, offered by a Special Products Division that would fill orders for, say, a 19ft (5.7 metre) tall, lizard skin covered woman equipped with 12 breasts, three heads, and programmed to be aggressive.

"To my surprise, I began receiving much correspondence as a result of my article. A PhD teaching social psychology at Harvard has written me four times regarding a licence to begin manufacturing . . . "

I don't see why the good Victor Papanek is surprised. I have to admit that in my testing times I have failed at everything but the lizard-skinned woman with 12 breasts, but I bet some bugger out there is making her right now, with or without a licence, and I bet if those swine at *Forum* magazine gave it to me I'd fail with her as well.

I mention *Forum* because it is the magazine that started and ended my sex aid testing.

The testing started some years ago without even a hint of rubber goods. I had wandered into the office when the editor turned to me and said: "We've found a swinging nudist camp. How would you like to go and test it out this weekend?" In reply I stated that I personally had no objections whatsoever but my wife of the moment would probably get her nose out of joint. Therefore, I somewhat reluctantly declined to accept the amusing offer. "That's the trouble with you, Richard," said she, "you're so bloody bourgeois and unliberated."

Somewhat stung by this gratuitous insult, I asked her, amid a shower of obscenities, why the hell she wasn't going to do the job herself.

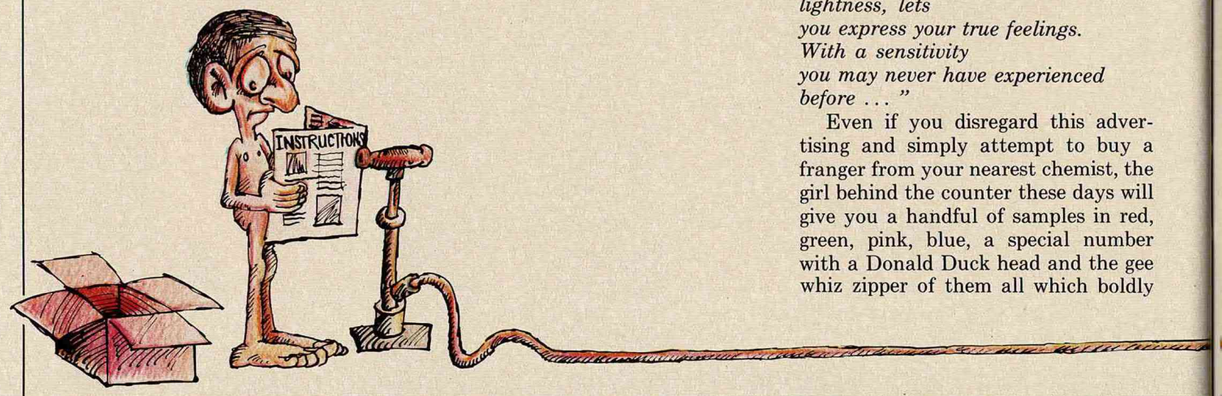
"Because Dennis won't let anyone else see my tits," she replied primly.

Scenting victory, I then turned on the female assistant editor (now living in Spain with a wealthy banker and regretting her freestyle youth) and inquired as to her lack of availability.

"He won't let me," she replied equally primly.

Oh, yes. So much, then, for the liberation of the Australian female editor. Hoping at this stage to make up for things gone wrong, I then asked if there was anything I could do to help. Well yes, there was, they said. I could take a box of gear home and get my wife of the moment to draw them because they were conducting experiments into the female orgasm, mainly along the Japanese lines.

The Japanese way to orgasm — presumably used by Japanese females while hubbie was fighting a rearguard action at Guam — was called Duo Balls. It looked, for all the world, like a pair of ping pong balls attached by a cord. They were inserted and they rocked as you walked around the grocery store. It was said that nasty scenes were witnessed by many a



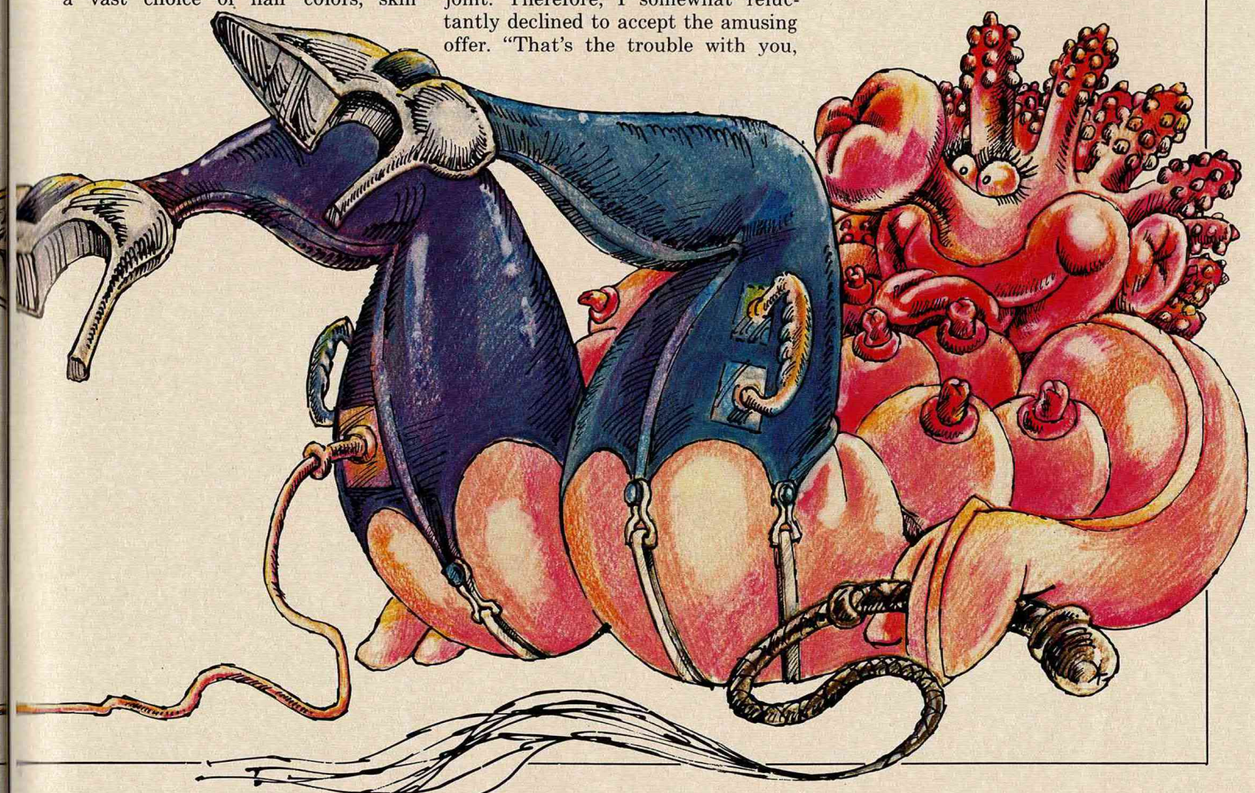


Illustration by Scott Kennedy

grocer in the midst of selling a bag of rice as the sedate wives of kamikaze pilots thrashed around the sawdust-strewn floors in orgasm.

This was okay except for one thing. In those early days sex shops were poor. They *lent* their goods for testing with strict instructions that, once used, they *should be boiled,* and then returned. The Duo Balls, given to me in a lovely piece of tissue, had not been so treated. I learned of this the next day when my artist wife screamed and held the things up with a pencil saying: "I can see bits of stuff on them."

I went back to *Forum* and pointed out that there would be no drawings because of the gunge. The sexual revolution was yet again invoked, and this time I was branded a running dog revisionist, gunge or no gunge. I went to the nearest public house and had a double brandy.

The months passed and relationships were generally restored, though they were restored because none of the editor's friends would have anything to do with either drawing or testing. I was handed a box of things. They were stimulators to be worn by males for the pleasure of females. I was also given a series of question sheets to be filled in.

The box proudly bore the title of Reschs Export Pilsener. And inside it nestled "3 in 30", "3 Fach Vital", "the Magico Stimulator", "Happy End", an "O-Garant Top Life Tickler", the "Excess Crown", the "Lover's Brooch" and the great "Super Excess Crown".

I took the box home with inevitable results. The second wife began screaming about those "filthy things" and my "disgusting habits" (well, she came from Sydney's North Shore and also held the idiotic belief that Ladies neither farted nor belched) but inspiration came to me. At the time I was working as a news scripter at Sydney's Channel 9, and the Channel 9 photographers and film editors in those days were a rather coarse lot of lads. Why not, I asked myself, take the damned lot out to them?

Half an hour after I distributed the things to the lads at the station, I knew why I should not have. All the question and answer sheets had been filled in in a somewhat unusual manner . . . "too tight and it tastes lousy as well" . . . "looks silly on a bottle of port" . . . "total failure as a corn plaster" . . . "chokes brown dogs" . . .

Then, bored by the form filling, the pleasant lads stuck the damned things on their noses and raced around the corridors to the terror of the wide-eyed secretaries. Just before the news began, the floor manager noticed that all three cameramen had an assortment to frighten good old "Hendo" and confiscated the lot.

The next day I was asked by the pained news director to take my sex tests elsewhere and I had to trudge back to *Forum* with another failure on my record.

A couple of years passed, as did my second wife, and *Forum* approached me yet again with just about the same parcel of female rubber stimulators, except that this time there was the addition of a ribbed condom with a little red hand at the end, and it wasn't called Little Red Riding Hood.

Gloomily I trudged homeward yet again. This time I was greeted with shrieks of laughter and cries of: "Go on, put that one on, I want to see how silly you look."

Well, we got into the double bed with the beer box and, for starters, I tried the 3 Fach Vital. Wearing the thing guaranteed to drive women to absolute frenzy (and men to amputation of the dick because the rubber ring is so damn tight that it will not accommodate the penis of the lesser hopping kangaroo mouse) I got about the business, which lasted about one and a half seconds.

At the second stroke there came a terrible scream, not, however, of ecstasy but of . . . "The bloody thing," she yelled, "the nobs on the bloody thing have caught in my pubies and they're pulling them out." So saying she grabbed hold of the rubber goods in an attempt to stop premature baldness and skinned me.

At that point we became somewhat hysterical and fell off the bed. With a sort of *who cares* gesture, I stuck the five fingered condom on my nose and pretended I was a dancing elephant as my companion decorated her toes with Happy End, O-Garant Top Life Tickler and the Magico Stimulator and walked about like a lopsided penguin.

Later, in the boiling-down works where we were sterilising the whole lot in steaming water plus Pine-O-Cleen (for rubber goods) and Mildara Shiraz Port (for us), we had a discussion about crutchless panties. The port must have taken effect because my companion, otherwise known as the Lady from the Grey Havens, said that they couldn't possibly be panties, they must be some odd form of bra (it's all right folks, she's from New Zealand and they're somewhat backward about those sort of things over there). Shout as I did I could not convince her. But then Disaster!

We had drunk and argued so much about the *strange hole in the odd place* that, when we both looked at the boiling-down vat, the rubber goods had perished. So, back to *Forum* and

"There's no one to touch her for close finishes."

UNIQUE.

Philips Motional Feedback Speakers.

Every now and then a technical breakthrough is achieved and a unique product emerges to set a new standard in its field.

Such is the case with Philips Motional Feedback Speakers.

These electronic masterpieces have been developed after years of exacting research in our European Laboratories and, as a result, we've created a speaker system that comes very close to the ultimate in Hi-Fi reproduction.

Technically speaking, the system incorporates a piezo-electric crystal built into the woofer cone that monitors and converts the acceleration of the cone into an electric signal. The acceleration of the cone is linearly translated back to the original signal driving the loud-speaker. This signal is fed back to a comparator circuit in the amplifier incorporated in the enclosure and compared with the original signal. This enables the loud-speaker to be immediately corrected at the slightest deviation. And, in this way, the acoustic behaviour of the woofer can be completely controlled.

Each speaker contains 3 integrated power amplifiers – a 50W amplifier for bass output, 20W amplifier for mid-range and a 5W amplifier for treble – providing a total power output of 75W. And low-note filters are incorporated in each speaker enclosure for matching the bass response to the location of the box near walls and floor.

Practically speaking, the results are dramatically simple. A drastic reduction in distortion. Flawless clarity – from the fullest bass notes to the most detailed treble extremes. And a remarkable compactness in enclosure and speaker construction.

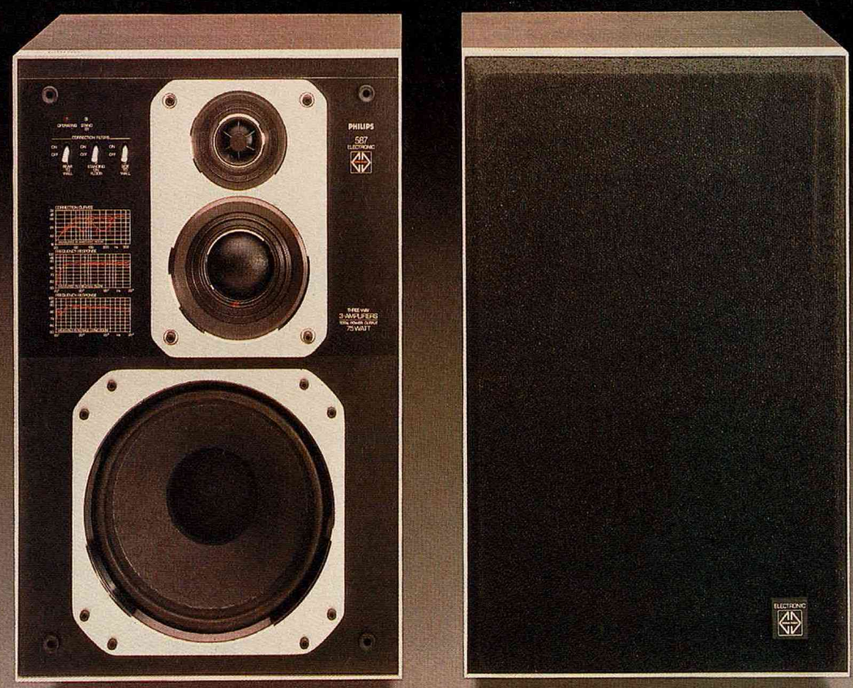
Listen to Philips Motional Feedback Speakers. They'll speak for themselves.

Technical specifications: Model AH 5875

Type of enclosure:	Motional Feed Back box with three amplifiers
Internal volume:	19 litres
Total power of amplifiers:	75W cont. sine wave power
Loudspeakers:	AD81671/MFB4, 8" woofer AD21160/ST 8.15 combi dome squawker/tweeter
Cross-over frequencies:	650 Hz and 3500 Hz
Frequency characteristic:	27-20,000 Hz
Input sensitivity:	variable; impedance up to 3V: 100 kohm above 3V: 1 kohm switchable
Low-note filters:	
Amplifier for woofer	
Output power:	50W cont. sine wave power
Amplifier for squawker	
Output power:	20W cont. sine wave power
Amplifier for tweeter	
Output power:	5W cont. sine wave power
Also available Model AH585	
Output power:	35W cont. sine wave power

Subject to modification without notice

Philips Motional Feedback Speakers. A step closer to sound perfection.



PHILIPS

We want you to have the best

PHILIPS

367 2217

shame once again. *Forum* decided at this stage that enough was enough.

But they kept on searching for new goods and, quite decently, they kept me informed. In the manner of public bar opinion-makers, the male of the *Forum* partnership was the one allocated to visit the sex shops from time to time and find the new things that might excite and bring happiness. He and I had a schooner rule of thumb. The rule of thumb was that we would know when the sexual revolution had reached the point of madness when Kelly's Rubber Women were replaced by a black vinyl scottie dog.

Fronting the bar one day recently, he said (without even ordering a schooner): "Society is doomed."

Being somewhat hungover and concerned with other things (basically the barmaid with the big tits, was she making any money?) I looked blank.

"The black dog is here," he said.

We drank quite a lot that day and, in secret, I sent a friend to the shop in question to make sure that the whole thing wasn't a dreadful error. It wasn't. The black dog was there for sale. Society was doomed.

Given this fact, I decided to test several men's helpmates all by myself to finish off the road to degradation. I marched into *Forum* and grabbed all the male sex helpers I could find. These ranged from a rubber head of a teenage girl with an open mouth, whose name was Pinkie, to a hard rubber model of the Blessed Virgin, called Gentleman's Choice, to a penis with a face on it called Natural Masculiner, plus something that looked like a cow's teat with a hairy open top end which was named the Mini Vagina.

In passing, I also ripped off "The Man's Machine, F-235, with attachments — 3 standard, 1 prelude knob, 1 cum cap".

Well yes, and why not?

Pinkie was the first, with her blue eyes and rubber palate, plus a vibrating battery device, plus a squeeze ball that made the palate rise and fall. The dick remained limp.

The "Man's Machine" gave a sensation not unlike that old-fashioned joke about "grandma getting her boobs caught in the mangle". It, too, was hastily abandoned.

The Blessed Virgin or Gentleman's Choice, when activated by its battery, snorted and farted and then, on the application of pressure, started to squeal. I figured that this was a sort of rape machine. I abandoned it as well.

I was well into my research on the Mini Vagina with pubic hair when the Lady from the Grey Havens suddenly arrived on the scene. The next five minutes were somewhat unpleasant. Certain vile accusations were made. When these were refuted, we got into the business of "everyone's talking about you", followed by "they say", followed by "you don't love me any more", followed by "I'm paying the rent and either they go or you go".

In vain, I attempted to state that it was sheer experiment and, in a rather stupid attempt to placate her, I produced a series of vibrators and threw all the switches.

The motherdogs started jumping all over the carpet like a group of deranged beige rats. She started to scream. The neighbors began pounding on the wall. The poodle belonging to the Spanish anarchists on the other side started barking hysterically. I started to bark (well, you've got to do something in a crisis) and then the Lady from the Grey Havens grabbed the biggest vibrator and said *en garde!*

That's how a friend from the country, who had come to the place seeking a bed for the night, found us; prancing around the living room with vibrating plastic dongers, cutting and thrusting, parrying and feinting and treading all over Pinky, Gentleman's Choice and the Natural Masculiner.

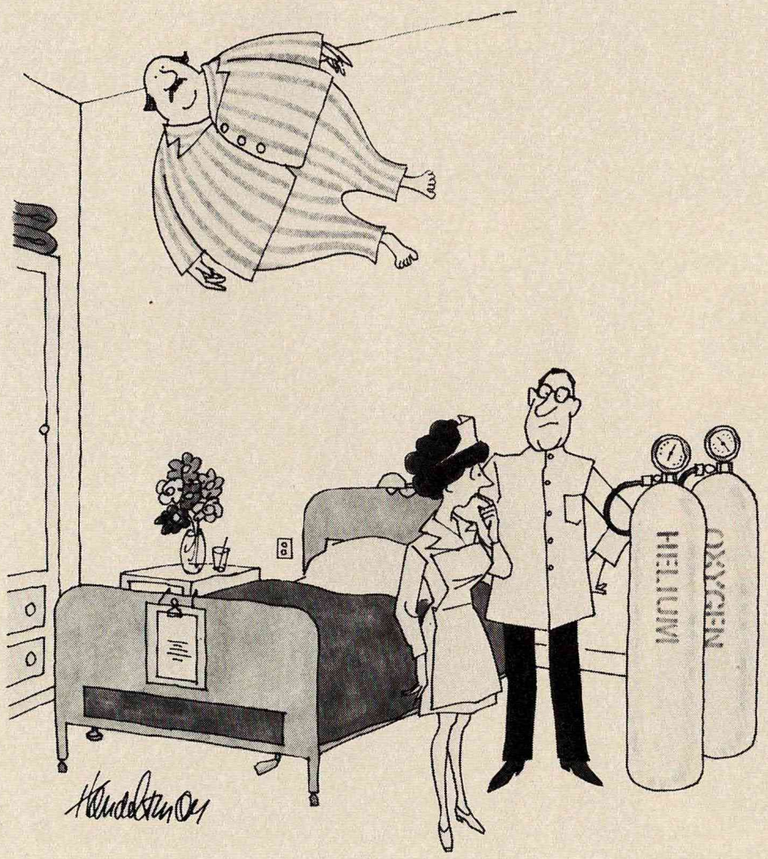
Attempting to be polite in a difficult situation, he said: "working up your creative frenzy, I presume. Me, I just look at cows."

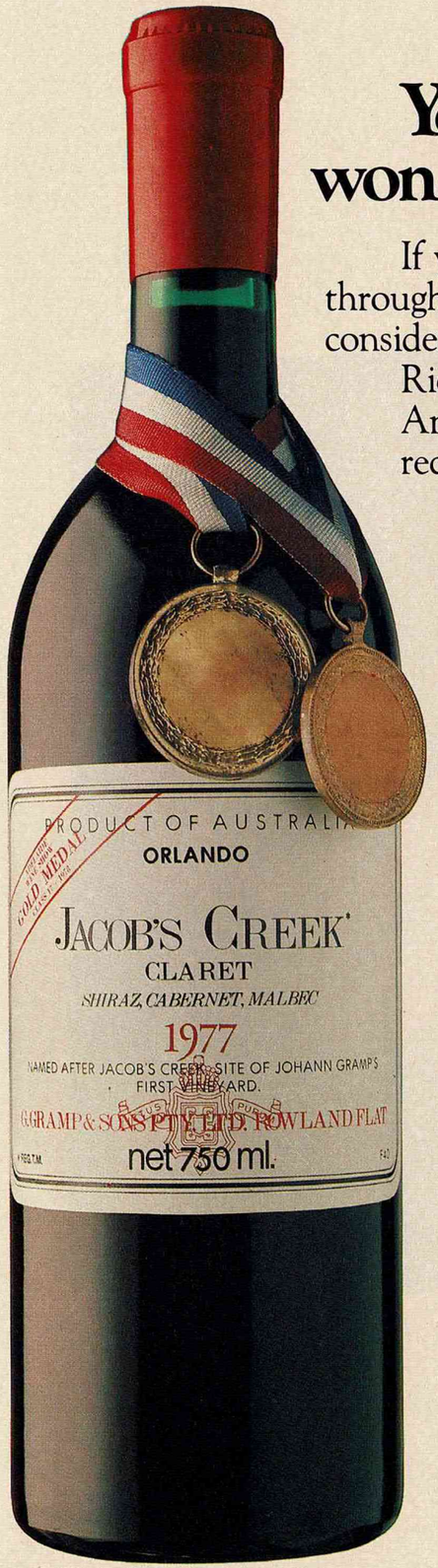
At that I froze. A rubber cow! But they'd never get the damned thing into the shop. These thoughts were brought to an abrupt close by a zizzing plastic sensation in my left ear and the triumphant cry of: "I won".

The battle of the rubber goods had finally ended.

Victory had gone to a real live female without batteries and without a rubber palate who was not known as "Gentleman's Choice".

But honey,
Are you making any money?
That's all I want to know.





Your good taste has just won itself two Gold Medals.

If you've been an Orlando Jacob's Creek fan through many a bottle, you more than likely consider it to be one of the very good reds.

Rich and round, with a delightful colour.

And now your opinion has been officially recognized.

With two Gold Medals at two very distinguished Wine Shows.

One at the prestigious Adelaide Wine Show. The other at the National Wine Show, Canberra.

This superbly balanced, easy drinking red is a triumph for our winemakers. The initiated know Orlando Jacob's Creek claret is a blend of three grape varieties.

Cabernet Sauvignon, Malbec and Shiraz.

The premium Cabernet softens the bold fruity Shiraz.

The full colourful Malbec moderates the two, while adding a little of its own elegant character.

The result is a complete blend.

To the judges, this means two Gold Medals.

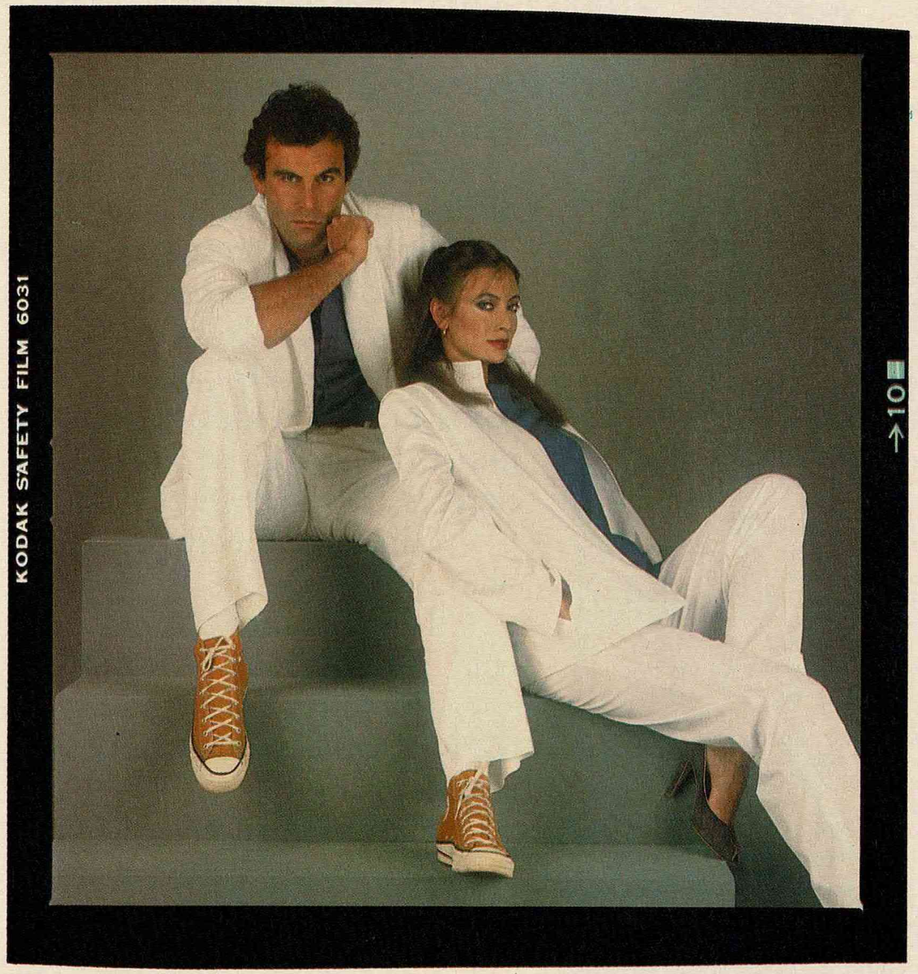
To the initiated, a continuing memorable experience with a most rewarding red, sensibly priced at around $2.60 a bottle.

Gold Medal, 1978 Adelaide Wine Show, Class 17. Gold Medal, 1978 National Wine Show, Canberra, Class 25.

Orlando Jacob's Creek Claret. It deserves Medals.

ORL3752

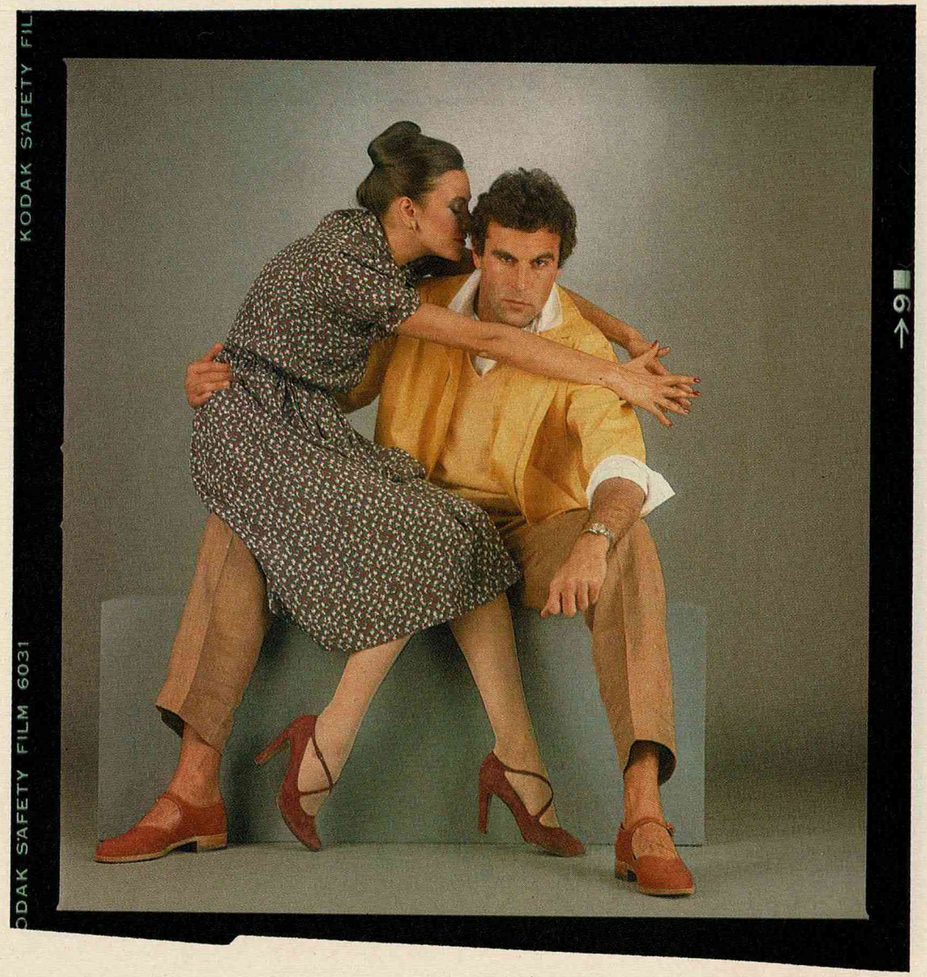
THE FRENCH CONNECTION



the aussie male need not fear that his threads can't compete with french originals – our designers came up to the mark to meet the christian dior challenge

FASHION BY KATE STEAD. PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD

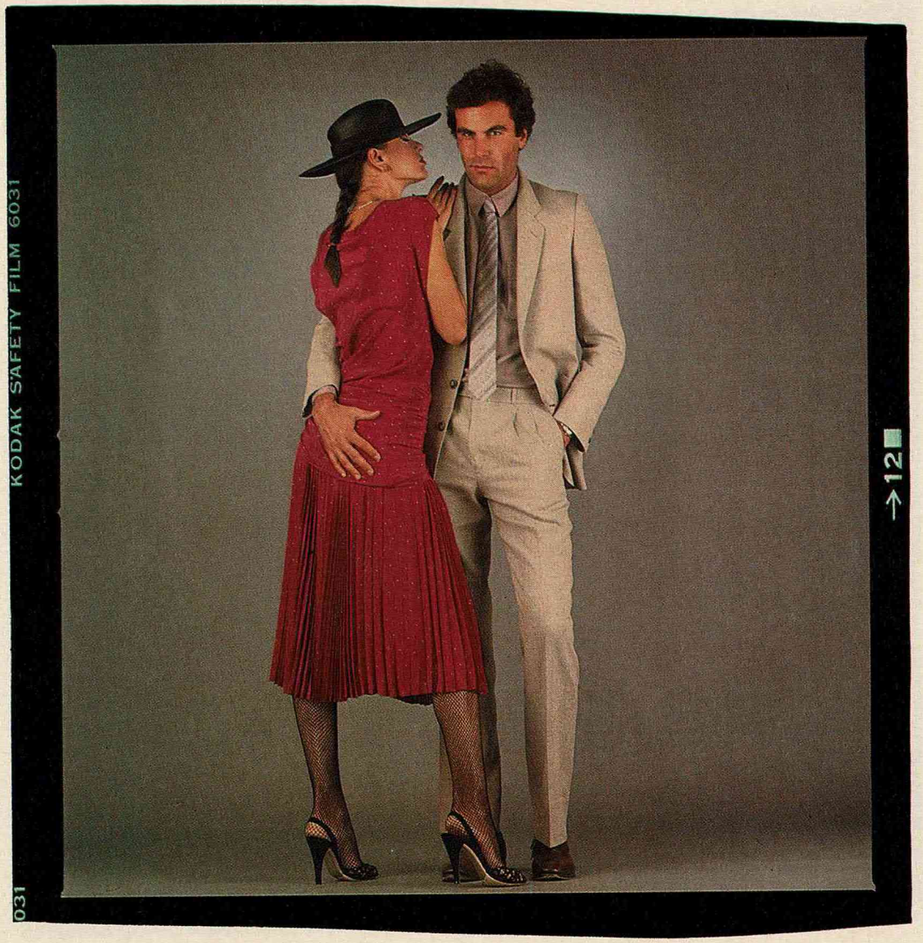
Paris sent us the divine Marie Christine, fragrant with Dioressence by Parfums Christian Dior, while we fielded Paolo Tomei. He chose a white towelling suit ($160), and a royal blue shirt ($35) by Lakiss. Marie wore a cotton pant suit ($420) and a royal blue T-shirt ($55).



Marie goes soft in a floral print silk dress ($650) from Dior. We field brown linen slacks ($68) by Oman, white cotton shirt ($59) by Punch, cool knit vest ($49) by Maschi, matching yellow cotton jacket ($88) by Valdis Alexander, and brown canvas shoes ($75).

The French Connection goes casual. Black cotton overalls ($68) by Gary Smith, are matched with a rainbow-hued silk check shirt ($55) also by Gary Smith, and bright yellow belt ($18) by Valdis Alexander. Christian Dior replies with a rich two-piece silk suit ($975).

Grey cotton slacks ($48) by Gary Smith, and a mauve rayon shirt ($42) again by Gary Smith, go with brown lace-up canvas shoes ($80) by Valdis Alexander. Marie sets off Paolo's outfit with a bold three-piece silk suit in green, blue and plum ($1275) by Dior.



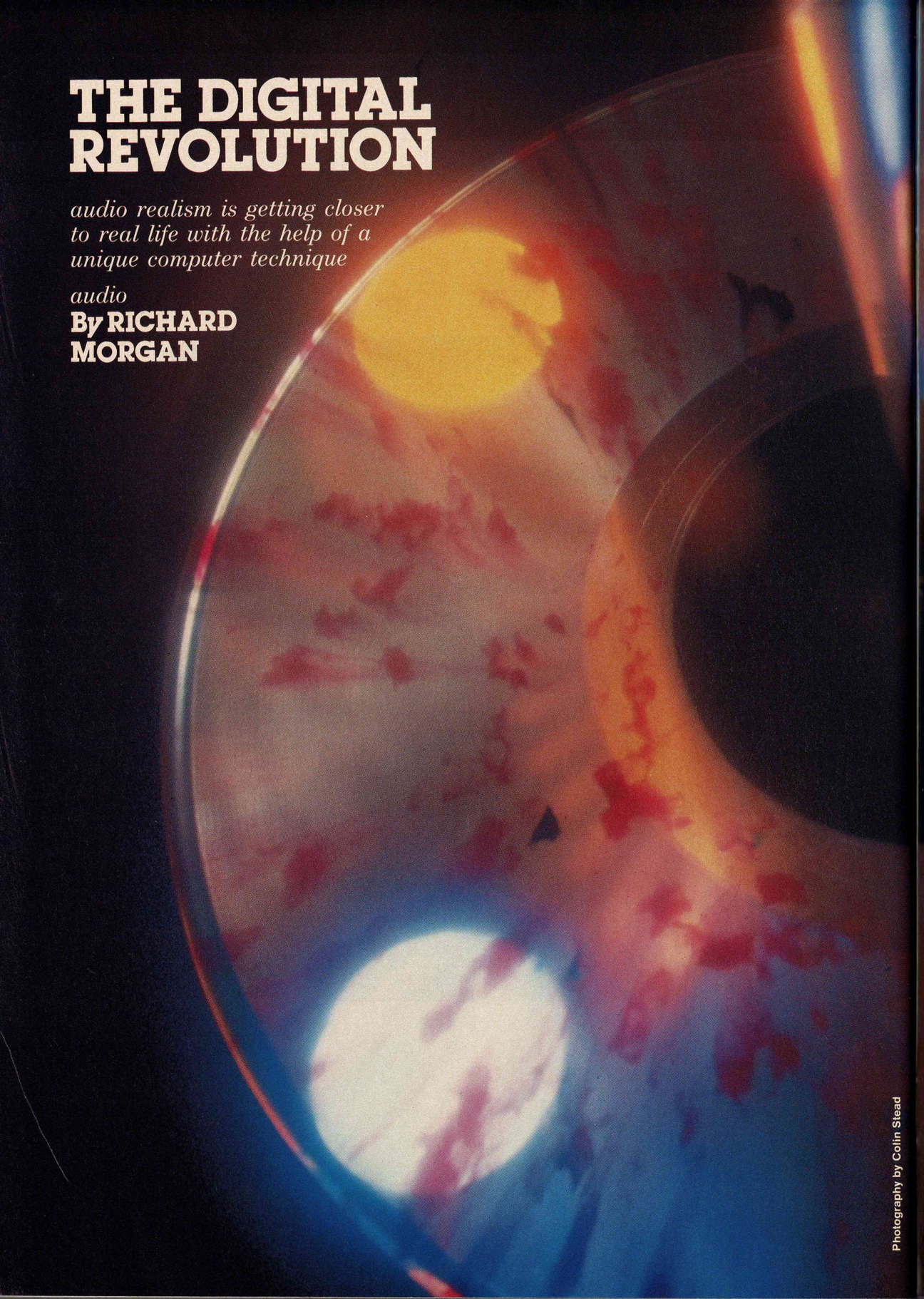
A faintly flecked linen suit ($300) by Trent Nathan, with a mauve rayon shirt ($45) and a striped tie ($15) by Trent Nathan provide a suitable contrast with Marie's spotted purple silk skirt and tunic ($1095), by Christian Dior, another original available in Australia.

We consider the friendly fashion duel a draw, and we now allow Il Tacchino – a ring-in from Italy – to show off their dark grey wool suit ($325), blue check shirt ($41) and Maximillian tie ($22). Ever-elegant Marie wears a grey silk evening dress ($950) by Dior.

THE DIGITAL REVOLUTION

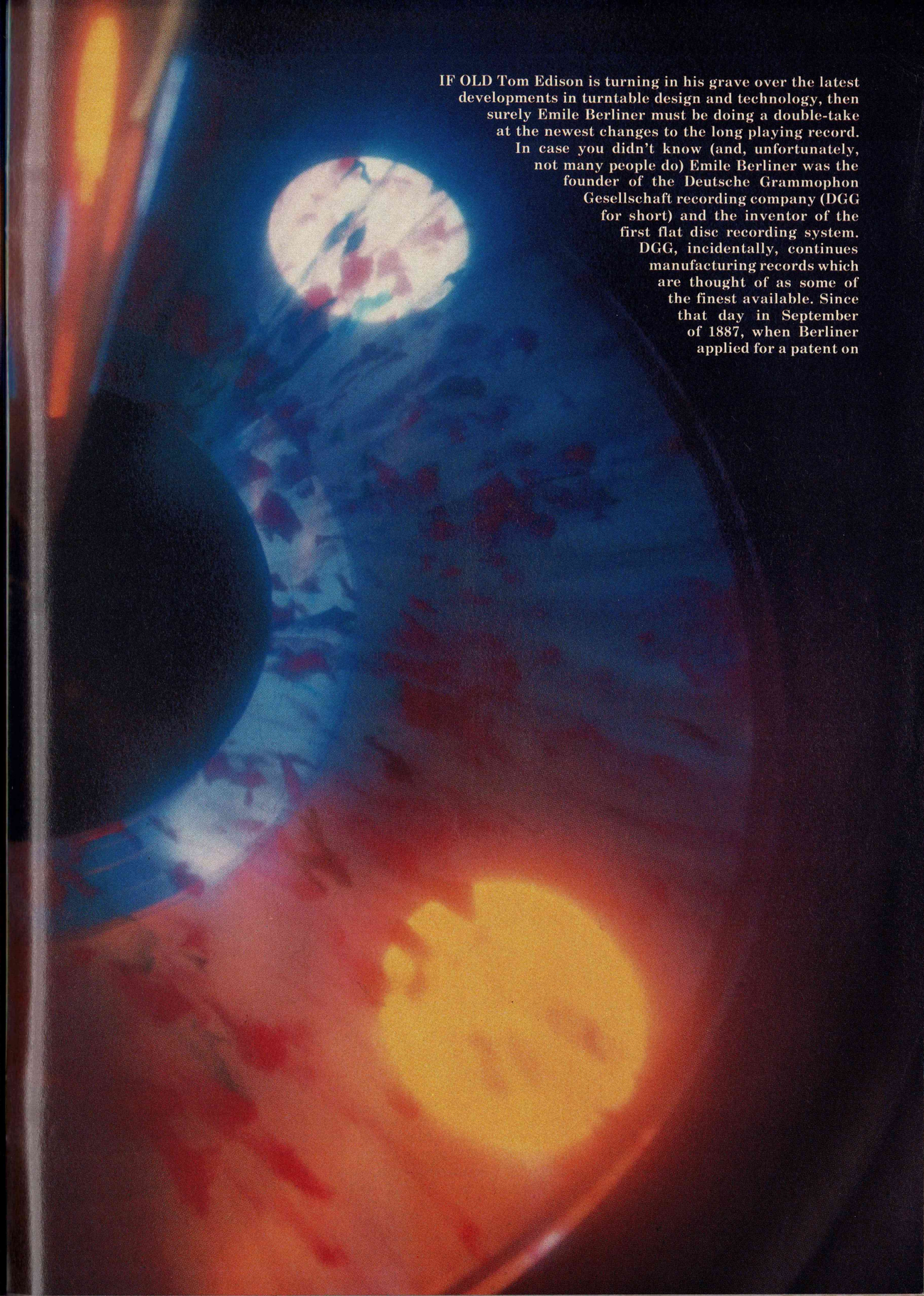
audio realism is getting closer to real life with the help of a unique computer technique

audio
By RICHARD MORGAN



Photography by Colin Stead

IF OLD Tom Edison is turning in his grave over the latest developments in turntable design and technology, then surely Emile Berliner must be doing a double-take at the newest changes to the long playing record. In case you didn't know (and, unfortunately, not many people do) Emile Berliner was the founder of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft recording company (DGG for short) and the inventor of the first flat disc recording system. DGG, incidentally, continues manufacturing records which are thought of as some of the finest available. Since that day in September of 1887, when Berliner applied for a patent on



his invention – some 10 years after Edison presented his cylinder machine to the public – the humble record has gone through remarkable changes. Berliner's early discs used a glass surface coated in lampblack, laminated with a zinc coating and even hard rubber. We've certainly come a long way in a short time, and now there are a number of interesting developments taking place in an attempt to find the ultimate in sound reproduction.

Conventional records use the analogue method of recording where sound-wave vibrations are recorded on tape and then fed to a cutting lathe which etches a continuous groove on the master disc. The master is then used to produce stampers which, in turn, are used to press commercial records. The transference from tape to master disc always results in some loss in sound quality and the introduction of other distractions, such as tape noise, distortion, system hum, room tone and even tape impurities. These problems are often shrouded in a high level of tape hiss.

Even if the recording engineer is extremely careful, these problems cannot be completely eradicated. The situation is aggravated whenever the engineer re-mixes the tape. Each re-recording of the master tape adds successive layers of tape hiss and noise to the original program. And all of this is eventually transferred to the lacquer master record.

Direct-to-disc recording, as the name implies, does away with the tape section of the recording process. The sound picked up from the musician is fed directly to the mixing console and is transferred straight to the master cutting lathe. The sound from a record cut in this manner is excellent and this type of disc has always found favor with audio enthusiasts.

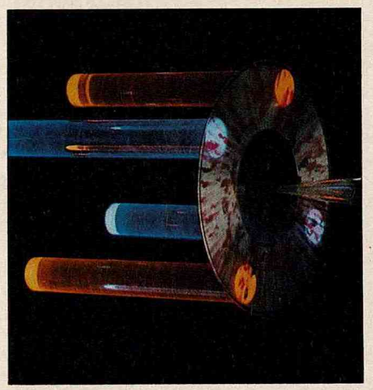
The problems, however, should be obvious. The musician has only one take to get it right; one shot at the recording. Mistakes can't be corrected and the engineer can't re-mix afterwards. So everything, including the venue, must be perfect before the start; even a wrongly placed microphone can have a disastrous effect. The musicians must also be considered – one wrong note could have a bad effect and, as you can imagine, the tension at recording time is immense.

Some die-hard direct-cut record supporters believe this is not a real problem and adds a new element of realism to the music. They claim the adrenalin flowing at a recording session captures something emotional on record which is not obtainable with conventional recording techniques.

Thankfully, direct-to-disc records have heralded a return to fewer multi-microphone techniques, resulting in a more natural approach to recording. For the hi-fi buff, this means better stereo sound and far more realism. The trouble is that, even though the quality is high, direct-cut records are unlikely to be a commercial success because of the high costs. A recording session can be as much as $40,000: blow the session and that's money you can't retrieve. Do that two or three times and you could be out of business.

The other new technique is digital recording, a process starting to gain sympathetic publicity and coverage. A digital recording can be made as a pure digital record or in a hybrid form which does not use an analogue master disc but a digitally-recorded master tape.

In the hybrid form, digital recording takes the sound waves and feeds them



into a computer. The computer analyses the waves and converts them to a digital pulse code. The pulses are then recorded on to the master tape. Before cutting the master record, the pulses are decoded by the computer and reconstituted into a continuous analogue waveform.

The good thing about digital recording on the master tape is that there is no tape noise, no signal loss, and no distortion, and the pulses aren't affected by the imperfections of magnetic tape.

AWA Ltd distributes the Denon brand of digital records while Concept Audio, the Acoustic Monitor Company and MR Acoustics handle direct cut discs. And MR Acoustics also handles digital discs.

Denon has been manufacturing digital records since 1972 with a good selection of titles. In Australia they have been available for around three years. Denon calls its digital recording process Pulse Code Modulation, a system which, according to a company spokesman, it is continually improving.

Digital recording allows re-mixing of the master tape and precise electronic editing. Unlike analogue recording, where the program material is degraded with each re-mix and alteration, digital recording permits any amount of re-recording without program deterioration. Computer technology has also given rise to automatic mix-downs in recording studios, which is great when an engineer is involved in producing a rock or pop number.

While the sound quality from digital and direct-cut records is far superior to that of conventionally-cut records, we are unlikely to see a great flood of them on the market. In most cases, the companies producing such recordings are small. This in itself produces problems of limited capital. It also means that big name artists aren't attracted to the labels.

The result is a lack of demand for the records – which, inevitably, pushes the price up. At the moment you can purchase a direct-cut record from $18 while Denon PCM discs start around $13 – about double the price of a conventional album.

Audio enthusiasts tend to buy these albums more for their sonic quality than the musical content – although I have found the musicianship on both digital and direct-cut records excellent.

The overall situation, however, is improving rapidly. The musical field, which in the past was monopolised by classical performers, has made big advances into the jazz and rhythm and blues fields. According to Mr Dick McCarthy of AWA Ltd, Denon should have around 200 titles available by the end of the year, covering most musical areas. He says that, once the major record companies seriously enter the digital recording field, or one of the smaller outfits acquires drawcard performers, the market for this form of recording will widen rapidly. In the US, RCA and Warner Bros have already made tentative steps into the field – RCA with a cheap digital album and Warner Bros with the first non-classical album from a major US company. Australia is lucky because it gets the best of both worlds. This includes both direct-cut and digital records from Japan and the US plus some fine British and West German records. They utilise analogue recording techniques, take great care with microphones and recording and use superb vinyl.

Once public acceptance for these records increases, availability will improve greatly, but public acceptance will only really improve with a price reduction and a price reduction will only occur if there is a large increase in sales – a vicious circle. The break, however, will have to come soon – conventional recordings are being stretched to the limits by the type of signal imposed on them.

Show your style

CINZANO DRY – on the rocks with a twist of lemon. CINZANO ROSÉ – on ice with a splash of soda.
Two refreshing ways to show your style.

CINZANO

Who runs rock, anyway?

THE ROCK MACHINE PART 2

as a branch office, the australian industry functions well for its american overlords

article **By Paul Gardiner**

WITH BACK illumination thoughtfully provided by the operators of a video screen that blinked and flashed colored light around the darkened auditorium like some deranged Artoo Detoo, a top manager of CBS Records in Australia hyped his company's latest product. He was a stand-in and it showed. He referred to the principal band of the evening as Mi Sec. The band is called Mi Sex and the room was littered with its name on posters and record covers. It occurred to me that his difficulty with the name may in part be a reflection of age; this guy might be finding it difficult to use the word "sex" in public. But no, it was just a difficulty of the speech variety. That, plus the flaky experience of

Illustration by Keith Davis

CRICKET 1979/80

OR WHO'S PLAYING WHO FOR WHAT.

Of all the memorable seasons we have witnessed in the long history of Australian cricket, none promises more than the coming one.

For two years the loyalties of players and supporters alike have been divided between the Australian Cricket Board and World Series Cricket. Now the two bodies have united.

To celebrate this union two touring sides, England and the West Indies, have been invited to play a series of Test matches and one-day internationals (Benson and Hedges World Series Cup), the first time two sides have toured Australia concurrently.

At State level the Sheffield Shield will be contested throughout the season and a new one-day interstate competition, the McDonald's Cup, inaugurated.

For the first time six-ball overs will be employed in all competitions and night cricket will be a regular feature of the Benson and Hedges World Series Cup.

The world's star players will be on show, and the game will be supported with competitions, entertainment and other attractions for people of all ages.

Total prize money will amount to $308,000 — the greatest offered in the history of the game.

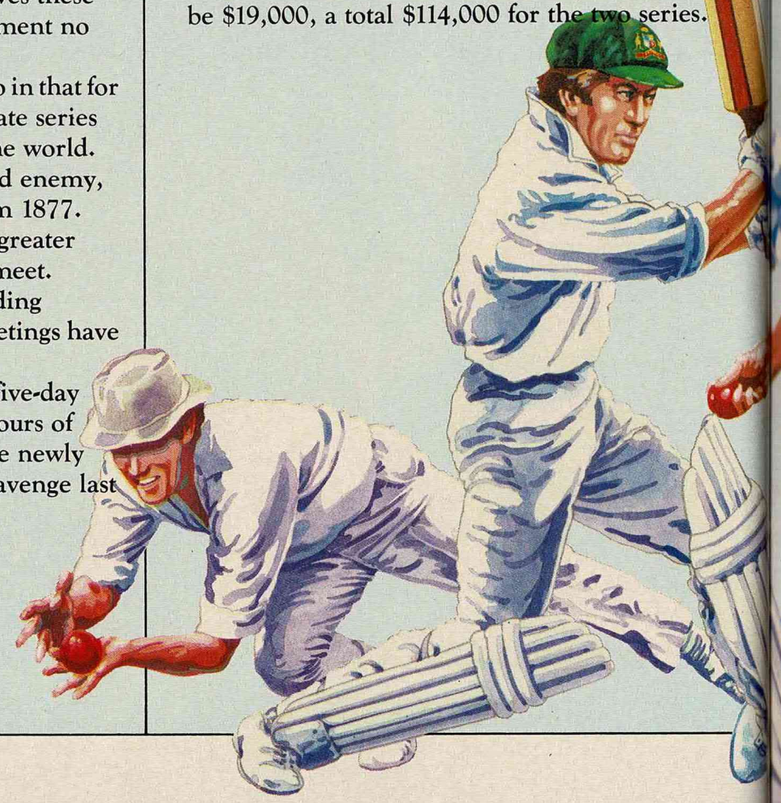
THE TESTS

The "Test" is the pinnacle to which every cricketer aspires. The fact that national pride is at stake gives these games a tension and excitement no other competition possesses.

This year it will be particularly so in that for the first time there will be two separate series involving the three finest teams in the world. In the first, Australia will play the old enemy, England, in a series which dates from 1877. No cricketing confrontation creates greater emotion than when these two sides meet. The record books are full of outstanding individual and team efforts these meetings have inspired.

The series will consist of three five-day matches, and all the signs point to hours of absorbing, exciting Test cricket as the newly reformed Australian side sets out to avenge last year's defeat.

In the other series Australia plays the most exciting of all touring teams, the exuberant West Indies. Again, it will be three, five-day matches, this time played for the "Sir Frank Worrell Trophy." Prize money for each Test will be $19,000, a total $114,000 for the two series.



BENSON & HEDGES WORLD SERIES CUP

This is an international one-day series of 50-overs-per-side played between Australia, West Indies and England. The white ball will be used, and the players will wear coloured outfits appropriate to their national colours.

The West Indies, holders of the World Cup, will face stiff opposition from England, out to avenge their defeat in the final of this year's World Cup, and from Australia, back at full strength and now very experienced at the one-day game.

There will be a 12-match preliminary series in which each team plays the other two, four times. Two points will be scored for a win, none for a loss and one each for an abandoned match. The two teams with the most points will compete in a best-of-three match final, the first team to win two matches is the winner. Prize money for the preliminary rounds will amount to $60,000 with the final being worth $50,000, a total prize pool of $110,000.

SHEFFIELD SHIELD

This is the traditional interstate competition dating from 1892. It is the proving ground for future Test players. The competition consists of 25 four-day matches in which Australia's six States play each other to earn points, awarded not only for results, but also for runs scored and wickets taken.

A points table is drawn up and the leading team at the end of the season wins The Sheffield Shield. Prize money of $50,000 will be awarded.

McDONALD'S CUP

This is one-day 50-overs-per-side interstate cricket, the competition being decided between November 10 and 25. The six State teams are divided into two Divisions. Western Division consists of Western Australia, South Australia and Victoria; Eastern Division, of Tasmania, New South Wales and Queensland.

The teams in each Division play each other once and the two top teams in each qualify for the semi-finals. At this stage the top team in Western Division plays the number two team in Eastern Division, and the number two in Western Division plays number one in Eastern. The semi-final losers play off for prize money of $4,000. The semi-final winners play in the Grand Final for prize money of $10,000. Together with the prize allocation for the preliminary rounds the prize pool totals $34,000.

9 SPORTS

MNC PBL 1947

having to address a throng of goofy-eyed, slightly disturbed, not to say bewildered and expectant, members of the press, various managers, groupies and others.

Mind you, the event was not without its ironies. For, by that night, the night on which Mi Sex's first album was broadcast live in its entirety around Australia through the 2SM network of rock music radio stations, CBS had spent quite a lot of money on this band. The company spent it on promotion and advances against record sales to permit the group to get off the road and closet themselves in a studio to make the album (thus escaping the crushing burden of performing six nights a week), and in transporting them to other cities to promote sales and get the name across. The company spent all of this money because its executives who operate at the level of the music, who sign the acts to the label, who take the risks (both personal and corporate) of committing money to bands, just *know* deep down in their guts that Mi Sex are going to be the top band of 1980. Yet when they and their videotaped promotional material were introduced, it was by a top level executive and not by the people who know the music and can enthuse about it. And he was having trouble with the name.

This particular reception, held in the altogether unsalubrious, but nevertheless accommodating, rooms of the Musician's Club, was a paradigm for the rock industry. Mi Sex played their album that night with the increasing energy and fury that can come only from working to a deadline; radio is very exact and the band had precisely 40 minutes to get through their entire album. By the time they reached their chosen single cut (the track on the album that is released as a single, for radio airplay and to ensure that the band gets exposure at the retail level in a package which is cheap and introductory) But You Don't Care, they were racing through the music at time and a half. The effect was terrific on the night, and the version was good enough to warrant airplay for some weeks later on 2SM and other stations. Mi Sex played it to the time-honored industry mixture of personalities, journalists, blue suited executives who always stick together, groupies who show up invited or not and always get in, radio industry people, and finally the record industry's marketers, packagers and musical content decision makers.

When they finished, the band came and talked to the press and the groupies (half of the rock press is made up of groupies in any event, and when they are not out-and-out star chasers they are encyclopedists, people who have become so devoted to the amassing of information on rock stars, especially musical information, that their critical faculty has been sucked out of their ears) while the executives quietly dispersed and the young workers talked on into the night in the argot of the industry – "product", "far out", "good one" and a hundred dozen other phrases that are used unselfconsciously to plug the message.

The important point here is that the divisions within the rock business in Australia are very neatly drawn. There are essentially two types of record company executive here; the blue-suit who knows little or nothing about the music and feels more comfortable with Sibelius (which his company may or may not also release, but if it does, will sell in quantities so small that it would not pay for a grease and oil change on his car), who attends the receptions out of duty but feels more comfortable at golf, and the bug-eyed 17-hour-a-day graduate from the groupie level of

"There's also something in the way these people smell. It's part hippie (patchouli oil was the '60s odor of choice) and part car salesman."

knowledge and adulation who knows about the music, the drug of choice for the week, who is screwing who and what, which radio stations are playing his company's singles, and what Molly Meldrum was going on about on Countdown last week.

These are typologies that are very broad and not always applicable, but you get the impression.

The blue-suits tend to keep out of the limelight; they were suspicious of requests for photographs of themselves when I was preparing this article. They operate in the blue and now frequently red shadows of profit and loss and balance sheets. When they are hauled, blinking, into the spotlight, it is usually because the occasion demands someone from the top and not because the person involved genuinely wants to do it and feels comfortable with the younger people who make up the spine of the industry.

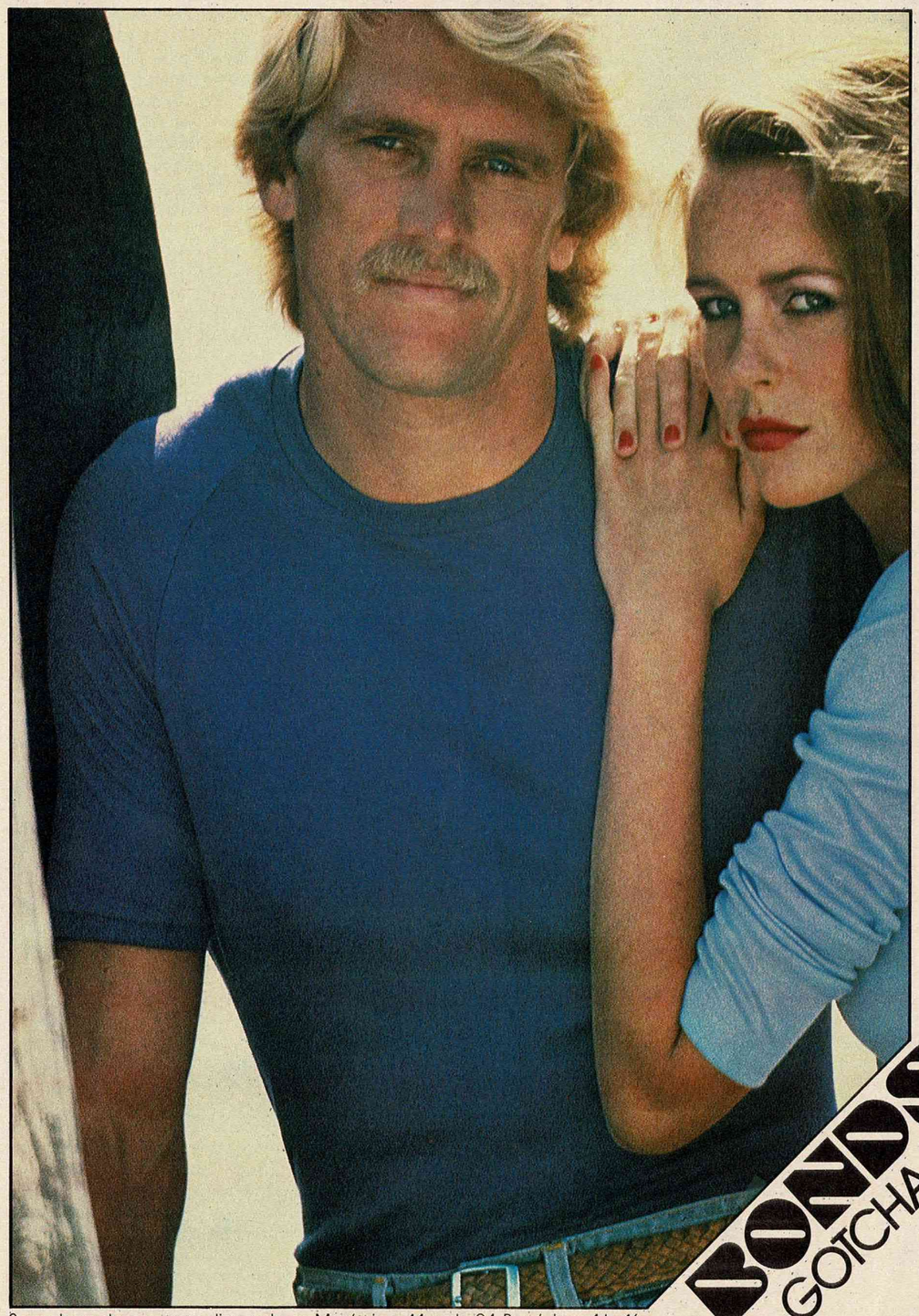
The front-line troops, who are listening to music all day, hyping it to radio stations, going out into the murk of the suburbs and "selling it in" to retailers, lay off some of the realities of this situation by imagining, deep down in the back of their brains at the thyroid level, that they actually work for one of the West Coast or New York based record companies. Of course most of them, via proxies of all sorts, in fact do. And they dress that way, in what is stylistically identifiable as West Coast record company. There are many varieties. There are open-necked, big collared shirts (if Utzon hadn't got his idea for the Opera House from sailing boats, he could have got it from these shirts) with an accompaniment of rings, bangles and sometimes a medallion (now more often than not a Cardin razor blade, ostensibly for cutting cocaine with, or a minute spoon to ladle it) with sports trousers and a sports coat, and there is the upmarket John Travolta look, which includes tight trousers, vest-length leather jackets and the usual finger-wrist-neck ornamentation.

There is also something about the way a lot of these people smell. I remember once having a promotions man visit my office, which smelled like a jar of ground cloves that had been seeded with patchouli oil and soused in after-shave when he left. There is something in that smell. It's part hippie (patchouli oil was the '60s odor of choice when dope and incense were the thing) and part car salesman. Most of them, and this one in particular, do their jobs efficiently – if not with panache. One sometimes has the unnerving experience of discovering that they spent the first five years of their marketing lives in lingerie or biscuits or even cars and then got their chance in music.

All of this is an important key to the record industry in Australia. At the upper executive level, the tone and style is hard-nosed and realistic; you sell a product which is largely US or UK in origin, for the most part you answer to US executives who think Australia is either the 52nd State of the Union or a patch on the map that is a long way away (as far as taking the red-eye flight from N.Y. to L.A. three times), you minimise your risks, and you stay with one company for a long time. At the lower level you also know that most of what you are handling is from other countries, and that you are a surrogate West Coast promotions or A and R (artist and repertoire) or marketing man.

This leads to some interesting and inevitable distinctions between the industry's American mother and father and its Australian offspring. Most of the companies operating here are subsidiaries of US and English giants like CBS, Warner Communications or EMI. These companies dominate the industry, especially in style. They are branch offices with the added benefits of being able to do their own thing – to

THE T-SHIRT



Seventeen strong, masculine colours. Men's sizes, 14 up to 24. Boys' sizes, 4 to 16.

014.P.202

an extent. One company here, which is immensely successful with its overseas product (because the overseas product is very good) has had its top executive caned by US head office because of the costs of releasing and promoting a limited amount of local product. The money involved would probably pay head office's cocaine bills for a month. In Australia, for the most part, cocaine is the name of a song or the substance you may be asked to procure for a visiting West Coast or New York rock star; your drug of choice is probably Valium, or something else that will calm the awful paranoia of having someone 10,000 kilometres away monitoring your corporate performance. Another company has had its local management slagged for not selling sufficient copies of an indifferent album by a group that is on the slide.

These are surface examples of the relationships between the Australian industry and its owners. The exception at the major level is Festival Records (owned by Rupert Murdoch) which has carved itself a substantial market slice based on a huge number of rights deals with mainly second-level English and US record companies, together with a very substantial commitment to local product both through its own label, Infinity, and through its support for local independent record companies. In some ways Festival is free of the pressure of having direct managerial links. In others, it is always at risk. If a label thinks that its product is not receiving sufficient attention and support it can always shop around in the Australian market for a better deal, more commitment, a company with which it has an American affinity (such as a distribution deal in the States or the UK). This rarely, if ever happens. But in the continually changing US scene, independent labels are taken over by the majors all the time. This can mean that a product suddenly becomes the property of another company because of events with which Festival had no contact and no influence.

Beneath the level of actual control is one irrefutable and distinguishing fact: for most of the time, most of the companies are involved in strictly non-creative functions and their degree of exposure to risk is relatively low as a consequence. This is the real nitty gritty of the branch office allusion.

In America we have a $3000 million or more industry which launched rock and roll, which is its owner, its guardian, its innovative source. Therefore, the managerial structure is different; the hard-noses and blue-suits are also men (women are few and far between at the top of rock and roll unless they can sing) who have to make musical decisions, live in the midst of the music, rub shoulders with eminent creative genius and talk turkey to Harvard School of Business graduated managers and kids who grew up on the streets and discovered they had a voice or could play great licks on guitar. Their risk exposure can be enormous; they may ultimately be responsible for decisions that involve the expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars on an artist who is new, or who is 30ish and eminent but hasn't had a hit single for five years. They therefore need to know in their gut every day of the week that the music they listen to is good or not so good, will sell two million units over a six-month period or will do 60,000 in New York, will appeal to the blacks in Philadelphia or the whites in the depths of Alaska.

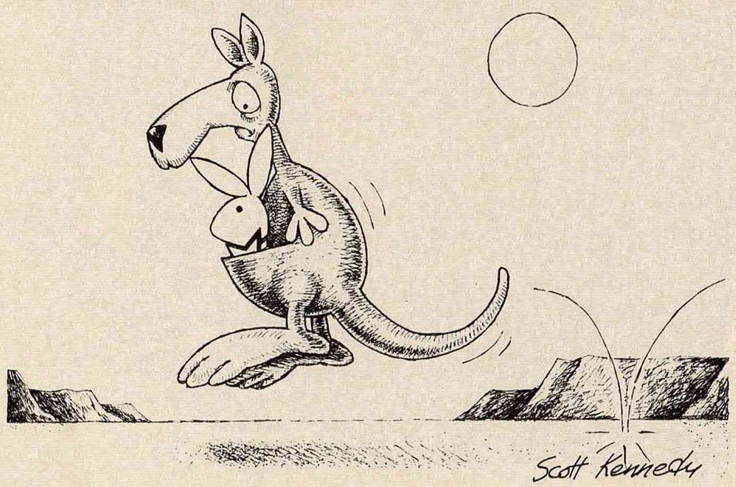
In Australia, the executives are at another level in the receiving line: below creative decision making, and at the marketing level. At this level they can be a little restricted. In many of the agreements with overseas majors, the companies are obliged to release some product. For example, it may be obligatory to release records that have made the Billboard Top 50 in the United States. This can mean that a product which sold in America exclusively to blacks and chicanos has to be released and marketed here – an extreme example but illustrative of the bind. Furthermore there is always the pressure to release just about everything handled by the US parent in the case of companies which handle only their own company's product. So what is essentially a branch operation has to make national marketing decisions about a huge number of items with a staff that would handle only inward calls and queries from radio stations in the United States.

What this pressure finally causes is a great boiling mass of frustration and uncertainty, hit making that is part accidental and part design, surrogate marketing, second-rate decision making and outright failures.

Add to this the current state of the record market. Over the past two years the industry has seen its previously healthy growth rate come to a dead stop. For two years, growth has been minimal. Staff has been cut, record companies have logged losses, and the rate of return on capital, even for the most efficient with the best product, has been severely reduced.

There is no doubt that the economy is partially to blame, and that the problem is largely indigenous. In America, stories have been flying around about the problems of the industry there. Over 1000 personnel have been sacked in recent months, offices closed down, companies taken over; the commentators have started asking whether this is the beginning of the end.

In fact the American experience has been dominated by the phenomenon of *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* in 1978. This suckered even the smartest of record company executives into thinking that a new boom, similar to the '60s, was under way. As a consequence, a huge number of records, which simply didn't sell, were sent into record stores around Christmas of 1978 on a sale or return basis. In the early months of 1979 the returns started to flow like the tide back to record company warehouses, and the panic set in. As the year progressed, it became evident that '78 had just been unusual, and that the industry had in fact shown significant growth on its 1977 figures in 1979. Things weren't as bad as they seemed, the chief executive

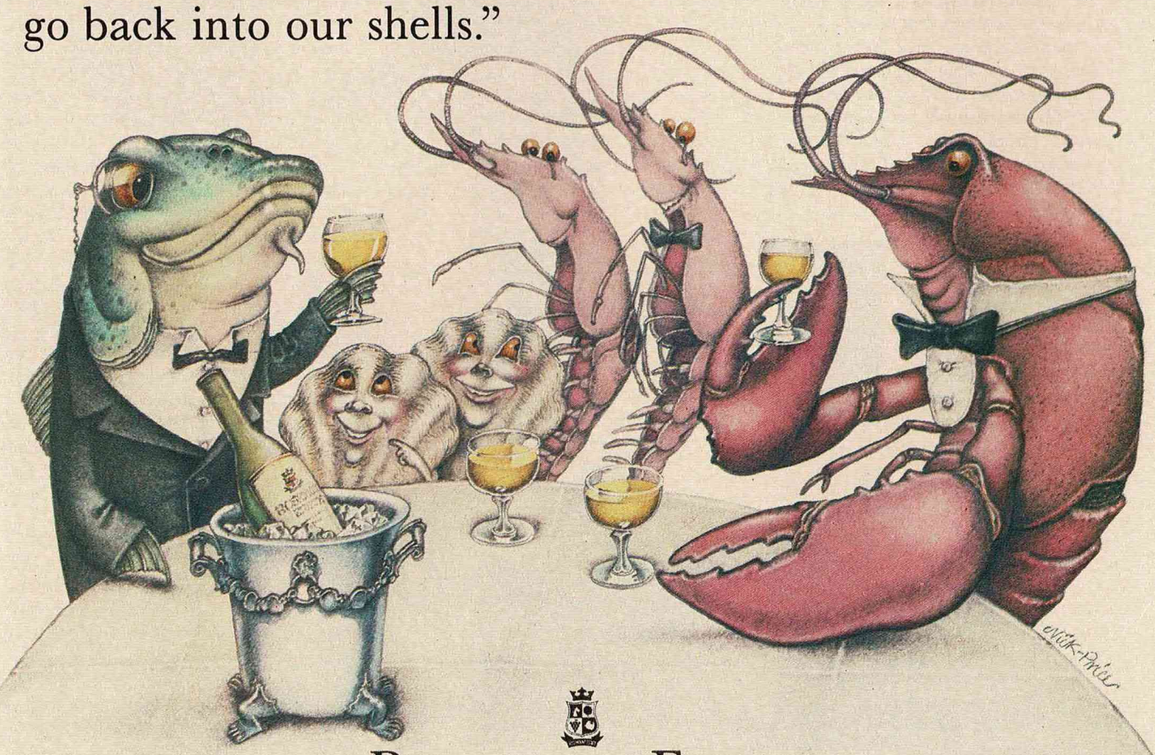


Rosemount Estate White Wines. Drink them with the Fish Family.

The Fish Family, being typically Aquarian, are a finicky lot. They're idealists, so if you suggest dinner with anything less than a *Rosemount Estate* white wine, they're quite likely to plead a prior engagement.

Only *Rosemount Estate*, they claim, can match their own sensitive natures, and bring out the best in them at a social occasion.

"Make sure it's Rosemount," they ask, "Or we may go back into our shells."



Rosemount Estate

The prestige wine of Australia

MASIUS/ROS2456

could keep his $100-a-day limousine service, there would be no need to put everyone off the payroll; only those who had been added in the heady days of '78 would have to go.

But in Australia it's different. In the year to June '77, record production hit 28.2 million units. In '78 the figure was 26.8 million, and in the year to June 1979 it was 30.6 million. Australia showed little of the growth in calendar year 1978 that was evident in America. In fact, much of the 1979 figure's increase over both '77 and '78 can probably be put down to sales of *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever* in the last half of calendar '78. Now the companies are screaming that sales are well down and that they know the reasons have nothing to do with them. Because, almost to a man, the companies say that the problem is blank cassette useage.

Blank cassettes are being employed to record albums so that where, in previous years, three or four people in a particular social group might have purchased an album, now only one or two (the one or two who are employed, or are not being squeezed) purchase and the others make a tape of the record. This is called home pirating and it's illegal under the Copyright Act. The industry estimates that home pirating accounts for a loss of as much as 14 million record sales per annum.

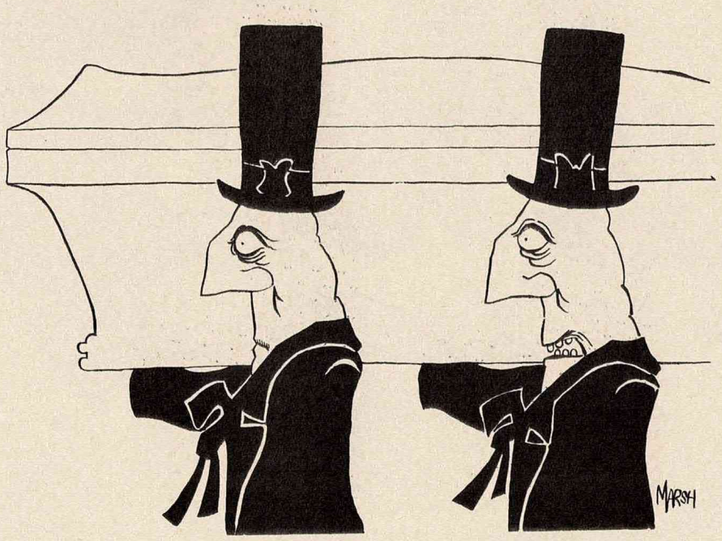
It can be seen as well, however, that the companies are not doing at all badly out of the tape boom. For example, in the three years from 1977 to 1979, consumption of prepared cassette tapes (that is pre-recorded tapes) rose from 1.3 million to 10.3 million. The margins on cassettes are much the same as records, so the industry should be in much better shape than it is claiming. Furthermore, the industry has also got a share of the action where blank tape itself is concerned. All of the majors have a finger in the blank cassette market and earn profits from it. Some have placed themselves in an invidious position in this respect. Tape is sold now at bargain prices – as low as 45 cents for a C40 cassette – and is often advertised as being of "album length".

This fascination with tape is also another expression of the industry's longstanding concern for the detail, the tendency to *branch-office* everything. The entire executive structure of the industry gets involved in what would be a problem to be handled by one person in other contexts. It's a long-standing feature of the industry. For years executives have been tying themselves in knots over the existence of retail outlets which handled imported material. Importers were top of the hate list, the best copyright lawyers were employed to wipe them out, they were blamed for countless lost legitimate sales, they were scum. Now most of them have very specific agreements about what they can sell and what they can't sell, what they have to buy in Australia and what they can import. To some extent they've been tethered. And what has the industry discovered as a result of this activity? No evident improvement in sales of local pressings, no major changes at all, no huge increase in royalty payments.

Of course, against this must be laid some just as obvious truths about the industry. There's been an undoubted winnowing of the executive chaff from the record industry in the past four years which is unmatched by executive movement elsewhere in the economy. This is not to say that all of the dopes have been shunted. But most of them have, and most of the executives that remain are music smart and money smart. There are some excellent examples of the industry professionalising itself. CBS brought in a group of executives from Queensland who have consciously set out to market the company's product and have succeeded. Sales of Bob Dylan's albums have never been better, new artists like Meatloaf have been sold who might previously have languished in the remainder racks, Boz Scaggs has sold extraordinarily well here, and the sci-fi epic *War of the Worlds* (a double album) reached the top of the Australian charts sooner than in any other country. Festival Records has set unprecedented sales records with the Blondie single Heart of Glass, its handling of Chrysalis products has been described by that company's top echelons as "phenomenal". Jo Jo Zep's third album has outsold their three previous ones combined. EMI, carrying enormous burdens, turned up a number one album with a totally local concept – the repackaging of Bob Seger, who had previously generated indifferent sales. By taking The Knack full on, they turned that group's album into an 11-day platinum smash hit. Companies like Polygram have been lucky with the likes of RSO productions such as *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*, but generated a number one album with the first offering of Dire Straits literally months before the band got any recognition in America. WEA has produced local gold with Cold Chisel while its United States product from the huge Warner Electra Asylum conglomerate almost always dominates the charts as soon as it is released.

Most of the changes have been gradual. The argot hasn't varied much at all and the dress will probably always be dominated by West Coast record company. But for an industry that once was dominated by clerks and the musically illiterate, things have improved a lot.

In that Australia has a small population, a very considerable appetite for rock and roll, disco, rhythm and blues, pop and any other variety of music in this genre that originates in America, there is always going to be a sense of the branch office about the local industry. But as the years roll on and the breadth of the local scene grows, more of the American style of creative management will emerge.



"It's a living."

RIBALD CLASSIC

ah for the days when five guineas could buy milord a touch of the maid's fancy

IF YOU are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; and by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money; five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might, but never allow him the last favor for under 100 guineas, or a settlement of 20 pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers: The chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would advise you to chuse the steward; but, if you happen to be with child by my lord, take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son; if you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a lady if he be a common rake, or a fool (and he must be one or the other) but, if the former, avoid him like Satan, for he stands in less awe of a mother than my lord doth of a wife; and, after 10,000 promises, you will get nothing from him but a big belly, or a clap, and probably both together.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager if you cannot get 500 or 600 pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she hath liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the direction of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign, and that if you had 40,000 pounds it should be at his service.

Take care that everybody should know what lady you live with; how great a favorite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's Park. The fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom; pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you know nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or pettycoat; and, indeed, that he was as pretty a man as ever she saw; that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before your eye, and then read the letter only later, when you are gone down.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary. First, how to please your lady; second, how to prevent suspicion in her husband, or among the family; and last, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous, both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third place, especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management.

A car polish as advanced as today's cars.

SELLEYS
Dura-Gloss
CAR POLISHING CREAM
A brilliant lasting shine
375ml

"... smooth, easy to apply, yet durable; the most advanced new car-polish development in years."

Signed KEVIN BARTLETT

SELLEYS
IT REALLY WORKS

N584

GET OUT OF TOWN!

expert advice to help make that outdoor holiday run even better

article **By LAURIE DRAKE**

WHEN the mood is in the seventh day, and the plastic geraniums have throttled your traffic-snarled brain cells to a don't walk redness, the chances are you're feeling pretty well beaten around the edges. And the chances also are that your Rush Age-adapted head and shoulders would purr and flop and gradually regenerate if they were given half a chance to forget all the phone-flinging, teeth-grinding, pick up the right-shaped company and ooze into a state of relaxation. Camping.

Camping is not the trendiest of activities, but for more than two million Australians every Christmas it's the only answer to a year's build-up of tensions. For those who know what they're doing, that is. For those who don't, comfort and enjoyment may well be words unfitted for inclusion in a camper's pocket dictionary. Making camping a whole lot of fun that's worth repeating takes little more than adequate gear, adequate thinking, a little planning and the right company.

Attract to the planning table those you'll favor with inclusion in your project. If you don't get them in on the ground floor, it's pizza to a damper they'll moan and wreck your idyllic schemes later. Do it democratically. Present the alternatives fairly and squarely, with just enough loading of the arguments to get your way without raising the others' suspicions.

Consider *when* you'll go, *where* you'll go, whether there'll be any specific *reason* for going and *how* you'll go.

Then, how you'll go about it. The choice is wide, and a decision depends upon equipment you already have or can borrow, the dreams you've harbored for years and now want to shatter, the type of camping you must do to fit in with the location and time you've chosen. But consider all these possibilities: camping in a caravan park, national park, bush site, mineral-rich mountain, desert or snowfield; canoe camping, motor cycle camping, four-wheel driving, boating, bushwalking, horse-trail riding, tail-gate camping from a vehicle; base-camping for an activity such as fishing, hunting, climbing, caving, photography; or just lazing.

The climate you'll head into will dictate your choice of gear, but a sound move if you're buying the basics is to lash out on the best equipment to cater for the worst conditions you're likely to encounter. It'll probably cost you more, but when you're still happily trundling it out in 10 years, the sense of the investment will be obvious.

You'll need, before anything else, a decent sleeping bag. No matter how little sleep you hope you'll get, nothing sabotages a camping holiday quicker than shonky bed gear, particularly in

southern areas and inland country, where the temperature drops to frost-level overnight.

Tents have made great advances in materials and design over the past few years. If you can rely on a vehicle to cart the thing around, go for one of the better-quality framed tents with all the windows and rooms and floors. Most framed tents are simple to pitch, with poles color-coded so you don't even have to be able to read.

The price will often guide you on the quality of the tent, but be sure you're comparing models with similar features. Another guide to quality is the stitching, particularly around eyelets and stress points.

If you're likely to have to hump your mobile home with you, shake the foregoing out of your head and think lightweight. The tiny A-shaped tent is the most economical, both in the amount of material used and cost, and it's also the simplest to pitch. You can still buy them made of cotton japara, an excellent material, but these days most are proofed nylon. It's lighter and takes less looking after, but it doesn't breathe, so the 450 ml of moisture your body oozes overnight condenses on the ceiling and will probably "rain" on you. For comfort, get a "double-skinned" nylon tent – it will have a waterproof flysheet which sits well up off the porous ceiling, eliminating the condensation problem.

Lightweight campers are a friendly bunch, or so the tent-makers believe. A three-man tent is usually only comfortable for a passionate couple, so bear that in mind.

After shelter, the stomach is the next consideration. Campfires might be romantic and idyllic and full of atmosphere. They're also smoky, hard to control until you have plenty of experience cooking on them, hard to light in the wet, and in many areas they're either not allowed or you can't find wood for them. LPG stoves and lamps remove all the drama and provide the means to present an elegant four-course delight.

GETTING EQUIPPED

YOUR BIG decisions made, here are some specifics to help you choose equipment – one lot for a group of four, another for a touring couple.

The 3.6 x 2.7 metre framed tent – still commonly referred to as a 12 by nine – has become the family, or four person, standard. There are half a dozen major brands, most of which are designed for European use, which generally means colder climates. If you plan to use your tent near the coast in warm weather, make sure that your choice has plenty of ventilation, and remember that light colors, particularly white, reflect heat better.

External frames allow full use of a floor inside, and an awning or screened room, usually at the front, gives a convenient, separate area for cooking, storing shoes and other big space consuming objects.

The most convenient bed is an air mattress, which also has the great advantage of being a useful sun lounge and water toy. The rubberised cotton mattresses are generally more satisfactory than the nylon, as they're less slippery and stand a lot more punishment.

Camp stretchers come in singles, doubles and double-deckers. Make sure the fabric and the frame are strong and stable enough to withstand the nocturnal stresses.

Sleeping bags beat the pants off any other type of bush bedding. For most camping, the Tetoron-filled models with a zip down one side and along the bottom are probably the best value. They're washable and warm enough for fair-weather camping. Nylon zips are usually more satisfactory than metal ones, as they don't chew up fabric or feel cold on your exposed parts.

In the galley, a big three-burner stove will make short work of the gourmet's demands. Several models have large barbeque plates and a splash tray. A stand will save the cook's back. A 2.5kg gas cylinder is a useful size and will give adequate cooking time, as the big stoves burn about 135g per burner per hour if they're run flat out. A smaller 1kg cylinder is a good back-up in case the big cylinder runs out, but its prime use is to fuel a 150 watt light.

The old standard Ritec table and four-seat combination which folds up like a suitcase is best value.

Cooking gear depends on the style of food you like, and the way you cook. A basic kit would consist of a large frying pan, a couple of one litre billies and a 2.5 litre aluminium teapot billy – total cost about $15. If you get more adventurous, cast iron camp ovens are worthwhile.

Now, for the lovely couple setting off in their fuel-conscious four cylinder sedan. The aim is comfort without bulk or excessive weight.

A 2.7 x 2.7 m (9 x 9ft) travel tent is probably best if you don't have to backpack it anywhere. If you do, you're better off with A-shaped hike tents. The siliconised cotton tents are probably the best buys as they breathe, avoiding build-up of condensation inside. The weight is down around 11kg.

Southern Cross Equipment, of Hornsby, NSW, have suggested two kits; prices are approximate:

FOR TWO PEOPLE	
2.7 x 2.7 travel tent	$135
Folding table	22
Two canvas chairettes	18
Primus Scamp two-burner stove	28
Primus 2010 2.25kg gas cylinder	33
Primus 2005 1kg gas cylinder	24
Primus 2150S 150W light	24
Palma air beds (2)	28
Starlite Tetoron sleeping bags	80
Basic cooking/eating gear	15
Total	$407

FOR FOUR PEOPLE	
Primus 3.6 x 2.7 tent	360
Screened annexe	120
Palma airbeds (4)	56
Starlite Hollofill sleeping bags	320
Primus 2150S 150W light	24
Primus 2005 1kg gas cylinder	24
Primus three-burner Triline	57
Primus 2012 2.5kg gas cylinder	36
Ritec table/chair set	55
Cooking gear	20
Total	$1072

The major brands are reliable, easy to use, and come in an impressive range of sizes. The two-burner models can also be fitted to stands, which will eliminate stooping in the kitchen and have storage for food and utensils. LPG lamps give bright, usable light, or can be dimmed when the occasion demands.

Backpackers usually prefer butane, camp fuel or kero stoves which come in compact, lightweight packages ideal for one-pot meals. There's a big range, with specialist models for every activity. They all need to be coddled, even sheltered in sleeping bags, if they're being used in the snowfields.

And talking of coldies, gas, 12-volt and 240-volt fridges and freezers are widely available for use in vehicles or from portable generators, but they're an expense warranted only for extended trips where the vehicle's handy and the supplies are large. Much more

'Sophisticated, long-lasting and very sexy!'

Sacha Distel

When you want an opinion on a new man's fragrance, who better to ask than a Frenchman?

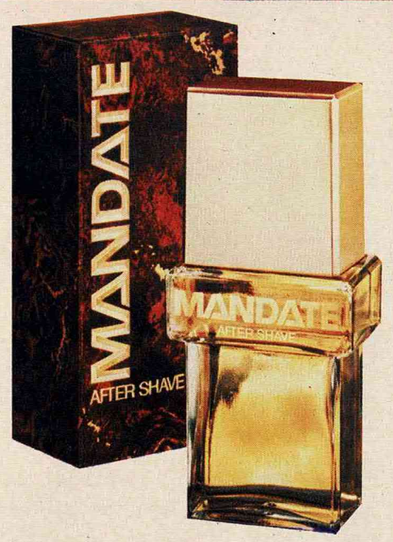
So we asked Sacha Distel, one of Europe's leading entertainers, and this was his enthusiastic response.

The Mandate collection offers a unique and distinctive new fragrance for the successful man – fresh, woody and masculine.

Sacha Distel says a lot for Mandate. See what it can say for you.

MANDATE says a lot for a man.

SHSE0046



economical to buy, if not to run, are the multitude of ice chests. Many will keep ice frozen for a week as long as you don't leave the lid off when you grab yourself a bottle.

A wander round any well-stocked camping store will boggle your mind at the rest of the camping gear offered for your comfort. Wardrobes, stretchers, tables, chairs, showers, dunnies, barbecues, ovens, heaters, gas frypans and irons . . . it's all there if you have the need or the capacity to carry it. Just remember the payload of your vehicle; overloading is not a bright idea.

Let's talk about food. Dehydrated and canned meals which require no refrigeration or other special attention are part of the wonder of the space race. Ice cream, peaches, shrimp creole, beefsteak and mushrooms . . . Rosella, Mountain House and Alliance, the biggest, have heaps to offer – enough to satisfy the most complex palate.

Once you've bought – or hired – good gear from a specialist camping store, decided which section of the country suits you and your activity best at this time of year, made all the necessary arrangements with car-checking mechanics and stuffed the budgie and the cat in to Aunt Maud's loving arms . . . *go.*

Your road maps will get you to the general camping area, but a topographical chart from the national or State mapping authority will allow you to zero in on your personal piece of peace. Very little of Australia belongs to no one, so have the decency to ask permission to camp from any farmer who happens to own the idyllic retreat you're aiming to colonise.

The ideal campsite doesn't exist, but you can probably make yourself comfortable with what's available.

Grass is a highly desirable surface because it looks good, doesn't tend to creep into sandwiches or tents, soaks up moderate rainfall and is pretty hard-wearing.

Pitch your tent where it has a slight slope to help floodwaters run off, well clear of any natural drains and anthills or holes which could house spiders or any other unwanted wildlife, and far enough back from lake or stream to allow for rising tides. If native wildlife or mosquitoes are prevalent, 100 metres back from the water is not too far. Trees provide much-needed shade in summer, but the big gums which stand alone or along dry creekbeds tend to drop unwanted limbs.

Inland camping brings special hazards to those not used to nature's purges. Young mountains with steep-sided, ragged gorges and dry, rocky riverbeds may look innocent enough when you pitch camp – but settle on the nearest high ground, well above the debris and erosion that mark flood level. Torrential rain well out of sight or sound of your campsite can turn such places into spillways.

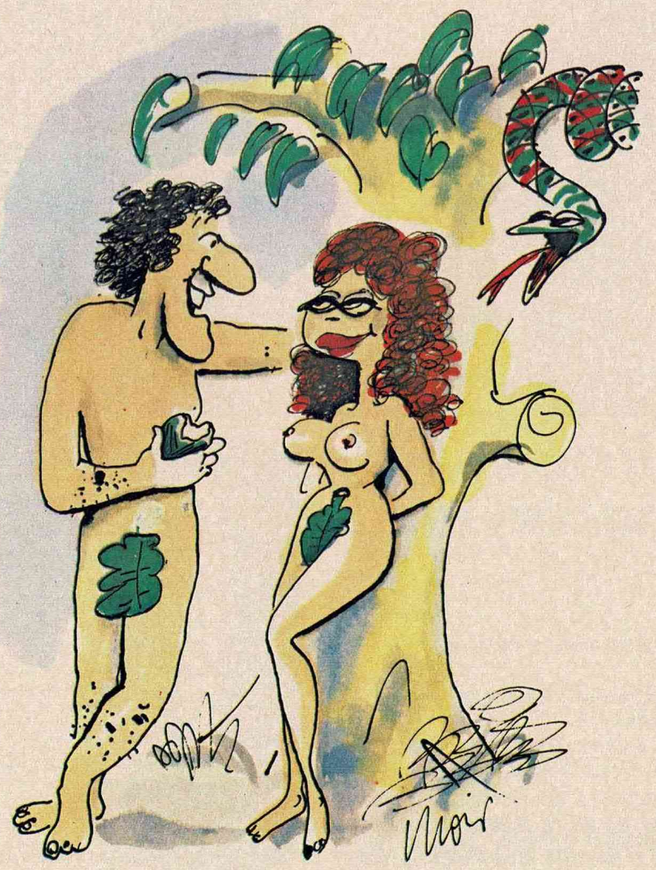
Shelter from prevailing winds is the other factor worth considering. Ridges cop the lot; gullies trap heat and miss breeze. Part-way down the leeward side of a hill may well be the choice tentsite. For early morning sun choose a fairly high site on the eastern slopes.

Whichever site you choose, make sure you either have sufficient drinkable water with you or that you have ready access to some. Back-country water is usually fairly pure, but if it runs through grazing country or is doubtful for any other reason, boil it for 20 minutes before drinking.

Washing water can readily come from the river, but draw it downstream from where you draw your drinking supplies. If you must use soap, don't use it in the river. Even biodegradable varieties are capable of fouling tastebuds of animals and fish long enough to keep them away from their accustomed goodies. They may even be starved to death.

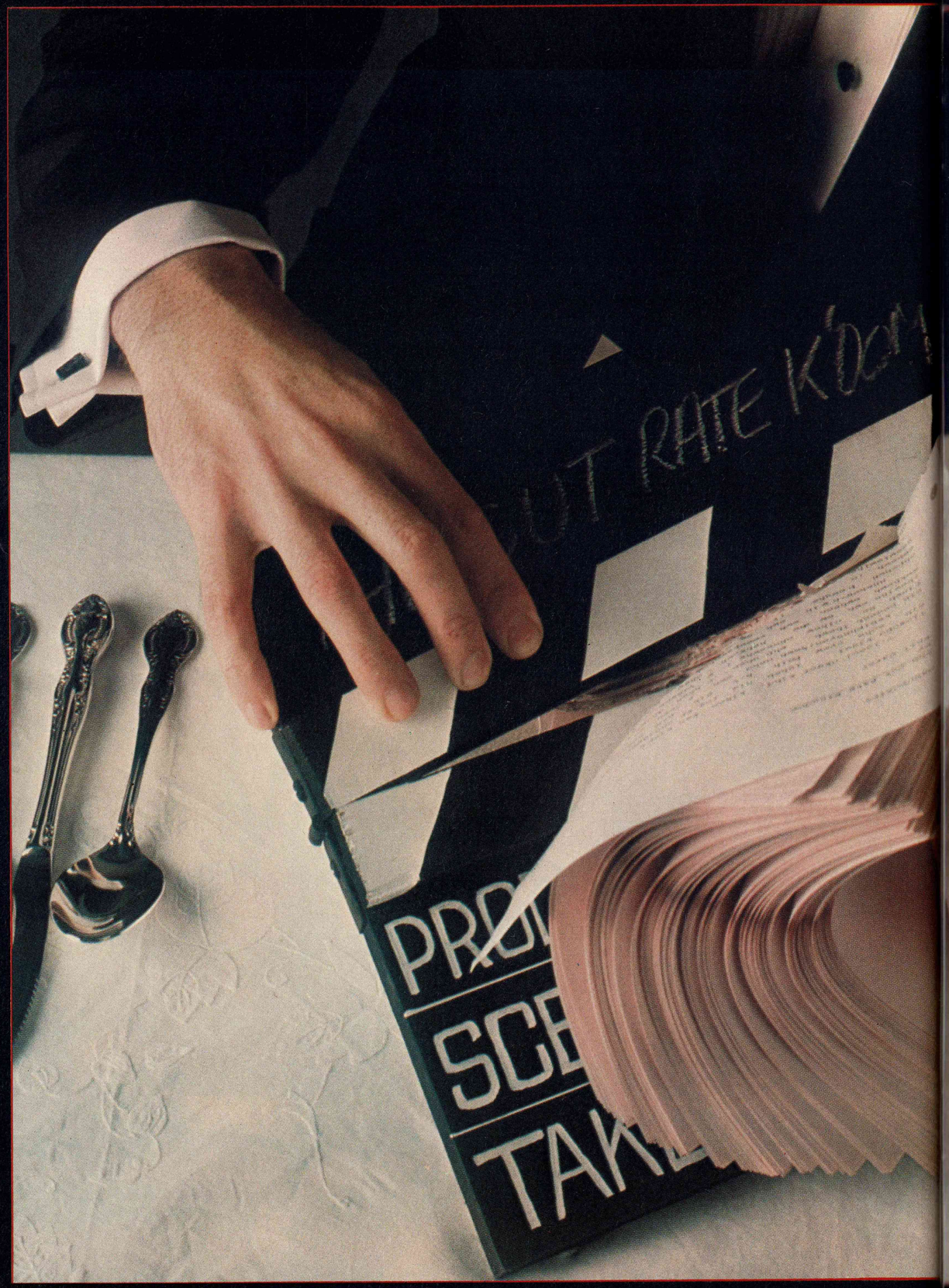
And on that cheerful note, now you've plonked yourself in the wilderness, how are you going to fill in time? To start with, try relaxing. The charging pace of pollution counts, and taxi cabs can sometimes take a fair amount of shaking, so give it time. Explore, open your eyes to the large and small gems nature has to offer; how long since you've climbed a tree? Try a spot of fishing, or swimming or dimly-remembered Boy Scout bushcraft; check that the beds or the grass are as comfortable and the liquid fire as palate-teasing as you've fancied; listen to the sounds of the leaves and the insects; fossick . . . and frolick.

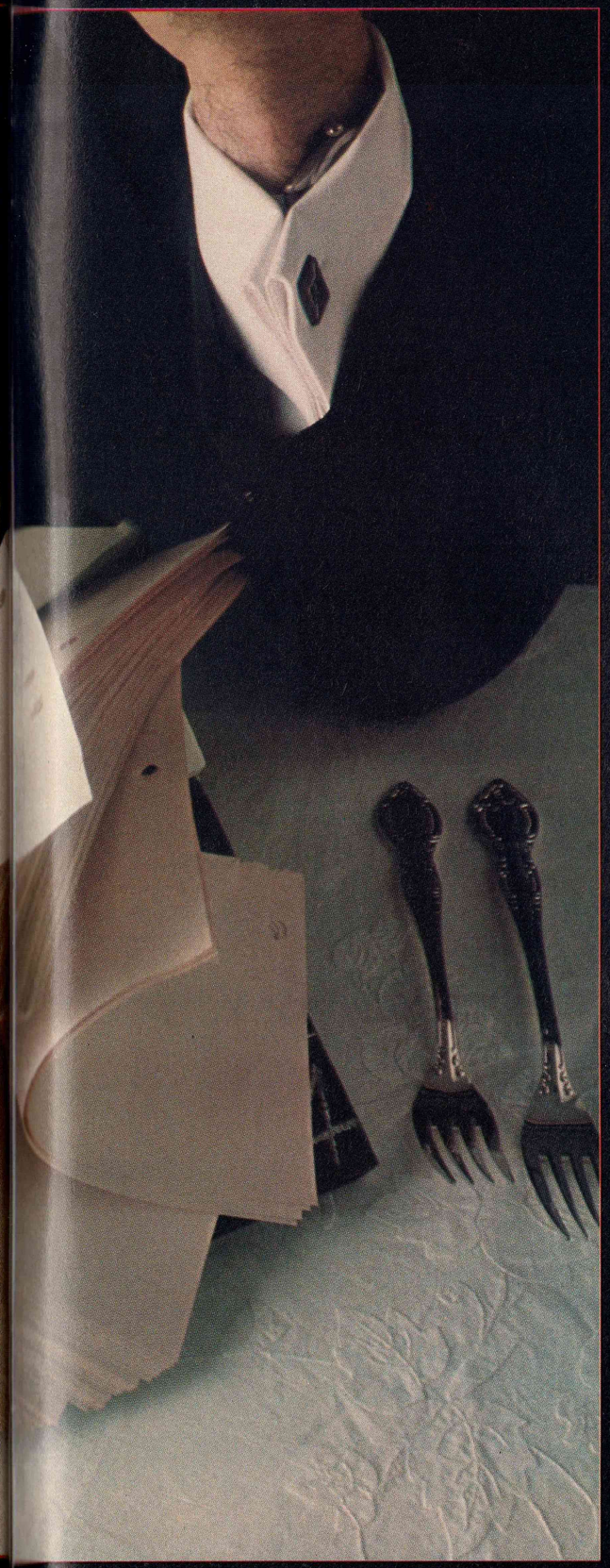
Unwind and enjoy.



"This could be the start of something big."

NEW
Longbeach.
25 of life's simple pleasures.
The real satisfaction of rich Virginia tobaccos in a smooth tasting, easy smoking cigarette.
Longbeach
VIRGINIA
25
WARNING: SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Longbeach
EXTRA MILD
25
WARNING: SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
CC 12 | 79 LEO BURNETT 2.0064





Going to the Fair

below the surface glitter of cannes film festival there are reputations at stake in a deadly game

fiction

By Thomas Keneally

PHIL Carey came to Cannes, not in a limousine, but in the little red bus that takes Air France passengers from Nice along the littoral of Alpes Maritimes to that former fishing village and focus of European decadence and movie-mania called Cannes. The bus was full of what you'd call average French people on their way home to their apartments on the slopes high above the madness of the Cannes waterfront. Tonight, while a movie culled from one of Carey's novels played at the Palais des Festivals, they would sit at their kitchen tables, eating onion soup and complaining to their spouses about the crowds of movie phonies cluttering Nice airport and driving prices up in Cannes. The look of

Photography by Colin Stead

them reinforced in Carey a dread of the coming evening, and made him speculate again on what amalgam of ego, friendship and contradictory fear had caused him to come here.

He got down from this red bus in the middle of Cannes itself, at a corner where a furniture store advertised bedroom suites. He walked a kilometre in a narrow street, straight toward the cube of Mediterranean he could see glittering fair ahead.

The air felt familiar. It was the air of Whale or Palm beach on the first benign days of summer. He swung his little green canvas bag, travelling light in a town of wonders. A fresh shirt, a novel manuscript he would not get a chance to glance at, underwear, socks and medicines were all his freight.

So he came out of the alley into the wide vistas of la Croisette. The side street had been quiet, the butcheries and groceries doing a slow business with the permanent inhabitants. La Croisette was a berserk promenade crowded with obvious transients. The young and beautiful, shirts unbuttoned to the waist, strolled here in their legions. They paused at streetside café tables to talk with friends. They displayed that genuine European indolence, older than Caesar's Gallic Wars, which even the Americans can only imitate. Among this glorious olive mob, buttoned-down and suited film accountants and movie middlemen jinked and side-stepped, no indolence in them. Their cases, Carey could tell, carried mint-new draft contracts, or scripts in need of a banker.

In the hectic traffic, among the palm trees, a limousine cruised along carrying a naked punk-rock queen on its roof. On her brown hair she wore a crown. Her breasts dragged a little. She was too old to be a punk, too old to be pleading for the world's love.

Beyond her crowned head, out in the bay, an immense cruising yacht sat at anchor. The message was: you're in Cannes, mate, and yachts you'll never see on Pittwater find haven here.

A big London PR company was marketing the filmic pup Carey's friend McNiell had taken from one of Carey's novels. The company had taken apartments — for the duration of the festival — at an address called Palais d'Orsay. Carey had imagined chandeliers and rococo panelling but the Palais was a modern building. Its door was plate glass like that of a city bank. When Carey rang, he saw a tenebral image of himself show up on a screen high up in the lobby, and close to the bell a woman appeared on another screen and asked what he wanted.

Carey answered her in his 1950s Christian Brothers' French. He was *un ami de M. Andy McNiell, le directeur du film The Cut-Rate Kingdom.* Carey said he was also *un ami de M. Derek Anderson, le promoteur distingué des films.* Carey was *l'auteur de la roman de la movie.* Would she give him *entrée* so that he could confer with his *amis.*

The great glass door sighed open, sighed closed again. The lobby remained dark, and the screens had gone blank. She'd said something about the first floor, and he found a dark stairwell and pushed his way up it. He found a glowing nameplate on a door. It said *Viscomte de Bessières-Midi.* The name was the only point of light in the darkness, so he hammered on that door, bracing himself to face the Viscomte's contempt.

The door was opened by a pretty girl Carey could tell was English. "Oh, you're Phil Carey," she said. "Welcome to Cannes." She admitted him to an apartment which was full of posters. Englishmen wandered about with graphics and expense forms and press releases in their hands. Sunlight swept in across the room off the sea and made Carey blink. He felt delivered now from the strangeness of Cannes. An immense photograph of Albie Toombs, the black actor and lead in the movie, hung on the wall to make him welcome. On a settee nearby sat three Sydney journalists, assigned to cover this night's triumph for Aust. Cin. Beyond the balcony door, Carey could see the lean Andy McNiell and his sweet-apple wife, Maureen, talking to someone. The frowns, the directness of their talk, their good complexions, had all travelled well. It was wonderful to see them there against that different sea. It was, Carey supposed, like seeing something tribal, Vegemite say, in the window of NSW House in the Strand.

From the balcony, Andy McNiell came raging towards Carey. "G'day, you mad Irish git," he yelled.

"Bloody Presbyterian streak of misery," Carey replied. He could see beyond Andy that one of the journalists was writing down all these half-aggressive greetings. If Andy became one of those cult names tonight, became a Bergman or a Bogdanovich, such greetings would be news.

McNiell placed a hand on Carey's shoulder, Carey on McNiell's. Maureen embraced Carey from the side. "Come to see yourself made into a household name, eh?" she asked.

Carey ran his hand over her smooth, slightly sun-freckled neck. He felt heartened by the easy way she expected a triumphal evening. "Reckon your old man can make pictures, do you?"

"Better than any other bugger," said Maureen.

The three journalists had all stood and drawn into the congenial circle. One of them said: "Susannah York's coming to the party."

"Party?"

"Our party," said Maureen.

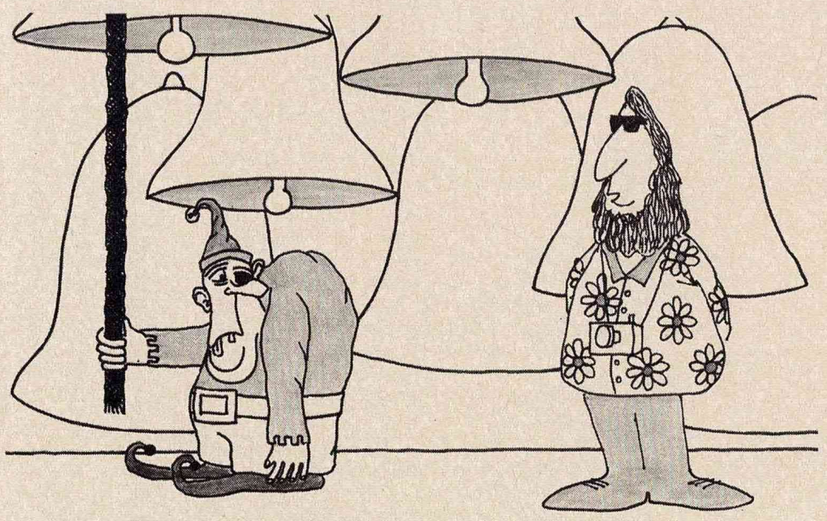
"Where is it?"

"Café Ondine. On the beach."

The newspaperman said: "There's a party on a yacht for Jon Voight. But Susannah York wouldn't miss ours."

"Well," said Maureen, "Voight's is just another one of these average-boring and predictable American movies. Whereas everyone can tell we've got something utterly fresh."

And they all laughed, the six of them, as if moguls and maidens who



"Do you know *Tubular Bells*?"

INTERNATIONAL
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF SMOKERS REQUISITES ALFRED DUNHILL LTD. LONDON
DUNHILL
The name Dunhill is the registered trade mark of Alfred Dunhill Ltd. London
London·Paris·New York
20
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Internationally acknowledged to be the finest cigarette in the world
dunhill The most distinguished tobacco house in the world
PATON 6345
CC 15.78

spent the evening on Voight's yacht would hold themselves accursed tomorrow morning that they had not read the drift of history and had missed out on the Café Ondine and the McNiells and Susannah and the gang.

Andy introduced Carey to a small dark man, neatly made as a jockey, who was Derek Anderson. Anderson said: "I've got half a dozen movies here this year. But this is the one we're most committed to. It's also the only one we have that's in official competition. A really important movie . . . "

Across the room Carey saw a woman turn her head and glance in the direction of Anderson's voice. She nodded to Carey. He recognised her as a producer from Sydney. He supposed that, having just heard the movie she'd just placed with Anderson described as inferior by the man himself, she felt pretty cool towards the lot of them.

"Bring a dinner suit?" Maureen asked him.

"No." Carey indicated his small green canvas bag.

"You'll need one. You can't go to the movies here without one."

"Oh," said one of the journalists, "you can go to ordinary movies. Not to those at the Palais des Festivals . . . "

" . . . chosen for showing in competition," said Maureen.

"But everyone's half-naked out there," said Carey. "I saw a punk queen sitting up nude on top of a car . . . "

"Ah," said Andy McNiell. "I knew my little mate wouldn't miss that. Crook tits, eh?"

Maureen was frowning. "You've got to have a dicky suit."

"What size are you?" said Anderson. "Four and a half, I'd say. Come with me."

He led Carey deeper into the apartment and knocked on a door. Entering, they found a middle-aged man blinking in bed.

"Phil Carey, this's my press man, Allan. You going to *Kingdom* tonight, Allan? No? Which one? The Voight movie round in les Ambassades? Bloody traitor! Give Phil your suit, will you?"

The tired man rose, poured scotch for the three of them and, with the greatest good humor, found Carey a suit and cufflinks and a collar. Carey tried on the jacket for fit, and they agreed, by hanging the trousers from his waist, that they'd do all right.

Andy gave Carey the keys to the flat he'd rented for himself and Maureen in Rue d'Antibes, and the pretty English girl who had admitted him to the Viscomte's apartment showed him down to the dark lobby and into the street. As Carey left her she put a folder in his hand – it was full of graphics of the movie and large slabs of those reviews that Andy had gathered from renowned critics by giving them sneak showings of his film.

The girl said: "We put one of those in every hotel room in Cannes. And wherever any big movie nob was staying, one was sent there, and – if we could – we put it right in his plump little hand. You should be very proud."

Carey set off for the flat. He felt more as if he were a citizen of Cannes now. It was Maureen who'd inducted him, and he threw her mental tributes above the delicious and rotten crowd.

All at once Terry Parker's face, glowing and olive, was at his side. He got that feeling again, from the familiarity of the features, that now Cannes really would throw off its disguise and prove itself to be the beer garden of the Newport Arms.

"Listen, got time for a beer?" Terry Parker asked him. "We're all up there on the Carlton terrace."

He pointed up to a table on the crowded terrace of the hotel. Carey

"The more sated these blokes are, the more likely they are to revert to a grand bloody passion. In the old style. You know."

saw faces he knew, Sydney actors, half the cast of *Cut-Rate Kingdom*. drinking beer there. Blue-faced bottles of Löwenbräu stood over the table.

He let Terry Parker, himself an actor, lead him up into the crowd. They all wanted to explain at length how Cannes wasn't a place for an actor. Not even for Jon Voight. No producer casts his movies from looking round the terrace of the Carlton. "The place is full of movie middlemen," one of the actors said. "Bloody movie grocers who would be just as happy selling cars."

"Or bloody toothpaste," said Terry.

"But we're all having a bloody marvellous time out at the villa. Bit crowded. But Jesus! Fantastic girls."

A commotion arose at the front steps of the Carlton, where a wine-red limousine had drawn up. Whoever was the passenger inside it managed to escape the car, but from then on was hidden by a close-fitting mob of press and other people. Carey had never seen a crowd move with such unity, all of them a-flutter, talking at once, moving their hands. It was like watching the crowd of bees who bustled the queen around the hive, partly her servants, partly her bullies. The whole mass advanced up the stairs and disappeared into the foyer of the hotel.

"That's Jane Fonda," said one of the actors. Carey recognised in the man's voice the wonder, the mixture of admiration and resentment which occurs in writers too when they spot the lucky ones, the ones whose success they cannot imitate or explain.

At Carey's left ear, Terry said: "Did you know Denise and I have split up?"

Carey said he had heard it.

"Got a lovely girl here," said Terry. He dropped his voice lower still. "An Alsatian girl," he whispered. Perhaps not wanting his friends to make the usual jokes – "Woof, woof!"

Carey was there an hour and drank a lot. It was hard to capture a waiter on the Carlton terrace using the accepted European or American methods of attracting attention. The Antipodean method, however, worked well for this little group of actors. They would rise in their places and detain the waiter with a semi-caress, semi-rugby tackle. So they were served regularly and, by the time the tide of conversation turned against Andy, Carey was full of the mellowness of the sun and three and a half bottles of Löwenbräu.

"Joycelin Daly's pretty upset," one of the actors began to tell Carey. Joycelin Daly was the woman in the Viscomte's flat, the producer with the non-committal nod. "I mean, she's paying 25,000 quid sterling to get Anderson to handle her movie. The same price as Andy's paying him. But Andy cops all this special push."

Another said: "You know why. Anderson's done his nuts over Maureen."

Carey chose to laugh over that. He said: "It could be because Andy's is a better movie than Joycelin Daly's."

"Yeah, yeah, true enough. But 25,000 quid is 25,000 quid. Fee for bloody service, you know. Anderson's such a bloody squirt; all Maureen's got to do is trail one of her big lovely norks at him and the bugger dashes off another one of his press releases."

Another said, not with any clear malice: "Well, you know how it is with Maureen. She thinks that Andy's the greatest thing since Eisenstein."

Terry Parker whispered to Carey: "I wish someone thought *I* was."

Carey said: "Anderson's got lovely girls all over his office. He doesn't need to lust after Maureen."

One of the older actors sucked at a *Gauloise* and looked out over the crowd of multi-racial hustlers on the terrace. "The more sated these blokes are," he told everyone, "the more likely they are to revert to a grand bloody passion. In the old style. You know."

Carey had already stood up to leave when yet another complaint came

up. "What I can't understand is, why didn't he bring Albie Toombs?"

It was clear that most people at the table thought Albie Toombs should have been flown over by McNiell.

"Like Bennelong at the court of George III?" asked Carey satirically.

Albie Toombs was a young tribal Aborigine from Yirkkala, the star of *The Cut-Rate Kingdom*. Maureen had first seen him in a department store in Melbourne while he was finishing off training as a mining driller at the Melbourne Tech. More or less on the spot she had decided he was right for the role.

Carey said: "You've got to be fair. All this would have been far too much for Albie."

For Albie, Melbourne had been too much. He'd been dazed by the sudden money. On disco floors, he would grab city girls who had never seen an Aborigine and yell in their sweet empty faces: "Hey, I'm goin' to be a star."

Carey said: "Albie couldn't even take Melbourne."

Someone said: "How bloody paternal can you get? This is too much for me and you. But no one bothered to protect us from it. Thank Christ."

•

Carey found the building where Andy had his flat in Rue d'Antibes. It too resembled the glass-fronted bank, but Carey was used to the process of entering buildings in Cannes now.

He found Andy's apartment on the first floor. It took three keys and a lot of experimentation to open the door. In the living room, dressed in a slip, a glowing set of Carmen curlers by her left hand, a bottle of Cutex before her, sat a young blonde actress from *The Cut-Rate Kingdom*.

"Hello," she said. "I knew you'd be here. Good flight? Crowded, I suppose. You're not going dressed like that are you? Have a scotch. You should've been here for the Film Corporation lunch. Look at that." She nodded towards a photograph pinned to the apartment wall. There she was, nestling her golden hair in under Michael Caine's left armpit. "You're my escort for the night," she told Carey.

She stayed there for another half hour, painting her extremities, drying them in the breeze from the Mediterranean, doing her hair, uncritically delighted with herself. Her sentences, like a child's, came out unrelated. "They serve up buckets of Veuve Clicquot. You know there're drinks before the showing tonight? A lovely room at the Carlton. And then the party afterwards. Susannah York's coming. I'm glad I'm not staying out at la Napoule with all those Aussie oafs. By the way, I met the head of Rank the other day at the EMI party. Did you know the PM sent Andy a telegram? Rip it into 'em, cobber – you know the sort of thing. David Carradine wants to see one of my tapes. Clothing here costs the earth. And booze too. Have another scotch."

When Andy and Maureen turned up, the four of them dressed more or less communally, trying out the effect on each other of various oddments of clothing. "How's the coat? Pants too long? Cop the frilly shirt!" The women displayed themselves in their seamless black gowns, then in their jewellery. Andy McNiell and Carey, two of the nation's foulest dressers, turned from the mirror like Crosby and Hope, yelling "Da – da!", then flashing their black ties at the girls, who thought it was all grotesque and clapped them.

They left the apartment and headed for the Carlton. The women were easy in their glad rags, but Carey felt a little foolish. As they turned into la Croisette, they showed the naked-to-the-navel strollers there that the Film Festival had its standards.

At the base of a golden staircase at the Carlton, two 20-year-old Frenchmen bustled up to Carey's blonde companion and begged her autograph. Radiant, she bestowed it. This was what was known in Australia as international acclaim; she would remember this more than the applause of 2000 of her countrymen.

Finished with the autographs, she encased her writing arm in her black wrap as they all proceeded up the stairs. Everywhere, on the stairs, in the corridors, people walked fast, doing a year's business in the Festival's fortnight. The roofs were tall, the panelling gilt, the sideboards Louis XIV.

At last, ennobled for an afternoon, Carey walked with a beautiful empty woman beneath the chandeliers. He should have enjoyed it, but it wasn't believable; Carey wasn't a credible inhabitant of such a whisky advertisement. And there was, in any case, a fear of the moment when the projectors would begin rolling in the Palais des Festivals and present him with the images of a book he'd written long ago.

At the entrance to the chamber where drinks would be taken, Andy and Carey stood back to let Maureen and the actress go first. Andy took the chance to take Carey by the elbow.

"Listen, cobber, my aunt and uncle are here. On a Jet-Away tour. Just come up from Italy. Very impressed with the Pope."

"Had an audience, did they?"

"Saw him at a distant bloody window. What d'you think they are? President of the ACTU? My uncle's the postmaster from Warwick. Just retired. Don't let on, though, that's all

WHAT TO DRIVE WHILE YOU SAVE FOR YOUR PORSCHE.

If you've got the drive to get to the top, we've got the car to take you there in style.

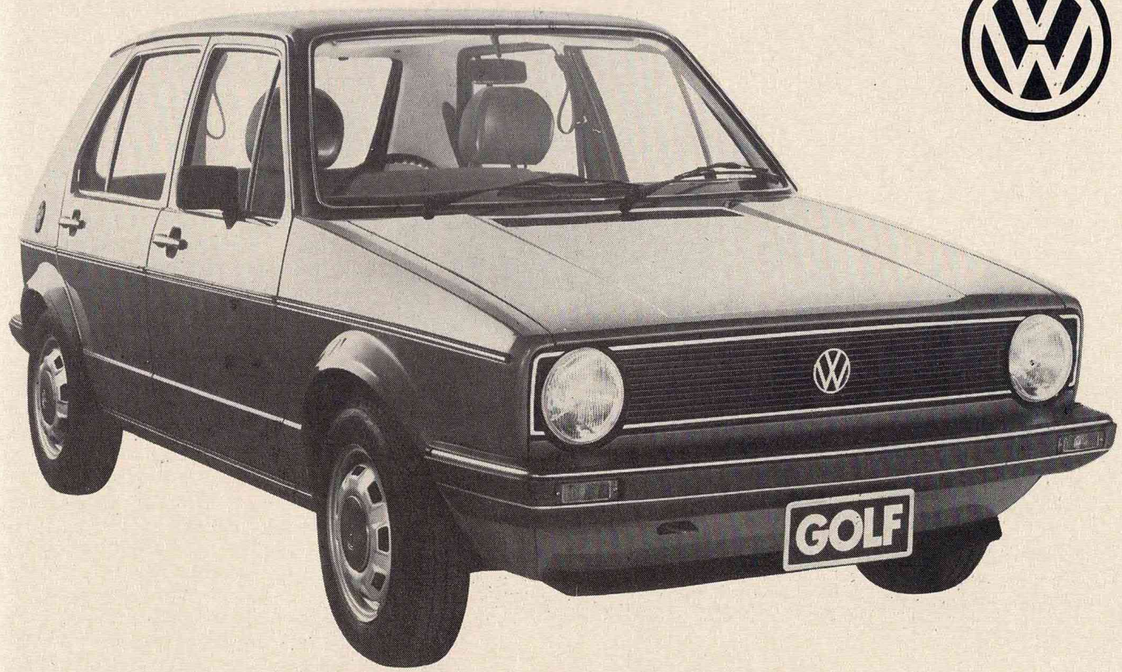
Golf GLS. Golf puts your economy drive into overdrive with a very thrifty 8.5 litres/100 km (33 mpg).

Then treats you to a taste of things to come with an 18.3 second standing 0-400m.* And road-holding and handling to match.

Golf also indulges your appetite for all that classy German engineering. Precision. Craftsmanship. Finish. Investments that any Golf owner will tell you pay handsomely in low service bills and high trade-ins.

But test drives speak louder than words. If you're saving for a Porsche, or just simply saving, see how it feels to do it in luxury. Golf GLS is also available on our European Delivery Scheme. See your Volkswagen dealer, or call your State Distributor.

Sydney 888 7277, Melbourne/Tasmania 791 5888, Brisbane 520161, Adelaide 519222, Perth 451 5011, Canberra 48 6822.



GOLF GLS.

A SPORTING PROPOSITION FROM VW.

*As reported in Wheels May 1979 issue. Volkswagen Australia Pty Limited. (A Division of LNC Industries Limited).

VWN3751

I ask. You know, that there's anything wrong between Maureen and me."

"I didn't know that there was anything wrong," said Carey.

"Oh," said Andy, waving his hand in dismissal. "A girl on Anderson's staff. Jesus, a man's only bloody human." He mimicked a girl's voice. "I really want to be done over by one of the great directors, Mr McNiell."

Carey laughed.

Andy said: "I don't want Maureen's great hulking brothers arriving." Her brothers were husky fellows who'd both played for Richmond and ran an advertising agency in Melbourne.

Carey and McNiell, author and director in apparent harmony, walked through into the day's first party. Waiters uncorked and poured Veuve Clicquot. Beyond the panoramic windows, the Niarchos yacht flashed sunlight from its superstructure. Andy and Maureen were subject to an immediate ambush, and Carey could identify the aunt and uncle in the ruck — a large sunburned man with two suncancers on his balding head, and the aunt, a solid little brick-red woman. Once the party settled down, these two sought Carey out.

"We saw the Pope in St Peter's the other day," said the aunt.

"A wonderful bloody place," said her husband.

"You can't help being impressed. It's something more important than whether you're a Catholic or not. Sometimes I envy you Catholics."

Carey had not been to Mass since he was 17, but he let it pass. The uncle took one gulp of the champagne and made a face. "Don't you like it, love?" his wife asked.

He did not answer, but grabbed a passing waiter. The boy was neat and dark. Half his ancestors, you could bet, were from Algeria. "Listen, François," said the uncle, "this stuff doesn't agree with my tummy. D'you think you could get me a beer, eh? Mind you, cold. Froid. Froid."

He pronounced the French word so that is sounded like the renowned Viennese psychiatrist.

"Une boutille de bier pour le monsieur, s'il vous plait!" said the little red aunt in dazzling French.

She said to Carey: "You know they banned your book from schools in Queensland. Because of the bad words! You'd think none of them had ever been in a pub or shearing shed."

The waiter sashayed back in, a Löwenbräu and a glass on a silver salver held wide of his body. He poured the beer into the tall-stemmed glass and then pushed the salver towards monsieur. The uncle didn't give a damn for all that mannered contempt. It was results that told. He drank half the glass in one long swallow.

The aunt said: "I learned French by the Linguaphone method." And Carey imagined a tranquil Post Office, the only noise the breeze and the fall of pepper-tree pods on the iron roof. And the Linguaphone records running.

She said: "What a shame Andy's parents couldn't see this. We wanted to tell you we're so proud to be here . . "

Uncle Frank took up the speech at the point where honest tears had suddenly disabled his wife. "So bloody incredible. Me and the wife. I mean I wouldn't in a million years expect to end up in a place like this. I mean . . . it'll be bloody hard to settle down in the bush again. We wish you all the best, son. You jokers are more important than test cricketers or anything like that. I mean, this is a country's bloody culture . . . "

"Garçon. Une autre bier pour ma mari, s'il vous plait."

When the beer was delivered, the couple moved on. Carey chatted with Maureen and drank the expensive distillations of the sunlight which waiters kept putting in his hand. Carey found himself kissing her, half-fraternally. Together they watched Carey's blonde companion darting around, talking in a fast voice to the worldly men and women who might decide to deliver her from being just an Australian actress, listening ecstatically in return to Europe's fast talkers putting forward proposals for co-productions. The feelings of distaste that Carey had felt on the bus, but two hours and an era ago, were sedated now, and he began to tell Maureen how he should have gone to any expense to bring his wife.

"Too bloody right, you should've."

Carey explained how he'd asked her to come, but the kids had to get to school each day; that had to be attended to.

"Rubbish," said Maureen.

As if at a signal, she led Carey out of the gorgeous room into the corridor where Andy and the blonde actress were waiting for them.

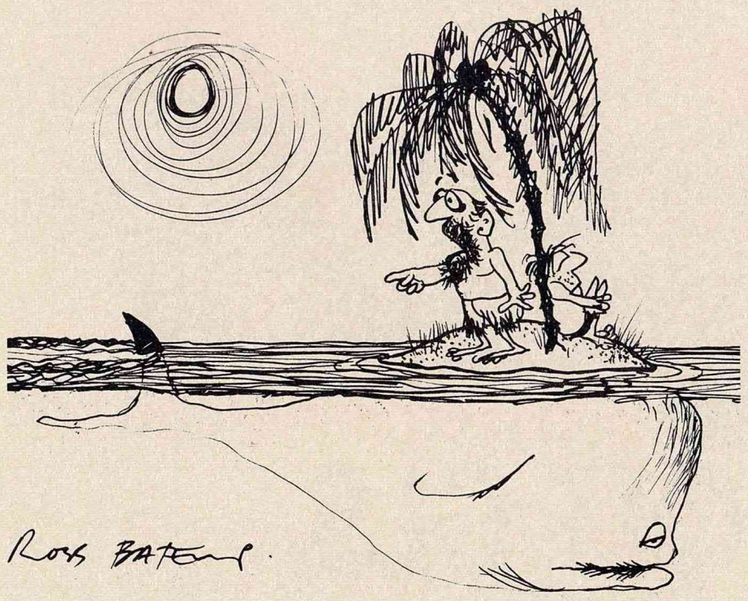
"It's time," said Andy.

"What for?" Carey asked.

"There's a limousine waiting here now," said Maureen.

"To drive us to the Palais des Festivals," said the actress.

They did not go to the front door of the hotel but to a side entrance, where the car waited for them. Andy and the two women sat on the back seat, Carey pulled down the dicky seat and sat like a mafia body guard facing them. The car speeded out into sunlight. An immediate rush of faces appeared beyond the glass at the car windows. The eyes peering in showed a sort of calculating fever; the features wore an assumption of ownership of whatever was inside the vehicle. This crowd surveyed the faces of the two men and



"SHARK!"

YOU CAN SEE IT ALL IN...

PICKERING'S PLAYMATES OF '80

WATCH OUT THEY'RE STARKERS

Pickering's Playmates of '80
PLEASE SEND.....CALENDAR(S) at $7.50 each
POST FREE

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....POSTCODE.....

PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES PAYABLE TO:-
PICKERING'S CALENDAR OFFER
P.O. BOX K29 HAYMARKET N.S.W. 2000

PP2

All wine should be this good.

Both Seaview Rhine Riesling and Seaview Cabernet Sauvignon* come from the 120 year old winery that, in the last seven years, has won no fewer than a remarkable 215 medals.

Little wonder that Seaview is regarded as Australia's most celebrated label.

SEAVIEW WINERY SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Seaview

Worthy of its reputation.

*1979 Rhine Riesling — Gold Medal Perth 1979.
1976 Cabernet Sauvignon — Gold Medal Melbourne 1976.

HWCE 343

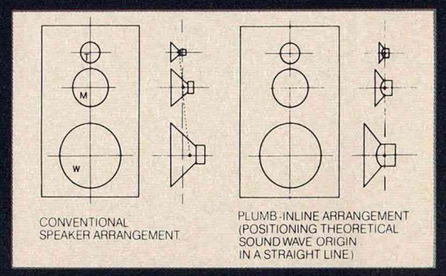
Sony gives it to you straight

When the Sony engineers developed the three-way range of speaker systems they did so with one simple principle in mind.

The end result must be as close to the original programme source as possible.

And as one might expect, Sony have come up with the answer.
And Sony's unique answer was the Plumb-Inline speaker arrangement.

Quite simply it means that each speaker unit is aligned so that its sound wave origins, rather than its front edges, are at an equidistant point from the listener.



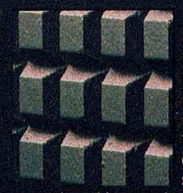
CONVENTIONAL SPEAKER ARRANGEMENT

PLUMB-INLINE ARRANGEMENT (POSITIONING THEORETICAL SOUND WAVE ORIGIN IN A STRAIGHT LINE)

As you would expect from Sony, the results are superb. Frequency response across the entire audible range is smooth, stereo imaging and presence are improved and sound is clear and transparent.

In fact Plumb-Inline is only one of the many features of the Sony three-way speaker system.

It also features the A.G. (Accoustical Grooved) Baffle Board.



The baffle board has great influence on sound, especially in the mid-to-high frequency range. It not only weakens presence, but makes musical instruments and vocalists fuzzy. Sony's A.G. board effectively works at eliminating such influences, clearing sound and improving presence.

As a further development the system also features Computer-Assisted Design.

Here the Woofer, Mid-range and Tweeter Driver have each been designed based upon repeated listening tests and through the application of NASTRAN – a computer programme originally developed for the U.S. space programme and first used in the Apollo Project for studying vibration patterns under rapidly changing stress conditions.

These very real technical advances result in greater reality and presence through the reproduction of magnificent natural sound. Which is why people choose Sony in the first place.

Sony G-series and V-series speaker systems are available from around $300 to just under $900 each.

SONY®
AUDIO

AP 3255

two women, noted that none of them was Jane Fonda, and then drifted back to the pavement again.

"God!" exclaimed Carey, genuinely shaken, appalled at the frenzy and ruthlessness of those faces.

Maureen said: "There's nothing that stands between a star and his fans. No reserve. No protection."

Carey began to laugh. "Thank God we're nobodies."

The blonde smiled and said nothing. Both she and Andy were thinking: tonight we're somebody, and tomorrow the world will know us.

Traffic on la Croisette was slow. By the time they reached the Palais, the foyer was crowded with people who seemed to be, at least in part, the guests they'd just left behind at the Carlton. Everyone was dressed to the limit. "Ladies' night at the Masonic Lodge," said Maureen.

They climbed the great red staircase. People speculated on who they were. Those in the know about Andy's existence and talents passed the word to those who were speculating. Treading the red carpet, Carey's companion wore a beatific smile.

•

The seating arrangement in the front row of the dress circle was: Maureen and Andy, the aunt and the uncle, the blonde actress and Carey. For some reason the order was then altered, for beside Carey sat Terry Parker, and next to Terry a sublime girl. Terry introduced her. Her name was Rosemarie Melsner. She was his Alsatian. She spoke English as if born to it, and had then gone to some finishing school to pick up an overlay of Gallic accent. "Oh," Carey whispered to Terry when they'd sat. "Oh!"

"She's a lovely girl," Terry said to him gravely.

"Sounds like a human being, too," Carey said, nodding secretly towards his blonde companion, so that Parker would know he meant the darker side of the comment to apply to her.

"Mate," Terry said. "I know what you mean. I've seen her in operation."

The lights dimmed. A basso voice announced that the International Jury of the Cannes Film Festival took pride in presenting an Australian film by Andrew McNiell. The theatre went dark. Carey found that his eyes were near closed. The trouble was he'd written this book in a past that seemed as remote to him as another historical era. He had never re-read it since the day of its publication. He was half embarrassed by the memory of it, as a person would be by an old love letter. Through his lowered eyelids, he saw that there were, all at once on the screen, primeval mountains. A strange music, of Aboriginal gods calling from the crevices of the rock, sounded out. Carey muttered in sheer panic: "The Yanks won't understand this."

Terry Parker came into view on the screen, a young squatter politician electioneering in the wilderness. At the sight of him, a small gush of breath escaped Rosemarie Melsner. Albie Toombs could then be seen, challenging the Terry Parker character. Light, bouncing from Albie Toombs's head and shoulders, hurt the Terry character's eyes. Then aggression broke out in the crowd. Half the people turned on the black man, and tall outback police moved in. Albie Toombs was dragged away, the opening credits rolling over his bowed head, over the primeval hills, basking lizards and wheeling galahs.

"The music is brilliant," Carey told his companion. "Shhhhh!" she told him. Ten minutes of the film flickered before him. Carey didn't like the tone of it. His eyes remained half closed. It was probably the fault of the book. In being faithful to the novel, Andy might

"A bloody great night for Australia, Phil. You expect Australians to win gold medals, but this is something absolutely bloody new."

have committed a filmic sin. Yet there was also a raucous voice in Carey, as well as the reasoning one, and that voice said: "The bugger four seats up has violated your novel."

Meanwhile, Carey became aware of some problems of design on the screen. Graffiti on a great boulder looked as if they had been painted there half an hour before filming, without being aged or weathered. Some of the interiors lacked conviction. But the apex of his torment was the two scenes in which he played a government clerk arguing with Albie Toombs. Carey's participation had been the result of his own vanity in thinking himself, for a brief season, an actor, and also of Andy McNiell's in thinking that he could handle amateurs.

"How do you think it's going?" Carey asked the blonde actress after close on an hour of the movie.

"Shhhhh!" she said yet again, taking in the movie with an abominable fixity.

The film grew episodic in the second hour. I should never have sold the bloody thing, Carey counselled himself, and hunched further into his seat. Not to anyone. It was, for one thing, written before the essential date, before 1972, the watershed year when Carey's wife and he had ceased to torment each other and learned to live in union.

All pre-1972 Carey novels were dark and savage documents, the work of a tormented young man. All novels since then had been increasingly light and compassionate. Critics disliked the change, but Carey was delighted with it. *The Cut-Rate Kingdom* dated from before that watershed. And here it was, rising in images in this foreign movie house. And bringing with it the torment of pre-1972.

Like a life, it raced towards the end. There was a blackness as the Albie Toombs character died. Then closing credits, music and the primeval hills again. After the film ended, the crowd kept their silence for two seconds. Then they commenced to applaud and stand, first in the stalls, next in the circle. Everyone stood, even Maureen and then Carey, adding his ambiguous contribution to the rising noise of the clapping. Carey's companion glanced not once at him, but smiled steadily up at the rows of filmgoers who were applauding behind them.

Andy began to move up the steps; he looked back, wanting to include Carey. But Carey pretended to be caught up with Terry Parker and his sweet girl from Alsace. So the crowd swept Andy up the steps and then on to the landing, where there was more applause from people standing below in the Palais foyer.

Uncle Frank wept at Carey's side. The blonde actress had disappeared, probably to kiss Andy in congratulation while there was still a pressman about to capture it all. Uncle Frank put his arm around Carey. "A bloody great night for Australia, Phil. I mean, I saw Dawn Fraser at the '56 Olympics. But you expect Australians to win gold medals at that sort of stuff. This ... this sort of thing ... is something absolutely bloody new."

On the steps, the beautiful Alsatian asked Carey if he was happy with the film of his novel. Carey shook his head, pretending the experience had swamped him. "I can't sort out my ideas yet, love ..." He stumbled in a half-real, half-feigned way as they descended to the foyer.

Maureen and Terry, Andy and the actress were posing for photographs as Rosemarie Melsner and Carey slid out of the door and on to the pavement. "Well?" she said, and looked at Carey with the same smile, spotting the author's dismay.

"No," said Carey. "It isn't that I didn't like it."

"No?" she said, laughing. "Never mind. You can clear out from all this in

a day or so. Get back to innocent old Australia again."

"Tomorrow," Carey said. "I'm going to leave tomorrow."

"Don't sound so anxious to leave us," she said.

They walked down among the palm trees of la Croisette in a sublime purple evening. A genial traffic jam let them cross the motor lanes when they chose. Two expensive-looking Americans and their wives, ahead of Rosemarie and Carey, began talking about the movie.

"Think it could have a future in the art cinemas," one of them said. "Go down well on the college circuits," said another. "The violence is a problem."

The Alsatian overheard all this too and smiled at Carey again, as if the Americans were figures of fun.

Carey said: "What Andy wants is perfectly reasonable. He wants to be an Australian culture-hero. He wants to be the object of an international cult as well. And to have his movie on in every sizeable town in the US, Great Britain and Western Europe."

"A perfectly reasonable ambition," said Rosemarie Melsner. "For a boy from Melbourne."

The Café Ondine was a restaurant on the beach, the sort of place which on a windy day would get sand across the carpet. There indeed stood Susannah York, shining in a doorway. And Alan Bates. And the Polish director who had just run them in tandem in a movie. Somehow, the sight of the two of them standing there made Carey feel like running away.

At the far corner table he had found, journalists came up to him and asked him for his reaction. He said he couldn't expect to give a clear answer. The experience had been overpowering. Going to the bar for some Kronenberg beer, he met Andy and Maureen, embraced them, told them the half truths he'd told the journalists. He was overcome, he said. He would have to speak to them in the morning. He knew he was sounding enthusiastic to the extent of misleading them.

He could sense that the guests entering the Ondine were divided in their feelings for the movie. All night long they came up to him, muttering under their voices. Those who'd liked the movie drank and sang and touched each other's flesh. But Carey's share of the party were the snipers, the grudge-holders and the disapprovers.

"You should've written the script."

"Andy offered it . . . I refused."

"Did he give you right of approval of the script?"

"Yes."

"And you approved *that* script?"

"No. Well, not in that form. Andy changes the script as he shoots. He rewrites it during tea breaks, or at lunch time, before every take. I wish he didn't do it that way. But there's no bloody malice to it. It's just the way that he works."

"You're very forgiving."

The accusation of virtue angered Carey. "No. He bought the film rights, fair and square. I wrote a book, that's all, and he bought it."

"Oh . . . oh, mate. And a great book it was . . ."

"No book written before 1972 was any bloody good," said Carey as an axiom. He took giant swallows of beer. "All literature begins in 1972," he announced drunkenly.

"What about Homer?"

A dozen times that night, in his corner, he said: "I don't think it's one of those books you can easily film. In a novel you can deal with motivation inside the bloke's head. In a movie you can only show it through the use of external symbols."

"Bullshit." They would pat Carey's arm. "He buggered it up on you and you know it. But never mind. There must be a few more good novels left in you." The weariness of thinking of that future heap of as-yet unwritten Carey novels rose before him like an intimidating tower. He lowered his brow to the table. The Alsatian girl, so generous in her ways, smoothed the hair at the back of his neck.

Many times that night he returned to Andy and Maureen to say loud and indefinite things. On his last clear-headed approach, he was alarmed to see Andy staring at him through wine-bleared eyes with a sobriety that arose from the man's core. Andy could see, beyond Carey's own wine-bleared eyes, his friend's dissent from what the movie had done with the novel. In that second, Carey would later believe, the friendship was cruelled forever. He and Andy McNiell became all of a sudden acquaintances with half bitter anecdotes to tell about each other.

At last, some of the party staggered on to the beach. A middle aged Belgian had joined Carey and Terry Parker and the girl, and beside the Belgian sat a whore whose blouse exposed her breasts in the manner of the garments of the French revolution. She was a striking and beautiful woman, about as old as the Belgian himself. Both of them seemed happy enough to end the night listening to Carey and Terry Parker rant about the burdens of being Australian. Carey lay with his head in Rosemarie Melsner's lap looking up at her perfect face. "When I studied Alsace-Lorraine at the Christian Brothers," he told her, "and how the Huns and the Frogs squabbled over it, I didn't think of it as the habitat of a sweet girl like you, Rosemarie. Rosemarie, Rosemarie . . . "

•

Somehow they all got home. And in the morning there was no time to confide in Andy. The alarm clock was late in going off. Maureen and the actress raged around the apartment making Andy his breakfast, for he was due to appear on French television at 9.30. He might be back to see Carey before Carey caught the red bus going back to Nice.

Carey spent the morning on the Carlton terrace, listening to argumentation about the film.

"Where is Rosemarie?" he asked Terry Parker.

Terry looked out across the ocean, "Had to go to work."

A drinking group of producers and actors gathered. One of them said: "You can't make an art movie of that size and expect not to have to use an international lead."

The remark initiated a debate. "Why pander to the buggers?" Carey asked with a gesture of the hand that indicated the wide world. "We take what they dish up. Let them take a bit of us!"

"That's all bloody well," explained a producer, "unless your market is a country of 14 million. In a country of 14 million you shouldn't make movies that have crowd scenes and in which there isn't an international lead."

Carey laughed. "It is a revelation. To write two easy paragraphs in a book. Then they come to film those two paragraphs, and it costs $35,000."

When Terry Parker went off to the lavatory, one of the crowd told Carey: "Don't ask him about where that girl of his is. She's a hooker. If she didn't like Terry a bit he wouldn't be able to afford to have her."

With something close to authentic gratitude, Carey watched the clock creak towards his time of departure. Then, on his way back to the furniture store to catch the little red bus to Nice, he saw Andy across two lanes of traffic. The producer-director-writer of *The Cut-Rate Kingdom* was on his way back to the apartment for lunch. Andy looked at Carey across the roofs of Fiats. There was a weary knowingness in his face.

Someone on French television – so Carey would find out later – had asked him that no-win question: why he hadn't brought his Aboriginal actor with him? But the French critics who had written of the movie this morning had praised it. So Carey supposed that McNiell was already balancing up win against loss.

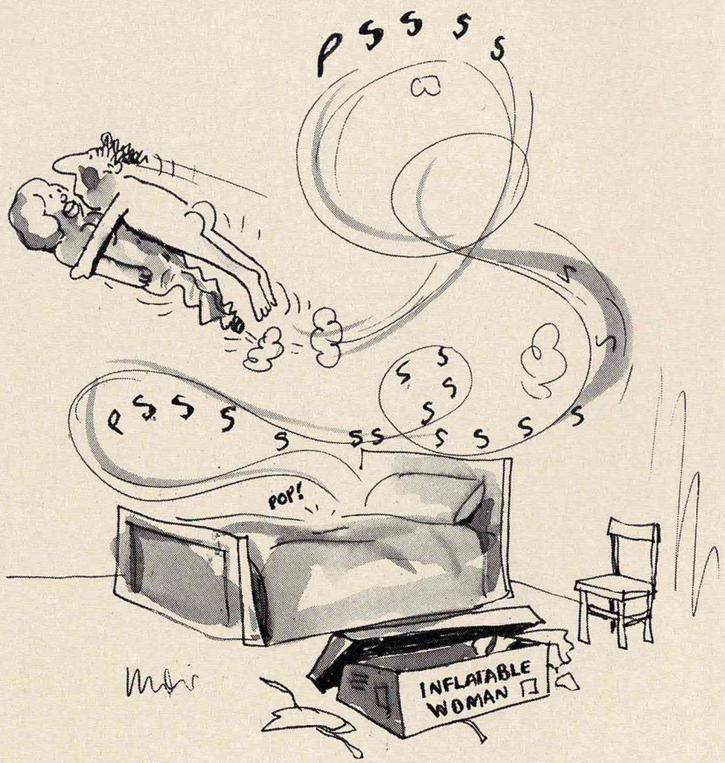
The two of them yelled greetings. "I'm going back to London," Carey called out. Would Andy be there? "I'm going on to the US on Monday to do 10 days' research. Flying over on one of those new standby tickets." Would Andy be in the United States?

"Coming to the Melbourne premiere?" Andy yelled.

"I'll try to," cried Carey. At the premiere with the Premier. "I hope I'll be back in Sydney in about two weeks," he screamed, holding up two fingers to indicate the time he'd be absent. And so, gratefully, he loped off.

Late that night, on a friend's phone in London, Carey called his wife and told her he couldn't come back till the Melbourne corroboree had taken place. "I can't sit through it again," he told her. Nor could he face resenting what McNiell had done to his novel.

And Mrs Carey agreed to go in her husband's place. For she was, like Maureen McNiell, what is called a "supportive" woman.



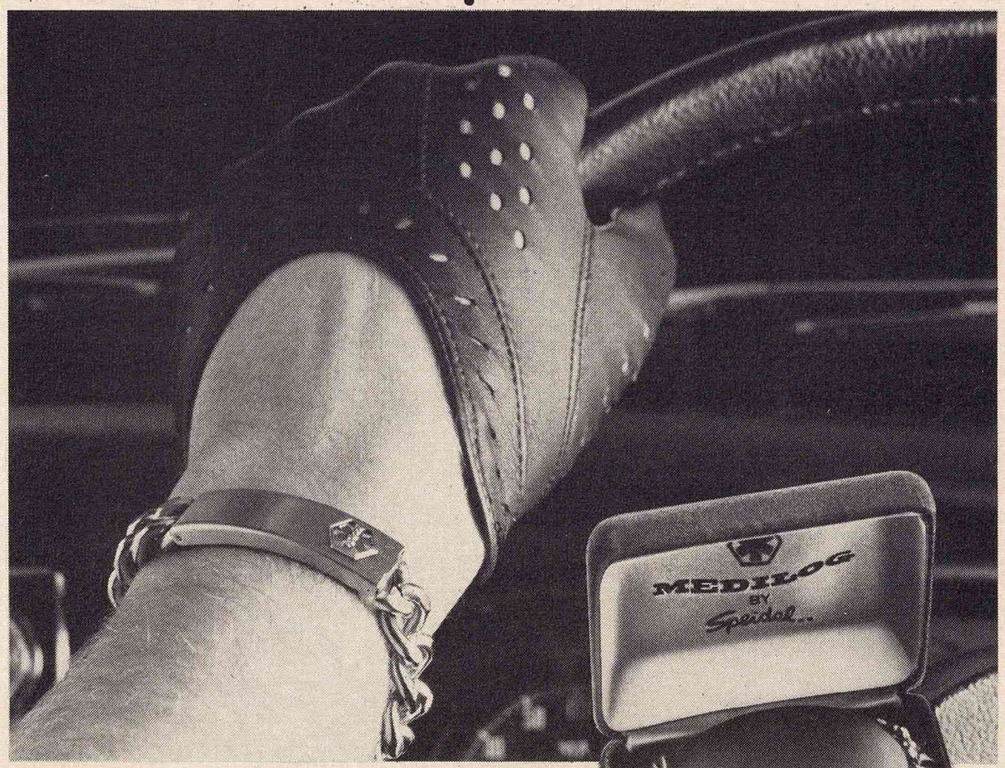
A simply beautiful gift for precious things,

The Design Philipp Jewel Case from Monarch.

Available from fine gift, jewellery and department stores.
Design Philipp. Boxmakers for Royalty since 1834. By Appointment to the Royal Swedish Court.

MEDILOG

by Speidel®



A good looking friend for life.

If you live life to the full, you're into risk, and you need **Medilog.** Tough Stainless Steel Identity Bracelets for men and women. Watchbands in Stainless Steel and Rolled Gold. All with a stylish plaque that carries the Caduceus, a symbol immediately recognizable by personnel attending emergencies. The plaque contains a waterproof, personalised, medical data sheet. Comes complete with "DRIVER/OWNER WEARING MEDILOG" decals for car windscreens, scuba tanks, etc.

Could be the best friend you ever had.

Stainless steel $14·95*
Rolled gold $18·95*

Stainless steel
men's $19·95*

Stainless steel
women's $18·95*

MEDILOG
by Speidel®

Available from leading jewellers and department stores. *Recommended retail prices.

ALA/SW917/P

Eat, drink and be loving

article **By Sarah Grant**

ever since the day adam was seduced into taking a bite of forbidden fruit, food and sex have had a very close relationship

PLEASURE," said Ovid, "is a food that builds me up." And the Roman poet added: "I have never disappointed a girl." Which goes to prove that food and sex, symbolising fertility and life, have long been allied closely. In fact the Romans, reclining on their soft couches, were keen to be pleasured by taste and touch, sometimes simultaneously.

The writer Apuleius in *The Golden Ass,* tells how a young man, Lucius, ventures into his host's kitchen during a banquet to seduce the slave, Fotis. "How daintily, how charmingly you stir that casserole," says Lucius. "I love to watch your wriggling hips. And what a wonderful cook you are! The man whom you allow to poke his finger into your little casserole is the luckiest fellow alive. That sort of stew would tickle the most jaded palate."

Fotis replies: "A wonderful cook, am I? Yes, I certainly know how to tickle a man's . . . well, his palate . . . and how to keep things nicely on the boil, between the sheets as well as on the kitchen stove."

The languages of food and sex are interwoven. We "hunger" for sex as well as food, women are as "exotic" as imported spices from the East, and "creamy smooth" applies as much to a woman's skin as it does to the white sauce we serve in Veal Blanquette. The word "aphrodisiac" was coined by the Greeks in honor of Aphrodite.

From Aphrodite, we have inherited the legendary belief that food from the sea is the supreme stimulant to sex — oysters, lobsters, caviar and clams.

In his recent book *Food Power,* Dr George Schwartz, an American behavioral scientist, touches on the subject of sex-stimulating foods, noting: "People who begin to take thyroid hormone often report an increase in sexual interest. And some foods with anti-thyroid substances, such as turnips, kale, cabbage and soybeans, may inhibit sexuality when eaten as a constant and relatively large part of the diet." Dr Schwartz adds: "Hormonal production requires adequate nutritional building blocks. Foods containing male hormone structures (eg, testes of chicken or turkey) can add some hormonal building blocks for men. Food with estrogen effects can similarly act to supplement deficiencies in women. Such foods as yams, hops, palm kernels, pomegranate seeds and carrots have estrogen factors.

"Casanova was a great populariser of oysters. This renowned lover reportedly ate 50 oysters every evening. Could it have done the trick for him? There is a scientific basis for Casanova's claims. In the first place, oysters

Illustration by Steve McHugh

in this quantity are a good source of protein. But even more to the point, the oyster is a rich source of iodine, an element that is necessary for proper functioning of the thyroid gland. A deficient thyroid can cause libido to fade away and an active (though not over-active) thyroid keeps the glands moving and the whole body running smoothly. Other iodine-rich foods such as seaweed and fish also act in a stimulatory manner."

It appears the ancient Greeks and Romans made a great deal of foods to arouse their senses. The classical history of food and its preparation in ancient times, produced by the flamboyant French gastronome Alex Soyer in 1853, listed some of the most successful items on their menus.

Apples are not the fruit of seduction, as Biblical scholars would have us believe. Indeed, the apple is mentioned in only five passages of the sacred writings and in incidents far removed from the first seduction of mankind. But, if the apple was not seen in Eden, it was much acclaimed as an aphrodisiac in Athens during the golden era of Greece. The Athenian legislator Solon even introduced a law which proclaimed that, while the guests at nuptial banquets should feast sumptuously, the bridegroom should be content with a single apple. The law was observed religiously by the Greeks and it so impressed the Persians that they adopted it, too.

Asparagus was grown in Libya around 200AD, and the stems, as tall as four metres, were prized in the Eastern markets. Today, only the small limp stalks survive but they are said to be aphrodisiacs because they contain a diuretic which literally "tickles a man's fancy", teasing his penis to grow larger. But asparagus also contains aspartic acid, which can induce apathy and a lack of sexual enthusiasm.

Borage tea was a love potion of old England. The potion was a favorite with men whose lady-loves yearned to do the deed but couldn't quite get up the courage. The suitor would mix the herb with honey, thyme and marigold. The girl then annointed her forehead with the mixture, calling upon St Luke, patron saint of the hopeless, to help her. According to tradition, when her suitor brought her a bunch of red roses she was his.

Cattle gallstones, particularly from Australian cattle, are now in high demand in Europe and South-East Asia as aphrodisiacs. The stones are dried and crushed into powder.

Chilli is reputed to increase sexual performance. So much so that, in Peru, chilli sauce is not allowed in prisons.

Cucumbers were eaten by the ancient Greeks in Antioch and their historians recorded their "marvellous, stimulating properties". The ancient Romans, however, thought that cucumbers had a tendency to be rather "cold and insipid".

Deer horn, particularly the protective velvet, is prized in Asia, where Australian and New Zealand deer velvet today fetches $160 a kilo. In South Korea, deer horns are listed as luxury items, along with cameras and jewellery, on the customs forms issued to international travellers. The horn itself is also highly valued, and China exports deer horn extract in pill and liquid form. The horn "is an effective remedy for impotence" according to the manufacturer's label. If you fancy whipping up a dose of your own, the horn is steamed or soaked in Chinese wine until it softens, then roasted lightly over charcoal and sliced into wafer-thin pieces. It can be ground and pressed into pills, or dissolved in chicken broth and the mixture drunk twice to four times a week.

Figs did exist in Eden, according to sacred writings, and these could have been the true fruits of seduction. Hercules, a renowned gourmand, attributed his exceptional potency to the figs he ate every day of his youth.

Garlic so excited a man's courage that, in ancient Greece, it was fed to young suitors.

Ginseng sales in Australia in 1976 totalled $600,000. The use of ginseng to cure impotency and as a more general preventive drug can be traced back 5000 years to the beginning of Chinese medicine, when doctors were paid only if they kept their patients healthy. Preventive medicine was practised and illness was considered a failure by the doctor. Ginseng is a yellowish-white root. The most prized species is panax ginseng, cultivated only in China, Russia and North Korea. The tuberous root takes five to seven years to develop. The ancient Chinese called it the "demon's umbrella" and they believed the roots, which appear human in shape, embodied the very nature of man. The old Chinese emperors paid an equivalent weight in silver for a ginseng root. In Asia today, ginseng is taken in tea, soup, sweets, gum, paste, tablet and tonic form. Soviet scientists claim it stimulates the central nervous system so it is fed to Russian cosmonauts.

Hedgehog quills are becoming increasingly scarce and expensive. In New Zealand, schoolboys are paid $2 each for hedgehogs. The quills are removed, dried and exported to Korea.

Honey has interesting properties. Prince Charles bought a bottle of *Granny's Honeymoon Delight — Unisexual* from a stall at the Royal Bath and West show in Somerset recently. We're not sure what it did for him but if you're interested in giving this one a try, it's made from honey, rum, pollen, grape juice and herbs.

Lemons so impressed Hercules with their potency that he stole them from Libya and introduced the tree to Greece. And the Romans loved lemons so much that they used the wood of the lemon tree to make beds, believing it helped their nightly pleasures.

Lettuce was the favorite plant of the beautiful god Adonis, which led the ancient physicians to investigate its narcotic influence on young men.

Mint was formerly a beautiful young girl who was changed into the plant by her jealous rejected suitor, Proserpine. He enacted his revenge by using the sharp-flavored herb in food to excite the appetites of his guests and arouse their sexual desires.

Mulberries were appreciated by the Romans for their restorative powers. As soon as guests opened their eyes in the morning, a slave boy would enter bearing a small crystal vase filled with mulberry juice and wine, reduced to a syrup by being boiled. This restorative drink enabled the patricians to find fresh energy for the coming evening.

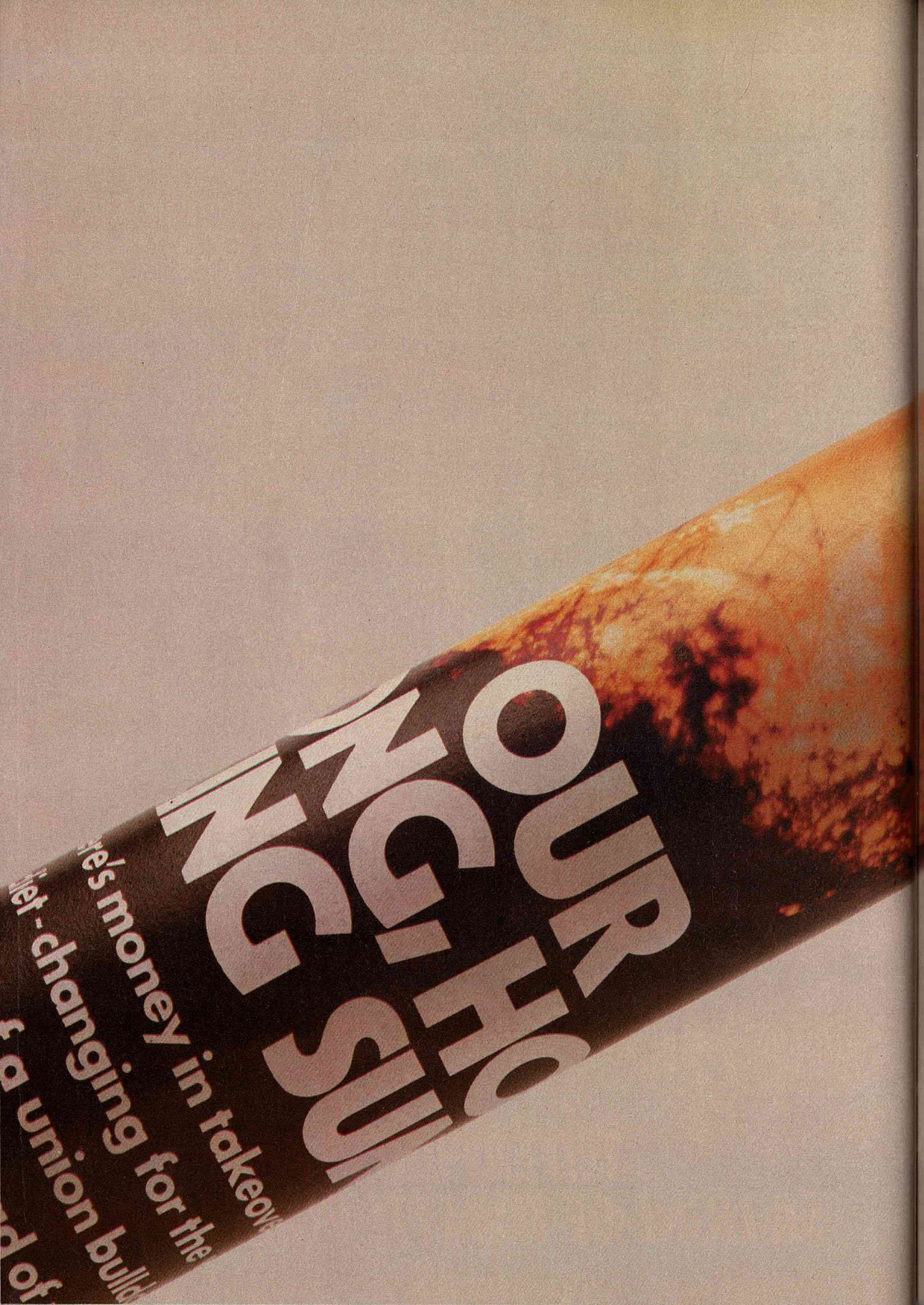
Parsley "excites the brain to agreeable imaginations", said the ancient Greeks, who originated the custom of decorating food with parsley. The Greeks also wore parsley stalks woven around their heads. And the sensual Hercules preferred to be crowned with parsley — a rather modest adornment for such a great hero when others were crowned with laurels.

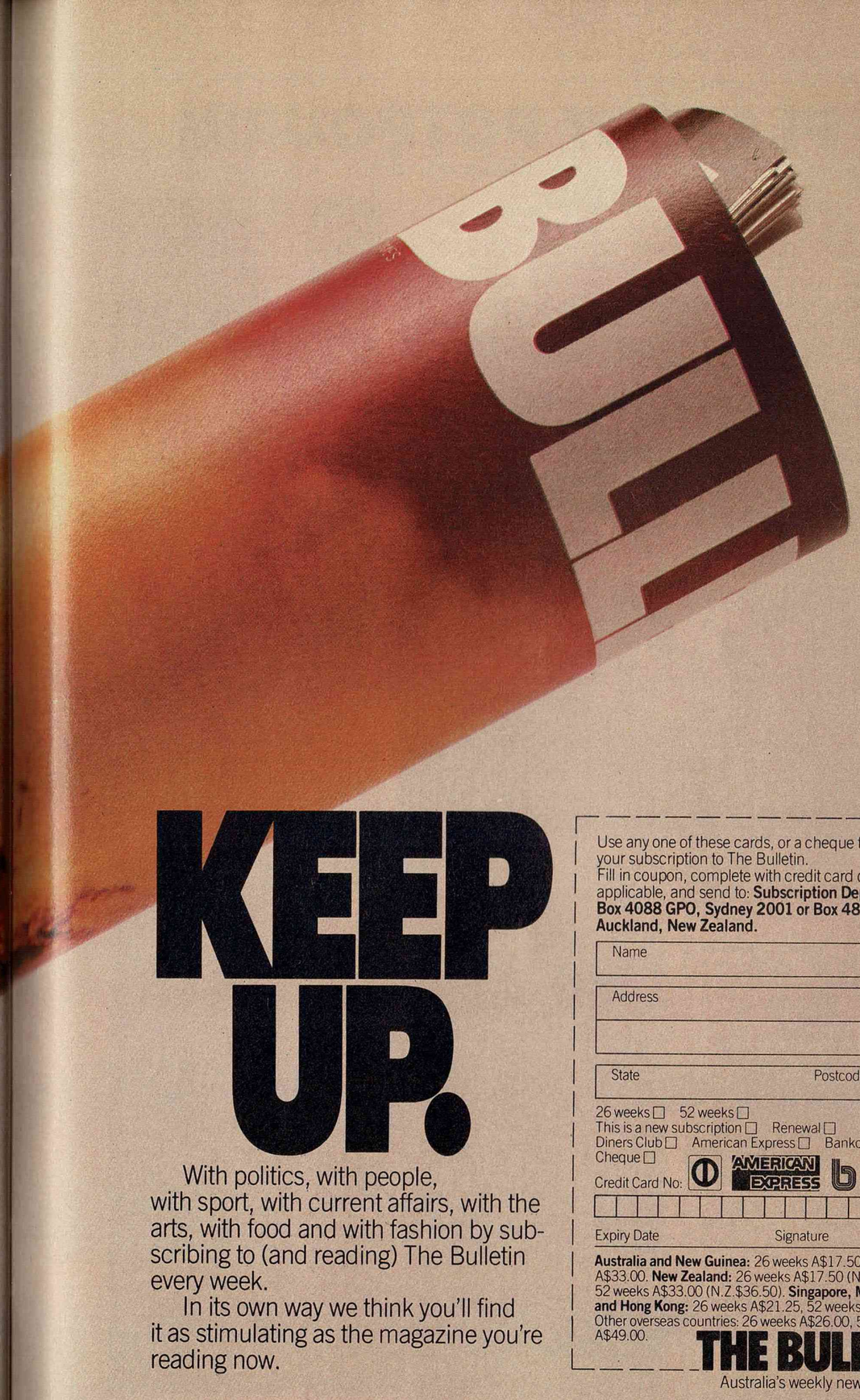
Peaches were describes by the English herbalist Nicholas Culpeper thus: "Venus owns this tree ... the fruit provokes lust."

Walnuts were given by the ancient Greeks to the Persians. In Rome, the "nuts of Jupiter" were an integral part of the consummation of marriage. Before bed, the bridegroom strewed walnuts on the chamber floor, imploring Jupiter to patronise him and asking Juno to bestow her virtues on the bride.

•

Australian scientists are looking at ginseng, the ancient Chinese aphrodisiac, as a possible general therapeutic agent. At the University of Sydney, pharmacognosy (medicinal plant) studies are seeking a chemical background to the super-root's reputation. In a recent research paper, the university's Dr Lorna Cartwright, discussing the increasing use of ginseng, said: "Testing of potency is still difficult. Pharmacologically, the drug is fairly general in action but of low toxic properties."





KEEP UP.

With politics, with people, with sport, with current affairs, with the arts, with food and with fashion by subscribing to (and reading) The Bulletin every week.

In its own way we think you'll find it as stimulating as the magazine you're reading now.

Use any one of these cards, or a cheque to obtain your subscription to The Bulletin.
Fill in coupon, complete with credit card details if applicable, and send to: **Subscription Dept., Box 4088 GPO, Sydney 2001 or Box 486 CPO, Auckland, New Zealand.**

Name

Address

State Postcode

26 weeks ☐ 52 weeks ☐
This is a new subscription ☐ Renewal ☐
Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐
Cheque ☐

Credit Card No:

Expiry Date Signature

Australia and New Guinea: 26 weeks A$17.50, 52 weeks A$33.00. **New Zealand:** 26 weeks A$17.50 (N.Z.$19.50), 52 weeks A$33.00 (N.Z.$36.50). **Singapore, Malaysia and Hong Kong:** 26 weeks A$21.25, 52 weeks A$40.50. Other overseas countries: 26 weeks A$26.00, 52 weeks A$49.00.

THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

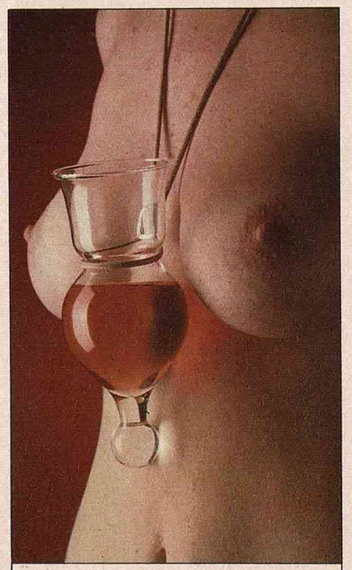
MN&C/BLN/1063

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

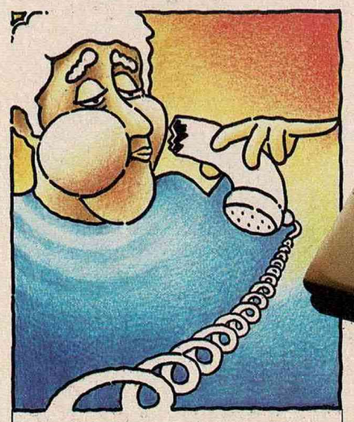
YOUR MOVE, DUMMY

You don't have to be a chess fanatic to appreciate the finer points of this Voice Chess Challenger. Even a beginner can reap the benefits of the computerised game which is programmed to speak as well as think for itself. A real boon for the blind, it can audibly tell you every move and capture and will repeat board position on demand. The Voice Chess Challenger costs $495 from Myer stores nationwide and selected game stores. Also programmed to answer in German, French or Spanish. Distributors are Futuretronics Australia Pty Ltd, of 79-81 Levanswell Road at Moorabbin, Victoria 3189.



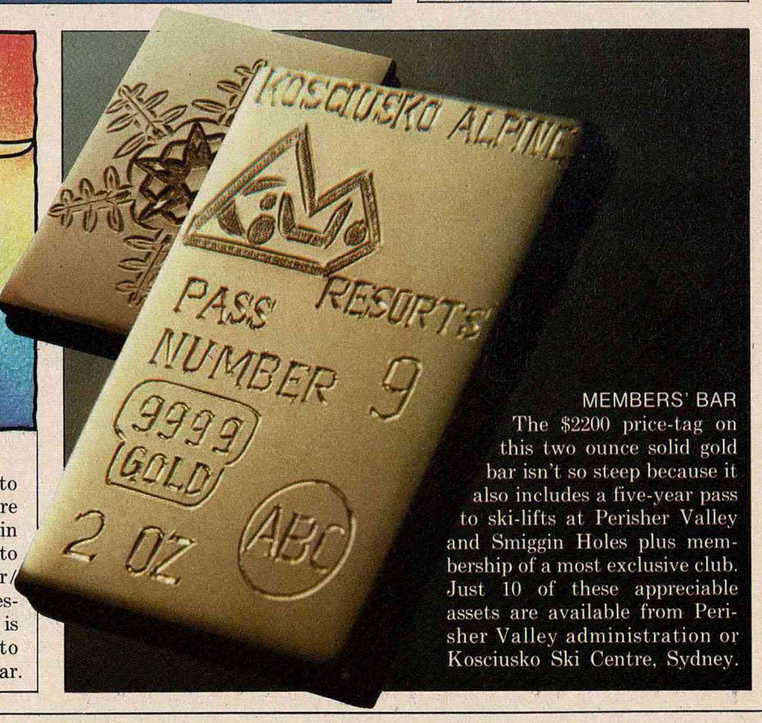
DRINKING MATE

Here's your chance to fondle a friend with one hand, puff a cigarette with another and also have a glass of vino. It can all be done with this ingenious neck glass from Holmegaard. Cost: $16.50 from leading gift and department stores nationwide.



RING FOR YOUR SUPPER

There's now a ready answer to that age-old question "Where shall we eat?" Do you live in Melbourne? Then the answer to your breakfast/lunch/dinner/supper problem is Dial-A-Restaurant on 11577. The service is expected to be extended to Sydney and Brisbane next year.

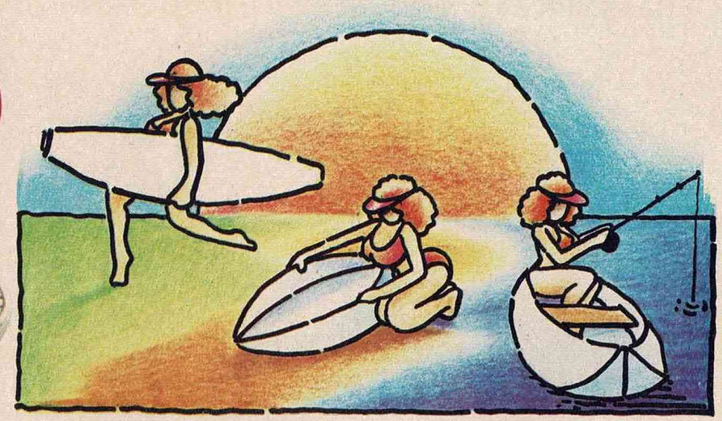


MEMBERS' BAR

The $2200 price-tag on this two ounce solid gold bar isn't so steep because it also includes a five-year pass to ski-lifts at Perisher Valley and Smiggin Holes plus membership of a most exclusive club. Just 10 of these appreciable assets are available from Perisher Valley administration or Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney.

FOOT BALLS

If they're upset, Messrs Sneaker and Putter lie down and kick their feet. The world's first walking tennis ball and his golf ball companion, they could be used as paperweights, peace offerings, or drinking companions. Contact Skansen Designs at PO Box 31, Tuart Hill, WA for stockists.

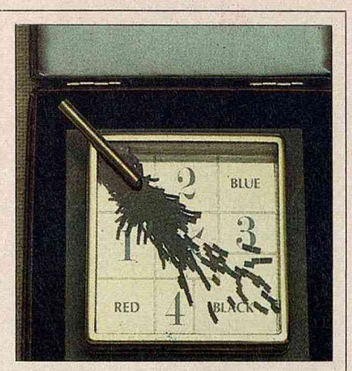


CRUISE AND CARRY

Would you believe a boat you can tuck under your arm? Weighing less than 22kg, the remarkable Porta-Bote can be opened in less than two minutes. It costs approximately $395 from Parklands Trading Co., Tempe, NSW; GBM Distributors, Moorabbin, Victoria; Fil-Austrex, Brisbane; Offshore Marine, Belmont, WA or Grant Minervini Agencies, Kilburn, South Australia.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

For doodlers who want to branch out, the colored rods in this Magnafloats Game will keep you happy for hours. Suspended in liquid are 400 rods which can be moved and separated with the magnetic stylus to make simple patterns or provide several challenging games. Available for $72.50 from Myer, Melbourne; Studio Haus, Double Bay, Sydney; Xanadu Games and Gifts, Weston, Canberra and selected regional stores.



SAY IT WITH PAPER

This snappy Christmas wrapping is approximately $2.50 a sheet. Available from Paperchase, Sydney; House, Carlton, Victoria and Myriad shops around Australia.

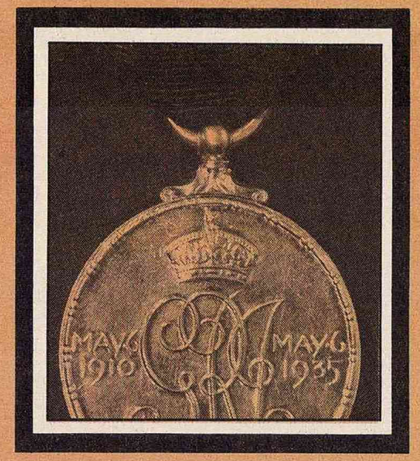
DISC DE-BUGGER

This new record cleaner (left) rids your discs of all static build-up and, in the process, those distracting pops and clicks – the bugbear of all hi-fi buffs. Known as Permostat, this unique fluid will, the manufacturer claims, completely eliminate static for the normal life of the record. If that's not enough, the fluid will do it without any detectable change to record fidelity. Even after 100 plays of a record, refined listening and testing procedures found background noise, clarity and detail unchanged. Unlike other record cleaners, Permostat is a record preservative which not only acts as an effective antistatic agent but actually maintains and lubricates a record. It's reasonably cheap (about 44 cents per record) and available from leading hi-fi outlets. The kit costs $13.95, and fluid refills $8.95.

ANOTHER CARLTON PRODUCT GB

The first and last words on table beer.
Crown Lager.
Australia's Premium Beer.

CU 900



THE PROFITABLE WORLD OF THE BARGAIN JUNKIE

A QUARTER of a million people are hooked on barbed wire. They collect it. Living mainly in the US, these hobbyists have spawned clubs, magazines, even specialist dealers who can identify the distinctive gauges, strands, sizes and barbs of protective wire, with names such as Meriwether's Snake and Kittleson's Half-Hitch, that dates back to 1853 and its invention by a Texan.

As traditional areas of antique collecting become increasingly expensive and over-subscribed, more people are looking for – and finding – alternative collectable items. Barbed wire may not offer the same investment potential as Old Masters, but the scope is comparable, with 1200 types produced this century alone.

Of course, one man's barbed wire may be another man's electric fencing. Or, indeed, rusty junk. Junk, however, has taken on new meaning since collectors began buying up the likes of old coat hangers, biscuit tins, toast racks, cooking utensils and other utilitarian objects and resurrecting their worth.

Yesterday's junk is becoming today's treasure-trove. Nowadays there is a market for almost anything, as junk addicts who scour garbage dumps, demolished houses, flea markets and church fêtes will agree.

The moral, therefore, goes almost without saying. Don't heave-ho the "rubbish" in the attic without serious appraisal. You may not believe that there are people, presumably sane, who actually collect watering cans. But there are.

COLLECTING BY PROFESSION

Most junk addicts collect for pleasure, making investment a secondary consideration. Plus they tend to concentrate in one particular area, be it a specific period like Victoriana, a region or leisure activity, according to James Mackay, author of *Collectables*, a guide, to be published next year, to relatively inexpensive items which are seriously being collected, ranging alphabetically from advertisements to zodiacal objects.

Beginners could do worse than collect by such trades or professions as plumbing and dentistry, not least because their novelty value can oil conversational wheels. No one is likely to ignore a decorative Victorian water closet used as a planter, or a collection of embellished chain-pulls hanging in the bathroom. Similarly, while dentures might put guests off their food, they should, for their unsavory history, prevent conversation flagging at mealtimes. First worn in the late 18th century, dentures were made from real teeth stripped from battlefield corpses and mortuary cadavers, or bought from the poor for a pittance and extracted without anaesthesia, using pliers.

Leisure activities also offer scope to the would-be collector. Sporting equipment has an absorbing history well worthwhile tracing; golf clubs, for instance, have changed considerably since their all-wooden beginnings.

Railway and military memorabilia are particularly popular. Railway company relics such as crests, nameplates, signalling equipment, waiting-room clocks and station tickets are in great demand. Military uniforms, insignia, arms and maps also inspire a large following, some of whose interest extends to the likes of field dressings. You don't have to be eccentric to amass gas masks, like those issued by the Germans for the camels in their Afrika Korps. But it probably helps.

GOING FOR A SONG

Motoring accessories can't be classed as antiques until 1985, the centenary of the internal combustion engine, but nonetheless make interesting study, from wartime fuel coupons to decorative radiator caps. Similarly, cycling handbooks, club badges and lamps have curiosity value.

Sound is another possible beginner's theme. Occasionally, old musical instruments can be picked up for a song. Old gramophones have almost as many *aficionados* as nostalgic records and record sleeves which, in the '20s and '30s, carried advertising. Pre-war television sets are exceptionally rare; radios, particularly those encompassing Art Deco loudspeaker grilles, can fetch high prices. Also popular are showbusiness souvenirs, from the autographs of famous film stars to theatre posters.

And what of the future? There's no telling how much your present-day computer, quartz clock, calculator, telex machine, electric typewriter, even Bankcard may fetch at the turn of the century when they may be superceded. Chances are they will realise far more than they are worth today.

So where do you begin? Avoid established antique markets if possible; their "antiques" often aren't and their prices are mostly prohibitive. Better to rummage through granny's trunks, charity shops and bric-a-brac stores in search of bargains. You could even start by hoarding souvenirs of the '70s.

To begin collecting in the '80s, you need look no further than this magazine. Any astute collector who has amassed every issue of American PLAYBOY over the past 25 years now has a rare, precious and beautiful collection. Its value is inestimable. –CAMILLA BEACH

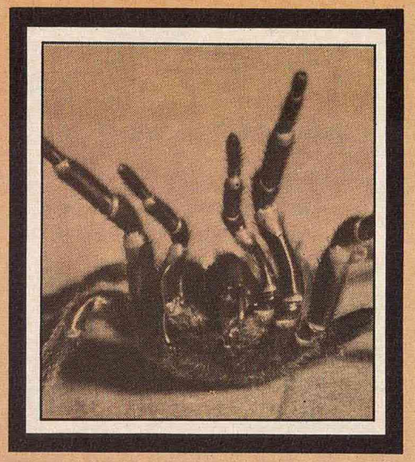
Pacific Bar Refrigerators

H715ABC COPPERTONE

make great things happen~cooler

PACIFIC by gorenje Leaders in Bar Refrigerators

ESE 63



TAKING THE STING OUT OF BITES

OLD-TIMERS in north-west NSW tell of a grazier in a paddock who was bitten on the thumb by a snake. With amazing presence of mind he took out his pig-hunting pistol and blew off the thumb to get rid of the venom.

Such drastic treatment – and the old snakebite kit of tourniquet, knife and Condy's crystals – is passé today. A broad crepe bandage or the next best thing, such as torn shirts or towels, has replaced the horrors which made our forefathers do more damage than the snakes themselves. Before stepping into the great outdoors this summer, toss a crepe bandage into the picnic box and brush up on your mouth-to-mouth and external cardiac massage resuscitation techniques. On current medical advice these are among the real lifesavers in the event of serious bites and stings. And for lesser crises in these areas, add a bottle of antihistamines, doses to be taken orally when the itch is unbearable.

Most people don't get bitten by deadly creatures and most are not allergic or hyper-sensitive to the fairly common stings. The few who are need all the help they can get in a land of snakes, spiders, ticks, bees, wasps, ants, flies and jellyfish.

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

SNAKES: Researchers have found that the venom in a snakebite is best restricted in its flow through the body when pressure over the bite is combined with action to immobilise the bitten limb. A team led by Dr Struan Sutherland, head of immunology research at the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, revolutionised snakebite treatment when the CSL announced the technique at the end of 1978. You wrap a bandage over the bitten area as firmly as you would over a sprained ankle, and keep wrapping upwards, binding as much of the limb as possible. Then immobilise the limb with a splint until medical help is found. You don't cut the wound, suck out the venom, or even apply an arterial tourniquet. Dr Sutherland's booklet *First Aid for Snakebite in Australia* is available for 60c from the Commonwealth Serum Labs, 45 Poplar Rd, Parkville, Victoria, 3052.

The use of a tourniquet to hold back the flow of blood in arteries still applies in cases of the funnelweb spider's bite, stings by box jellyfish and blue-ringed octopuses, and where victims are allergic to bee, wasp or ant stings.

SPIDERS: Redback spiders deliver painful bites to about 300 people in Australia a year. There is an antivenene now, so lives are saved, but there is still none for the Sydney funnelweb. The male's venom is the worst. Muscle spasms, vomiting, breathing failure and loss of consciousness may develop after the bite. Tourniquets and every possible backup therapy such as mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and external cardiac massage should be applied, and seek medical treatment urgently.

BEES: Local pain and redness and swelling are the most likely outcome of a bee sting. The sting is a bulb of venom with a barb. Scrape gently to remove, making the opening bigger and releasing the venom. In some people with special sensitivity, bee stings can be serious and, if not treated quickly, fatal.

Quick thinking, a tourniquet and resuscitation may be needed to save life.

TICKS: The most common outcome of tick bite is headache, sometimes accompanied by blurred vision, and/or local paralysis and muscle weakness. The bush tick which lurks in foliage along the east coast buries into the skin of any warm-blooded animal or person brushing by. If it's not located, it engorges blood over several days, releasing its venom.

SANDFLIES: Calamine lotion is a safe relieving agent for minor bites and stings, but many doctors feel strongly about the potential dangers of using ointments which contain antihistamines. They can be potent sensitisers, themselves leading to a severe allergic reaction. But taken orally, as liquid or tablets, antihistamines are helpful. But don't drink or drive while you are taking them, as they can make you drowsy.

LEECHES: If leeches drop off voluntarily they are engorged. If you have to remove them, try sprinkling them with salt to make them dehydrate. Brushing them off can leave little oozing spots, the result of the blood anti-coagulant they inject into your body.

JELLYFISH: The feeling that someone is under the water burning your legs with cigarettes probably means that a jellyfish has brushed you with its tentacles. Methylated spirits is still used to cool the "burn" and ease the pain.

Many nuisance biters in the garden can carry tetanus bacteria. Hobbyists should make sure their tetanus shot is up to date, and should seek a rapid booster after a crisis, such as treading barefoot on a rusty garden tool. Doctors also warn against using ointments containing anaesthetics – for similar reasons to their concern about antihistamine ointments – and against eyedrops containing antihistamines.

In every case where there's doubt about a victim's wellbeing after a bit or sting of any sort, get medical assistance urgently.

—JANE GRAHAM

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Scotch Whisky
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

COME ON UP.

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.

BORN 1820 STILL GOING STRONG.

MASIUS/WAL 2325

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

HATS OFF!

Head off the heat with these fine classics in headgear. The wide-brimmed straw hat is by the Greenwich Hat Company. It's $5.99 from the menswear departments of David Jones, Grace Bros and Gowings. The Luton Panama hat is $19.99, at menswear departments of Grace Bros. The inset photo features a straw pith helmet, $9, from Mr John shops, Sydney and Melbourne. The casual gear is by Lakiss.

Photography by Peter McLean

GLAD BAGS

these luxurious little numbers let you keep your day-to-day essentials tidy

Protect all with the beige umbrella from Mr John, $68. Also from Mr John is the tan leather satchel, $162, hanging next to it. The shoulder bag, top right, $50.90, is by Honko. It is stocked by Hunt Leather, as are the remaining bags on this page. From left centre, we have three tan French kid bags at $66.50, $59.50 and $24. The dark tan wallet/bag above is $99.40 and the burgundy clutch, left, is $79.60.

Photography by Peter McLean

Gentlemen, throw away your jockstraps.

At last, there's a brief for sports men that picks up where the jockstrap leaves off.

It's called Undersports.

Holeproof has specifically designed it for the sportsman to provide a comfort pouch that feels like nothing else you've worn.

If you play sport and want more comfort, you'll throw away your jockstrap and pick up some Undersports.

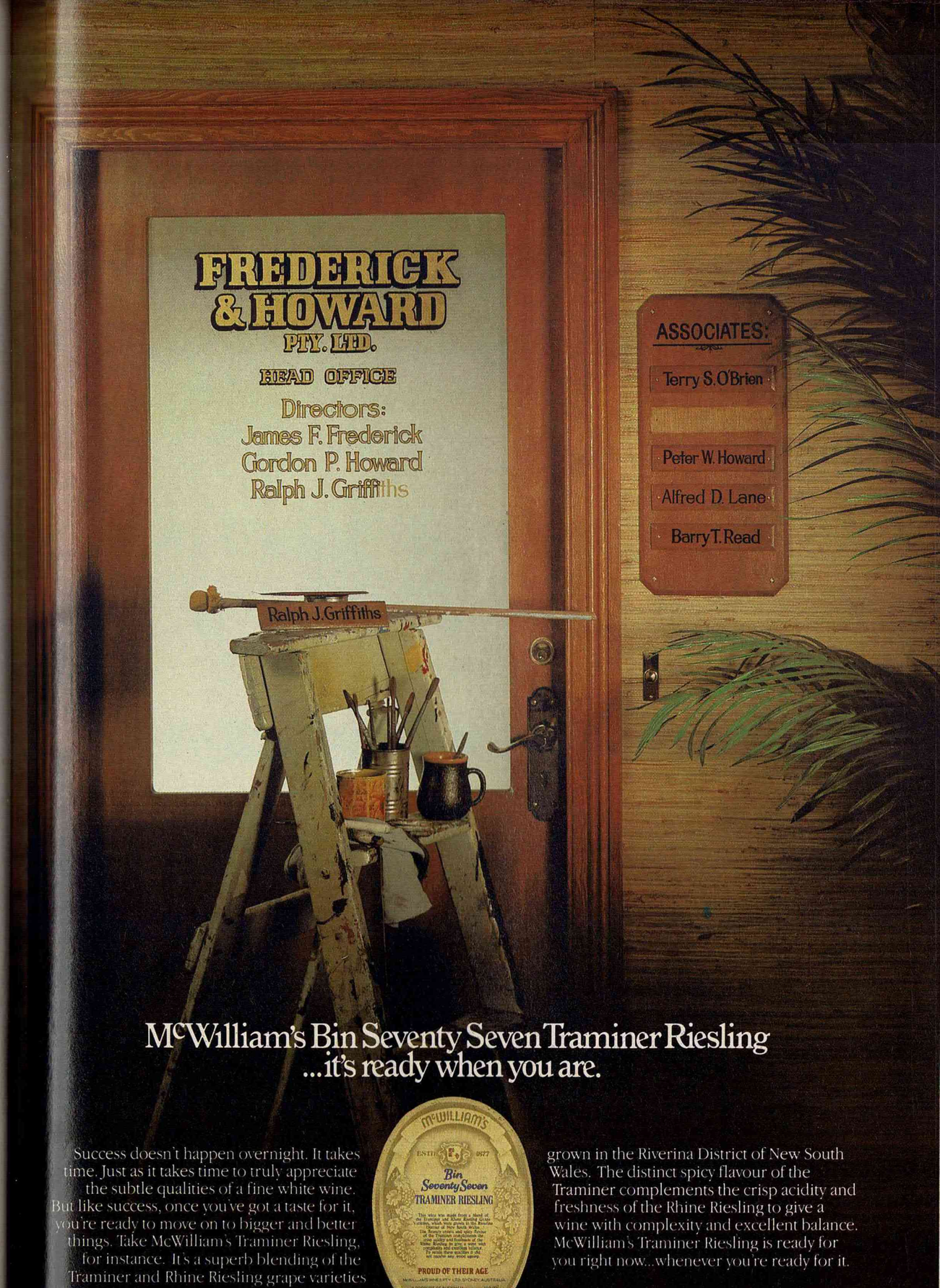
Holeproof Undersports.

MASTER-PIECES

here's a chance to wear a limited edition of a striking original oil painting

Here's updated nostalgia from Taffs Fashion House. They commissioned James Willebrant's "On The Promenade" for a very exclusive line designed by Marilyn Said. The screen printed outfits feature segments of the painting, and each unit in each style is numbered in a limited edition. Stockists include: Zucci, Posh, Sydney; St Jermain, Melbourne; Pictures, Toffs, Alelaide.

Photography by Peter McLean



McWilliam's Bin Seventy Seven Traminer Riesling
...it's ready when you are.

Success doesn't happen overnight. It takes time. Just as it takes time to truly appreciate the subtle qualities of a fine white wine. But like success, once you've got a taste for it, you're ready to move on to bigger and better things. Take McWilliam's Traminer Riesling, for instance. It's a superb blending of the Traminer and Rhine Riesling grape varieties grown in the Riverina District of New South Wales. The distinct spicy flavour of the Traminer complements the crisp acidity and freshness of the Rhine Riesling to give a wine with complexity and excellent balance. McWilliam's Traminer Riesling is ready for you right now...whenever you're ready for it.

PLAYBOY AND ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE PLAYBOY GROUP OF COMPANIES, CHICAGO, LONDON, AMSTERDAM

PLAYBOY FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

You can get away with it.

MUSIC

mario millo's musical magic is captured on a sure-fire solo debut album

IT'S A bit of a shock to find that Mario Millo's only 24. Most guys who rate as rock guitar veterans usually have a few more years than that under their straps. But then again, he got an early start when his parents jammed a mandolin in his hands when he was only five. By the time he was eight it was clear that he was going to become a better than average guitarist. At the moment he's rated as one of the finest composer-musicians in Australia, but it's not likely that he'll sit still long enough to judge what that really means to him.

Mario's latest project is an album called *Epic 111* and, since emerging from his own studio with the final tape under his arm, he's been pleased to note some optimistic moves from Polygram, his recording label. But he's had record execs cocking their eyebrows like treble clefs for some time now. As one of the thought machines in Sebastian Hardie, Millo got a great charge from watching album sales soar and winning support spots to such acts as Santana, Osibisa and Focus without having to jump on the hype wagon. That was back during the early '70s during which time he wrote that magical award-winning instrumental number, Rosanna.

Since then Mario's been in and out of one or two bands but grabbed a major credit line when he wrote a lot of the music for the Crawford TV series *Against the Wind,* the soundtrack of which went gold within two weeks of release. The single, Six Ribbons, was a top 10 charter. The series put Mario back in league with his old Sebastian Hardie mate, Jon English, one of the stars of the show. When English put the show behind him to concentrate on his singing, he was joined on national tour by Millo, who slotted in very comfortably with Baxter Funt, J.E's current backing outfit and one of the best bands in the country.

It was during the making of the TV series that Mario wrote most of the material for *Epic 111.* Expensive packaging and a classy film clip should help dramatically with the promotion of the album, but Millo's hoping it will stand on its own musical merits.

"I've never felt so good about my work for such a long time," he said. "By recording it myself it has retained that element of original magic which often goes astray in the recording process."

Epic 111 is an important work for Millo because it marks his solo debut. The tour with Jón English and Baxter Funt was invaluable in reminding people that the man who wrote Rosanna was alive and well and ready for some more inspired works. Millo's banking on a punt that *Epic 111* will kick his reputation as a composer and craftsman a few more notches up the ladder. We think he could be backing a sure thing.

•

A hunch punter might never put his money on number 13 but *Chicago 13* (CBS) will hold no superstitions for the converted. The Illinois eight-man band hedged its bets by having Phil Ramone as a producer and, as if that wasn't enough to narrow the odds, the presence of Jeff Wald on the management team has made the work a pretty

safe investment. After all, Mr Helen Reddy doesn't back too many losers.

All that aside, 13 is certain not to be the least played of Chicago's baker's dozen. It's not the best either, but such is the band's writing strength that it never looks like getting bogged down by mediocrity. The Peter Cetera-penned Mama Take is rather tasty with subdued horns toning away behind a punchy acoustic lead. No sooner is that track done than Donnie "Hot Licks" Dacus is chiming in with Must Have Been Crazy, and suddenly the answer to Chicago's popularity is evident: it's durability, and it stems from the facility to switch style and mood all over the rock spectrum. And the comforting factor is that there's enough talent in this band to pull it off again and again.

Of course, it's the brass which puts the brand on anything by this band, and what a temptation it must be to over-indulge the brass section. They don't of course, but the horns are still there – sometimes restrained, sometimes blasting the innards out of the woofer or sometimes content to bleep away in muted support. They don't even rate an appearance on Loser With A Broken Heart, leaving Cetera to spotlight vocal and writing skills without competition. But the cut that stood up best under repeated playing was Life Is What It Is, a contribution from the engineroom pair of Laudir DeOliveira and Marcos Valle. Vintage Chicago to the last note.

•

Don't mistake Talking Heads' *Fear of Music* (Sire) for pure egghead stuff. There was a whisper that the reek of academia had put this band off limits to the masses, but just how academic can you get within the classic rock and roll limitations of guitar, bass, drums and keyboards? Admittedly, their origins can be found in art and learning but their music is simply highly listenable pop-rock that throws back to some of the funk of the late '60s and obviously draws on the art influences of British notables including Bowie and Brian Eno. Surprise, surprise – there's Eno's name on the production credit, and if Jerry Harrison's stabbing keyboards do not smack of the Eno style . . . All cuts have been written by lead vocalist David Byrne and his lyrics are just vaguely enough open to interpretation to make the songs accessible to most listeners.

•

When a pair of old saddle tramps beat the dust out of their chaps and head for the studio, you can bet they've got a few travelling tunes to get out of their systems. Willie Nelson and Leon Russell's *One For the Road* is a double disc collection of Lonesome Cowboy favorites. If performed by anyone else it might fall into the dude ranch category, but these guys have covered too much rock and roll, gospel and you-name-it in their day to make this another C & W sell-out. Backed by nine brilliant musicians and vocalists including Maria Muldaur and Bonnie Raitt on slide guitar, Willie and Leon have supervised a faithful reproduction of 20 vintage tunes.

Sides three and four are devoted solely to Willie and Leon, sitting around the piano with wine bottle and guitar, and working their nasally crooning through Danny Boy, Summertime, Stormy Weather and (not forgetting) One For My Baby (And One More For The Road). But unaccompanied, the pair lack the verve displayed on the first half of the work in which you can almost hear the cattle lowing and feel the saddle

soreness as the band trots along with Don't Fence Me In, Sioux City Sue and Ridin' Down The Canyon. There's a slice of American history and the ol' pioneering spirit tied up in it all, and the boys have dutifully followed the "go West" cry by taking the recording chore out to the Paradise Studios in Burbank, California. We found *One For the Road* a great entertainer, particularly when the friends gather at the chuck wagon for a belt of beans and coffee. —NEIL JAMESON

•

You only have to put one foot wrong when you're the champions and people are immediately saying that you're past it. *In Through the Out Door* (Swan Song) is not Led Zeppelin's greatest collection, but there are no clues on the work to give anyone the impression that the aristocrats of rock and roll have run their race. The only major change in direction that can be picked on this album is the greater emphasis placed on keyboards. The result is calculated diversity, and it's evident in a track called All My Love on which John Bonham and John Paul Jones' classic crunching rhythm line dissects a regal keyboard bash. When Jimmy Page's distinctive guitar cuts a standard rock riff it's like the listener is hearing it for the first time; such is the Zeppelin magic. Fool In the Rain is going to emerge as one of the strongest tracks because of its adaptability for live performance, Plant's brilliant vocal effort and the sheer excitement of the calypso instrumental break. Hot Dog drags the listener off to Texas or Tennessee with a high-steppin' hillbilly reel that makes it difficult to remember that the excutioners happen to be Englishmen.

•

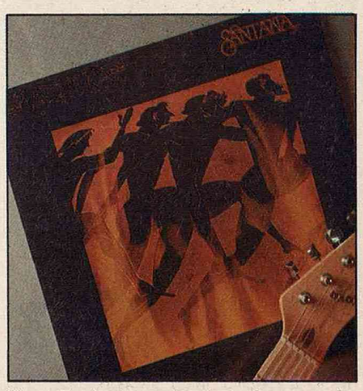
A mighty cosmopolitan brew is Santana's *Marathon* (CBS). A Chicano rock guitarist, fuelled up on Asian spiritual enlightenment to peddle some Greek mythology, is just too much of a culture clash to grasp with two ears. The marathon connection supposedly exists between the long-distance runner and the awareness journey going on in one's mind. Carlos should have stuck to short sprints rather than long distance jogs that lead nowhere.

Even with the assistance of Chris Solberg's writing skills, Santana's lyrics haven't improved much, but if there were less words and more music, this failing might be ignored. The words worth reading were printed on the inner sleeve in an almost unreadable Greek style, so the logical conclusion is that the lyrics are of no consequence anyway. Alexander Ligertwood claims that the lead vocal spot, and his adequate voice, fills the long spaces between Santana's scorching solos and the all-too-short instrumental breaks between tracks.

Despite the cosmo hodge-podge flavor of this album, too much of it runs to a formula which is so predictable that it almost rates a cliché classification. Only when Santana gets out of the vein does he breathe some life into the music.

•

Slow Train Coming (CBS) is another Bob Dylan landmark that will come chugging into so many collections in the same way as all the other post- and pre-motorcycle crash, anti-war, new romance and grand concert efforts which plot the Dylan course. The new Christian Bob doesn't take a strong pulpit stance, but those in the know will look back to 1979 and Slow Train and say "yes, that's when Dylan found Christianity". So it was goodbye to The Band, goodbye to the Yiddisher kid ... and welcome Slow Train. If Dylan is the man with the hand on the



Slow Train throttle, then the guy who is stoking the boiler is Mark Knopfler, the Dire Straits guitarist whose style was tailored for the great man's needs. Knopfler blazes his mark on this album with a healthy hack into the intro of the second cut, Precious Angel. He lets his guitar right off the bit on Slow Train, in which his solo dodges just inside the Dylan concept of acceptable restraint. The effect is depth and considerable strength, a feeling that receives strong support from liberal use of horns and a three-woman vocal backdrop. But lyrics are what Dylan is really about and the Church will be happy to note that he throws on the preacher cloak on Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others) and When He Returns. Other clue-chasers will note that the mast on the rear cover boat shot and the pick on the front cover illustration are both in the distinctive crucifix shape. So sayeth the Gospel according to Saint Bob. —A.D. AIRD

•

To mark the 50th anniversary of their Australian activities, RCA have issued a two-record set (two for the price of one) titled *Immortal Jazz Classics,* which has been symbolically numbered RCA50.

Actually it is more *immortal jazz classic tunes* than *immortal jazz classic performances* but there are enough of the latter to make this a well worthwhile acquisition, especially when the bonus disc happens to be the very first jazz record put out by this illustrious company, as far back as March 7, 1917.

It is a facsimile of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's *Dixie Jazz Band One Step* and *Livery Stable Blues,* recorded just two weeks earlier in New York with Nick La Rocca, cornet, Larry Shields, clarinet, Eddie Edwards, trombone, Henry Ragas, piano and Tony Sbarbaro, drums. It is surely one of the most significant discs in the history of jazz.

What remarkable strides this music has made in these 60 years!

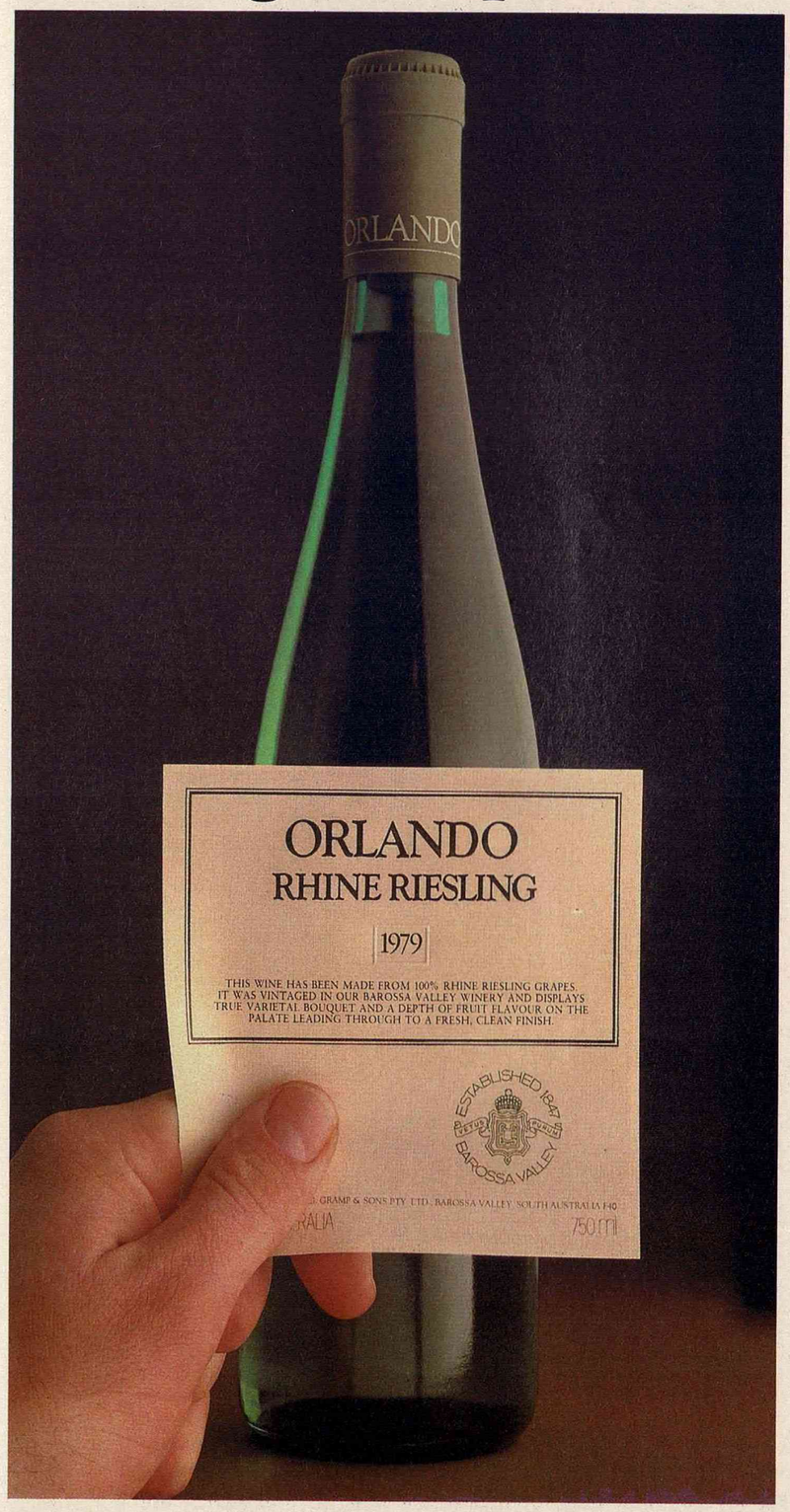
The other record contains an amazing 19 tracks and includes some equally memorable music — in particular Muggsy Spanier's Ragtimers and I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate, that marvellous Louis Armstrong version of Basin Street Blues, one of those earliest Benny Goodman flagwavers, Bugle Call Rag, a great Fats Waller representation in Christopher Columbus, an early and definitive treatment by Ellington of Take The A Train, the unique Bunny Berigan and his celebrated version of I Can't Get Started.

I am not sure that I would rate Smiles as a jazz classic. But it is taken from a favorite LP by musicians used in the movie *Pete Kelly's Blues* and is a truly sparkling performance from West Coasters Dick Cathcart, Matty Matlock, Eddie Miller, Moe Schneider, Ray Sherman, George Van Eps, Jud DeNaut and Nick Fatool.

There are many tracks from the eight LPs of small band jazz recorded for RCA in the late '30s and early '40s by vibes star Lionel Hampton that I would have included before Dinah. Similarly, the inclusion of Al Hirt's Just A Closer Walk With Thee and Dear Old Southland are questionable even if they both have their moments. In the same category is the Bob Scobey version of Woodchopper's Ball — but obviously the label did not have access to the more renowned interpretations. Add to all this such jazz standards as Alexander's Ragtime Band by Turk Murphy, South Rampart Street Parade by Jimmy McPartland and When The Saints Go Marching In by the Dukes of Dixieland, and it all becomes quite a mouth-watering assemblage.

My main gripe, however, must be levelled at the record company itself. With three full pages of cover space at

Orlando Rhine Riesling~or how to make a great reputation in 26 years.



Grapes: Select prime Rhine Riesling grapes.

Picking: Pick only by hand to avoid even minor damage to the fruit, which could mar the delicacy and flavour of the finished wine.

Fermentation: Continue to use the Cold Controlled Fermentation Method introduced from Germany by Orlando in 1953. This gives our winemaker control over fermentation, enabling him to make a consistently superior wine.

Orlando Rhine Riesling has an elegance, intensity of flavour, and aromatic bouquet that have made it a benchmark in the Australian wine industry.

Last year Orlando celebrated the 25th Anniversary of Rhine Riesling with a memorable 'taste back' of all the previous vintages. Australia's leading wine writers were present and they were unanimous in their praise of the wines especially the consistency of the style.

Orlando Rhine Riesling, was first produced in 1953. It has won over 50 significant Gold Medals at major Australian Wine Shows in all of these years.

1954	1960	1969
1955	1961	1970
1956	1962	1974
1957	1963	1975
1958	1965	1976
1959	1966	1978

Orlando Rhine Riesling, deserving of its great reputation.

ORL03751

their disposal, I find it hard to justify the omission of at least the year of recording, even if personnel may have been too much to hope for. For an organisation that has been such a pace-setter in the field of jazz music, one would have anticipated a more professional approach. For all that it is a terrific release and one I commend to your attention.

•

When it comes to true jazz classics AND true classic performances, I have absolutely no reservations whatsoever about Duke Ellington's *Memorial Collection* (CBS CSP092) – a truly magnificent LP! All the Master's most beloved tunes are here – and played by the best bands of his career between 1930-1959. Included are the definitive treatments of so many of his compositions such as the 1932 recording of It Don't Mean A Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing), featuring the unique Ivie Anderson, that helped turn me on to jazz so long ago.

The 1930 vintage Ellington with Rockin' In Rhythm, the wonderful 1938 band playing I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, the incomparable alto-saxophone of Johnny Hodges in Prelude To A Kiss (1957) and, a year earlier, I Got It Bad And That Aint Good, and Take The A Train, Creole Love Call, Mood Indigo, Caravan, Solitude, Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me, Don't Get Around Much Anymore, In a Mellow Tone, Perdido, C Jam Blues, Satin Doll and Sophisticated Lady, are among the other never-to-be-forgotten compositions of this true giant of 20th century music.

This must be one of the greatest collections of recorded jazz music. Although Duke has recorded each one of them over and over, these are *the* pick treatments and are essential listening. I cannot over-emphasise the importance of this particular LP.

•

Way up there too – but who could match the master? – is Sarah Vaughan. The Divine Sarah is a true jazz singer, one of the very few worthy of serious consideration. There are many vocalists with great voices – Cleo, Morgana and Roberta et al – but Sarah has never compromised her true artistry since she came to public attention back in the mid-1940s.

Her latest release, *Ronnie Scott presents Sara Vaughan Vol. 2* (Astor SPLP1568) is one of her best. Recorded in London last year, the sound quality is superb, as is the empathy she enjoys with her regular group of Carl Schroeder piano, bass player Walter Booker and drummer Jimmy Cobb.

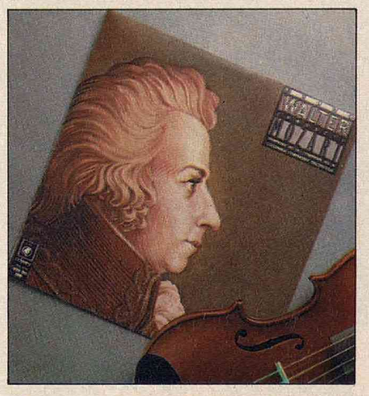
Sarah is much less frantic on this occasion than on some earlier releases – and that suits me fine. She still lets go and swings like mad when the mood takes her, but I always most admired her ballads, and she has a number of noteworthy ones here. Early Autumn, Everything Must Change, Passing Strangers and the superb George Gershwin medley of But Not For Me, Our Love Is Here To Stay, Embraceable You and Someone To Watch Over Me are album highlights on disc that is never less than great.

Those of you who recognise my general lack of enthusiasm for vocalists at large will recognise this as praise indeed.

•

I cannot claim unbounded commendation for another double just released by Xanadu: *Four Decades of Jazz* (X5001). It is something of a musical history of a dedicated record company whose tastes, to be fair, do not always coincide with my own.

Some notable artists – and groups – are included, but the music itself is



often of only FAQ. The singers include two of the best in Billie Holliday (I Cried For You), the shamefully neglected David Allyn (I'm Gonna Laugh You Out Of My Life) to the execrable Earl Coleman (All In Love Is Fair).

Among the standout instrumentalists are alto player Sonny Criss (Saturday Morning), Bud Powell (Shaw Nuff), Dexter Gordon (On The Trail), Art Pepper (Tickle Toe), Tal Farlow (Opus de Funk), Ronnie Cuber (Rifftide) and also Al Cohn (America The Beautiful).

Also included are two rareties in a Swedish session of 1950 by Charlie (Bird) Parker playing Lover Man abominably recorded, and a spirited bit of Bebop from Dizzy Gillespie's exciting 1945 big band with Something For You. This release is historically interesting but not indispensable, I am sorry to say. – KYM BONYTHON

•

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was 18 when he composed his Symphony No 25 in G Minor. Mr Sidney Vicious wasn't much older when he wrote his punk hit song, Anarchy in the UK. Mozart's work is still going strong after 200 years. Anarchy will undoubtedly follow its creator into oblivion before the turn of the decade.

It's an odious comparison, but indicative of the truism that *real* music will live for ever. And of the depth and passion that made the prodigy from Salzburg one of the greatest composers of all time. Mozart's No 25 – dubbed the "Little" G Minor to avoid confusion with his No 40 in the same key – is proof that genius is not a function of years. The youthful composer's innate comprehension of drama and grandeur is as sure in this work as in his later, more famous – and perhaps more polished – symphonies.

No 25 has been re-released recently by CBS on the Odyssey label. It is a mono recording, backed by Mozart's Symphony No 28, written a couple of years later. Much of the regret one feels at the lack of fidelity is compensated by the superb conducting of Bruno Walter and the professionalism of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

The theatrical *allegro con brio* leads into a lovely, slow, sad *andante,* which I find particularly melancholy. The third movement quickly seals off that mood, though, paving the way for a triumphant, disturbingly dramatic final *allegro*. You need to listen to the other side – a gentler, more introspective work – to come down to earth.

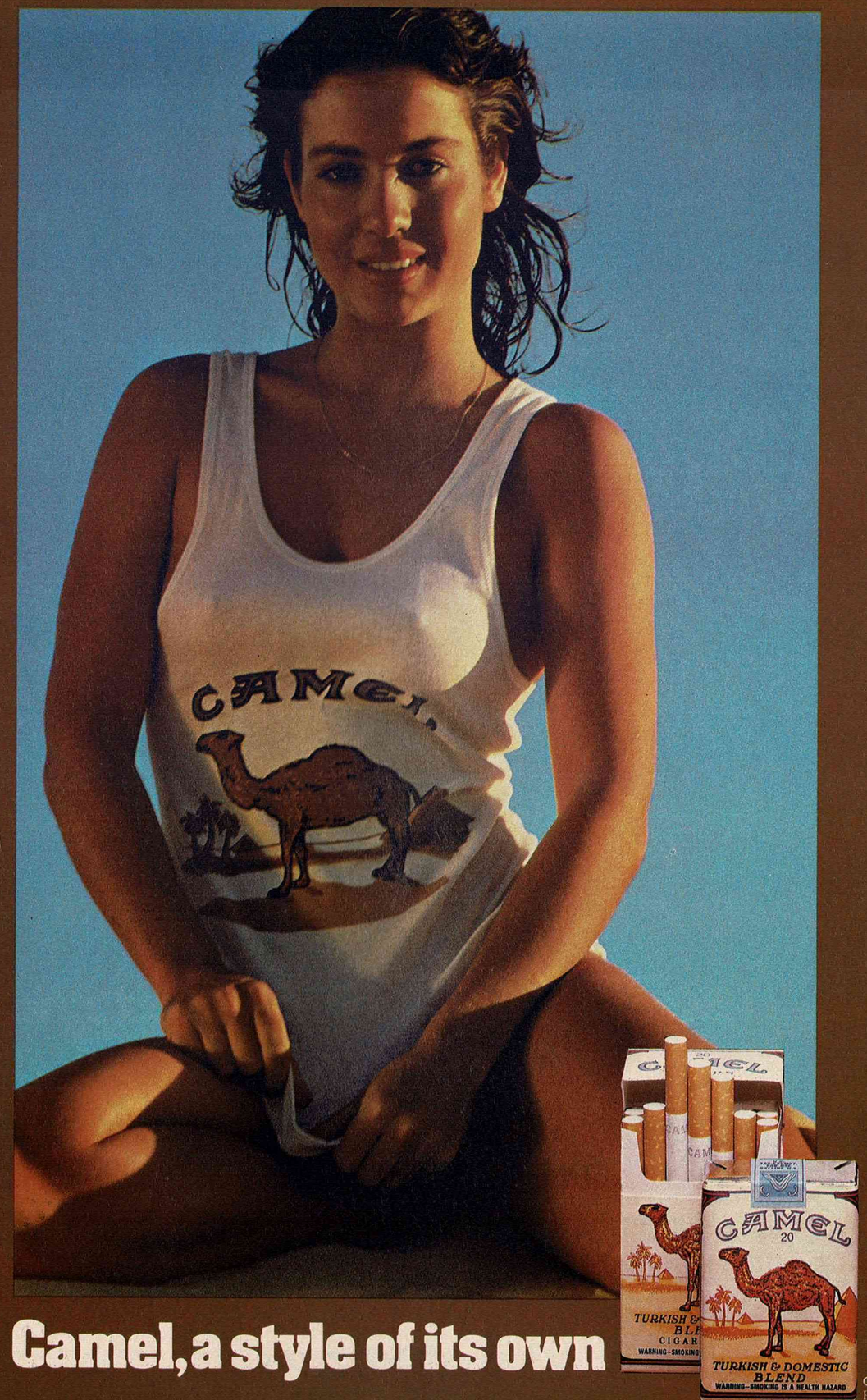
•

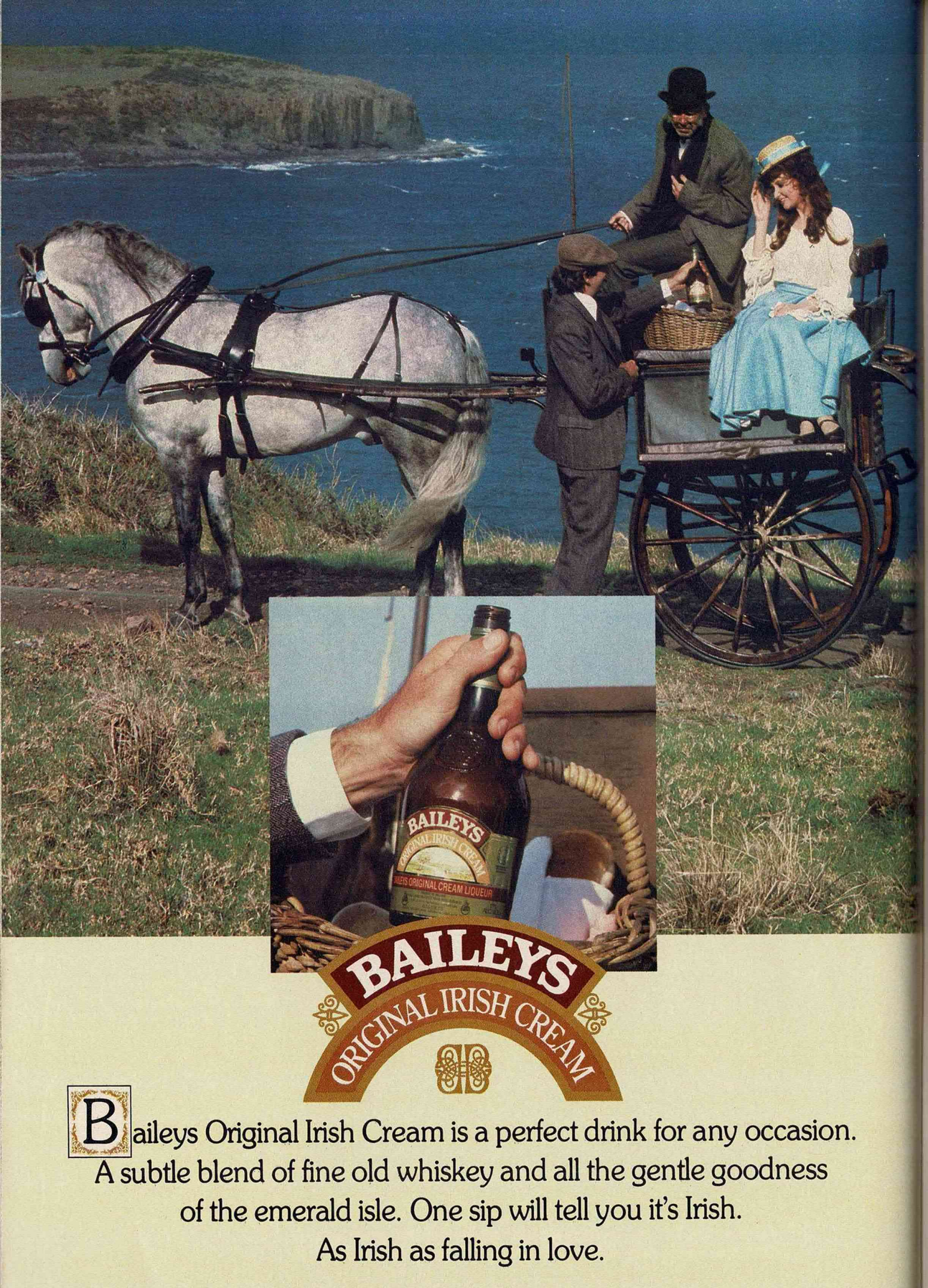
Fans of the incomparable Isaac Stern cannot fail to be drawn to a spate of releases on the CBS Master Works label. I have listened recently to four of these commendable recordings: Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons;* Mozart's *Violin Concertos Nos 2 and 4;* Brahms' *Violin Concerto;* Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto and Meditation.*

All are first-class interpretations of these well-known works, but if one stands out it is *Le Quattro Stagioni – The Four Seasons.* This is a true masterpiece, a musical orgasm. Many composers have used the seasons as a theme; none has done it as well as Antonio Vivaldi. And few could portray the range of emotions he demands from the violin as well as Stern.

Spring is tentative, capricious – birdsong, breezes and thunder punctuate the delightful season of rising sap. Summer is an intensely personal expression – somnolence, relaxation, and the menace of the north wind. Stern captures it all so effortlessly.

In Autumn comes the realisation that the good times are almost over; there's a good deal of boozing and hiccuping. Then Winter, at first echoing the remembered warmth of summer, yet beginning to accept the chilling reality. Blizzards rage, and the cycle is complete. – TONY REES





Baileys Original Irish Cream is a perfect drink for any occasion.
A subtle blend of fine old whiskey and all the gentle goodness
of the emerald isle. One sip will tell you it's Irish.
As Irish as falling in love.

HWCE 10140

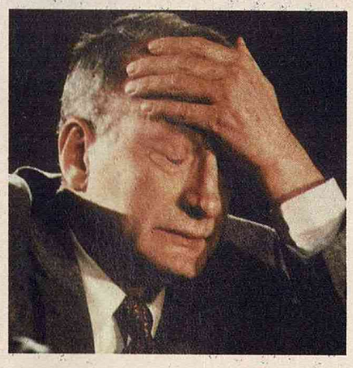
MOVIES

a strange, but sadly flawed exercise in the macabre is saved by a ghoulfriend

PEOPLE KEEP telling me that Chantal Contouri, who plays the lead in a new Australian horror film called *Thirst,* is not "conventionally beautiful". I take this to mean that Miss Contouri does not conform to the normal stereotypes of female beauty prevailing in the commercial cinema. There is a suggestion that, but for the ingenuity of make-up artists and lighting cameramen, Miss Contouri would not be beautiful at all. So I begin this commentary in chivalrous fashion by declaring that Chantal Contouri is, in my opinion, the most beautiful actress to appear in any Australian film in recent years.

That, of course, is one good reason for seeing *Thirst.* Some would say it is the only reason. Fortunately the makers of the film have had the good sense to keep Miss Contouri on the screen for almost the whole movie, which contributed in large measure to my high opinion of this strange, unnerving, but sadly flawed exercise in the macabre.

The point about Miss Contouri's beauty is that our reaction to the film will depend greatly on our reaction to the lady herself: would we care about her if she were not so beautiful, so vulnerable, so touching in distress? Would we care about the character if she were played by an actress like Kerry Walker, a performer of commanding talent, whose beauty (to put a fine point on it) is even more unconventional than Miss Contouri's? The idea bears thinking about. Would we care about Hitchcock's heroines if they were not so beautiful? Those who find Barbra Streisand more beautiful than (say) Farrah Fawcett, or perhaps Lisa Minelli more beautiful than (say) our own Wendy Hughes, will accept my proposition that true beauty is *always* unconventional, deriving as it does from the perfect flaw. Ira Levin wrote a neglected thriller a few years ago called *The Stepford Wives* (later filmed) in which the wives in a small American community were murdered by their husbands and converted, literally, into perfect dolls – masturbation objects who immediately lost the intrinsic charm they possessed as imperfect individuals. The nightmare depended on the fact that the quest for perfection in anything, especially human beings, is futile and destructive. That is why utopian theories are so frightening. Personally I find the idea of paradise, the apotheosis of perfection, no less terrifying than the idea of



George C. Scott, left, gives a top class performance in *Hardcore,* as a businessman searching for his daughter, above, in the porn fields.

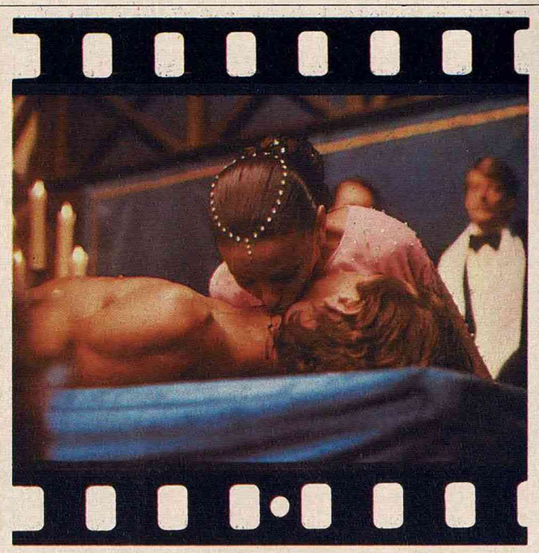
R-RATED

Hardcore is definitely not a hardcore movie, as people who like hardcore movies have no doubt discovered by now. It is about pornography, but it is not pornographic – and, given the pressures of the modern commercial film industry, it is something of a tribute to Paul Schrader's integrity as a director that his film never crosses the borderline to exploit its subject-matter for cheap voyeuristic motives. There are some highly explicit scenes (in fact, if ever a film earned an R rating, this is it) but the general effect is cathartic. It provokes revulsion. Anyone who saw *Taxi Driver* a few years ago (directed by Martin Scorcese from screenplay by Schrader) will know of Schrader's preoccupation with the ugliest facets of American society and his genuine abhorrence for the depravity and misery that fester behind the bright lights of the big cities.

The central performance by George C. Scott is one of the most memorable yet from this veteran. It is a good rule in movies that any film with Scott is likely to be worth seeing. (The same used to be true of any film with Burt Lancaster or Kirk Douglas.) Scott is a charismatic performer – tough, uncompromising, many-shaded, subtle in his range of emotional tonings – and his performance in *Hardcore* has a note of absolute conviction. He plays Jake Van Dorn who is a deeply religious midwestern businessman whose daughter disappears during a church group excursion to California. He hires a private detective (a cool and dazzling performance by Peter Boyle) who discovers that the girl has been playing in porn movies. Confronted with this news, Van Dorn sets off from Grand Rapids to find his daughter, and we are taken on a horrifying journey through the lurid sub-culture of porn palaces, massage parlors, cheap brothels and back-street movie houses. Very little is left to the imagination.

As a semi-documentary exposure of the porn culture, this film is convincing and scarifying. The porn merchants are portrayed, not as monsters, but as credible human beings – sad, vulnerable, always with an eye for the sharp deal, and not without a touch of humor. Porn, we are told, is a business just like any other. Given the good intentions of the film and its immense technical accomplishment, I find it hard to say why it failed to satisfy me. There is a certain spurious indignation about it.

Chantal Contouri's conversion to a drop of red is not in vein in the candle-lit initiation scene in *Thirst* — Australia's latest homegrown offering for the moviegoer.



Once the lovely Chantal gets a taste, however, there is no holding her back, and it's fangs for the memory as she does some heavy necking for the Big Brotherhood.

hell; but then I am somewhat eccentric in these matters.

Thirst is a first feature by Rod Hardy, and is about brainwashing, the subjugation of human beings and the ruthlessness that accompanies all efforts to order the world in accordance with theories of a superior race. I do not think that is too pretentious a description of what is, after all, a work of popular entertainment. Any work of art, even a commercial movie, may hint at deeper truths than its makers intended. *Thirst* succeeds as a thriller because we are kept aware of its serious purposes, its underlying anxiety about the human capacity for evil and the depravity that lies near the surface of our orderly world. Most horror films lack a frame of moral reference. Their horrors exist in a vacuum. The gruesome effects in a film like *The Never Dead* (reviewed recently in these pages) are no more than ugly spectacles, gross lapses of good taste. They do not frighten or even greatly offend us because essentially they are meaningless. But *Thirst* has a very specific moral standpoint: it is concerned to show that the goodness of this world is corruptible. It is about the crushing of a human spirit and the systematic destruction of a woman's natural instinct for truth, reason and sanity. In that respect alone I would compare it with a film as unrelievedly pessimistic as *The Serpent's Egg,* Bergman's exploration of the springs of nazism. The worst horrors, we are told, are perpetrated by utopian reformers in the service of their cause. Georges Franju, in *Les Yeux Sans Visage,* one of the finest examples of cinematic horror, told the story of a surgeon who transplanted the features of murdered women on to the face of his beloved daughter, hideously disfigured in a car crash. The film achieved its singular power and fascination because we knew that the surgeon was acting from the highest motives of love and a true compassion.

Contouri plays a confident, successful career woman, Kate Davis, who is kidnapped from her flat by members of a secret society called the Hyma Brotherhood, which turns out to be a vampire cult of international proportions. She is taken by plane and car to a lonely farm in the country, where her captors explain that she is a direct descendant of a mysterious baroness, a founder and leader of the Brotherhood, whose members see themselves as a superior race. It is their practice to drink human blood, which is supplied by large numbers of zombie-like donors, kept in the compound in a state of drugged submission and regularly milked of their "vital human essence". The blood is hygienically bottled and shipped off to Brotherhood members around the world. (Apparently, there are numbers of similar blood farms in various countries.) Kate is prevailed upon to drink the blood, and later to attack the throats of sacrificial victims, as a sign of submission to her captors and acceptance of her role as a spiritual figurehead or high priestess of this unusual cult.

Refusing to yield, she is subjected to excruciating ordeals of brainwashing, terror and intimidation.

Whatever reservations one may have about the film (and I fear the plot sounds pretty ludicrous when set down in print), there can be no reservations about Miss Contouri. Here is a performance by a mature and richly gifted actress, marvellously in command of a range of moods from defiance, panic, hope, desperation to blind terror. In a long central sequence, Kate escapes from the compound, steals a truck and sets off down the lonely highway in a desperate, doomed flight to safety. The sequence is a *tour de force.* Rod Hardy creates that sense of elephantine slowness and fumbling incompetence that afflicts all fugitives in nightmares. The tension is never spoilt by our knowledge that the escape will fail. Later, Kate is brought back to the compound, drugged, imprisoned in a cell and terrorised with a display of audio-visual horrors — a sequence of pure terror that must rival Catherine Deneuve's climactic hallucinations in Polanski's *Repulsion.*

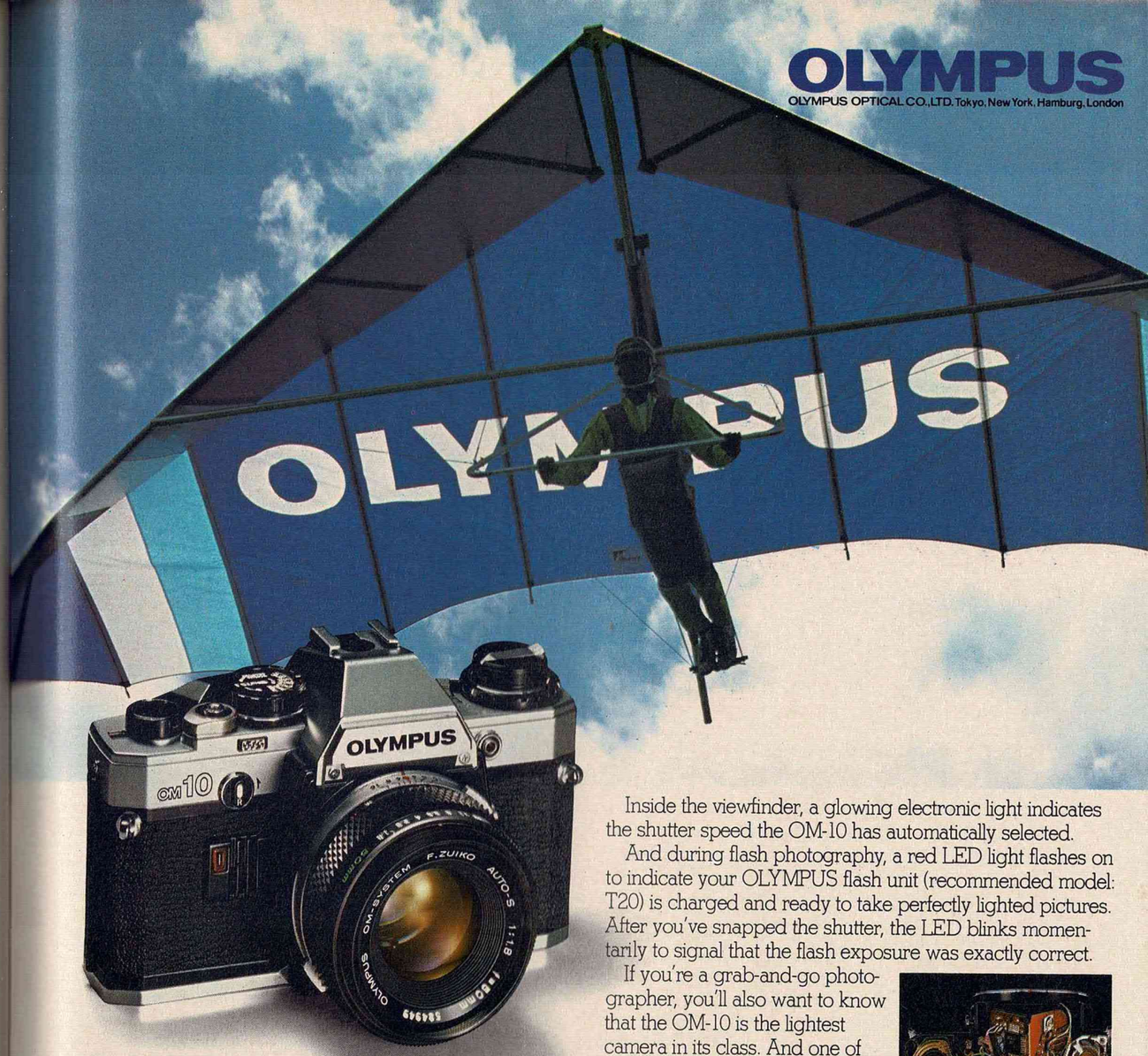
Tony Ginnane, the co-producer of *Thirst,* is responsible for several shrewdly judged commercial successes, notably the stylish and highly original *Patrick. Thirst* should do better than any of them, thanks mainly to Miss Contouri, the boldness of the film's theme and some beautifully timed shock effects.

The cosy surroundings of Kate's flat yield unexpected terrors, real and imaginary: a cat spills a carton of milk, which turns out to be blood; a bathroom shower sprays out a torrent of crimson; a trusted housekeeper turns out to be an agent of the Brotherhood.

David Hemmings is Dr Fraser, one of the leaders of the cult, who feels compassion for Kate and tries to save

OLYMPUS

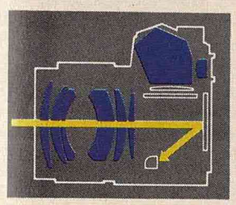
OLYMPUS OPTICAL CO., LTD. Tokyo, New York, Hamburg, London



The ingenious new OM-10 lets you watch the action, not the camera.

Perhaps you're ready for a camera that thinks: The ingeniously easy, new OLYMPUS OM-10.

It's destined to be a leader in today's camera revolution for good reason. The OM-10 electronically captures perfectly exposed photographs. Simply and automatically.



All you do is focus and *click.*

The OM-10 utilizes OLYMPUS's famous, professional TTL Direct Light Measuring System to read light *directly* off the film during the instantaneous moment of exposure truth. Only OLYMPUS has this lightning-fast system.

Inside the viewfinder, a glowing electronic light indicates the shutter speed the OM-10 has automatically selected.

And during flash photography, a red LED light flashes on to indicate your OLYMPUS flash unit (recommended model: T20) is charged and ready to take perfectly lighted pictures. After you've snapped the shutter, the LED blinks momentarily to signal that the flash exposure was exactly correct.

If you're a grab-and-go photographer, you'll also want to know that the OM-10 is the lightest camera in its class. And one of the most compact SLRs anywhere.

Note an exciting world's-first feature. A self-timer not only blinks on the outside, it beeps on the inside to doubly warn you of the approaching exposure. Your own audio-visual show.

A comprehensive system of superb lenses and accessories is available to explore other photography worlds. And there is even a power-driven winder to advance the film for quick-shot action photography.

The new OM-10 lets you concentrate on the picture instead of the camera.

Easy? Ingeniously so.

Simply ingenious.

OM10

Marketed in Australia by: H. Levinson Pty. Ltd., Lido House 396, Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000 Tel: 29-7885 11-17 Leveson Street, North Melbourne, 3051 Tel: 328-3291

her from the worst humiliations; there's a juicy, spirited performance from Shirley Cameron playing the implacable, sadistic Mrs Barker, for whom a suitably messy demise is devised in the latter stages.

Not a particularly subtle film, but like most recent Australian movies it has been made with professional gloss and much technical flair. John Pinkney's screenplay might have achieved more tension by giving less away at the start. *Thirst* opens with a shock sequence (a "flash-forward") which weakens the mood, and would have been better left in its rightful narrative place. Mr Pinkney is responsible for a collection of stories called "Instant Terror", which I have not had the pleasure of reading, but their title suggests that he likes to rush things a little. But terror is not an "instant" commodity; we cannot feel terror on behalf of someone we don't know. We can't feel terror on behalf of earthquake victims in Brazil, but we *can* feel terror for a movie heroine if the script takes time to build up our sympathy. (Hitchcock spent the whole first half of *Psycho* simply making us get to *like* Janet Leigh.)

Still, *Thirst* isn't half bad. Settings and special effects are alarmingly authentic. The ghastly establishment where victims are drained of blood ("exsanguinated", as one character puts it, with relish) resembles one of those huge automated dairies, and the characters' vampiric urges are signalled by glowing red eye pupils that have never looked more disturbing, even in the Chrysler Scorpion ads. Altogether a sensational work, and strictly commercial, but one that left me thinking, and for a case-hardened reviewer, not a little shaken.

•

Padre Padrone, a film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, has won deserved acclaim, and it is not too late to see this remarkable and powerful film about the relationship between a Sardinian peasant boy and his father. Audiences should be warned that it is almost unbearably harrowing (I had the choice of seeing this film or a stage performance of *Long Day's Journey into Night,* and came away from the movie with the distinct impression that Eugene O'Neill was a comic genius . Like most unbelievable stories, this one is said to be true; the central figure is a young shepherd boy (Fabrizio Forte), subjected to unimaginable brutality and humiliation by his father (Omero Antonutti). The boy eventually triumphs over his miserable upbringing and goes on to become a linguist at an Italian university.

Most of the story is filmed in the bleak, rock-strewn hills of central Sardinia. At an early age the boy is taken by his father out of elementary school to help look after sheep. For years he is kept a prisoner in a stone hut, cruelly beaten for the slightest offence, and denied any contact with outsiders. Nor, apparently, is this treatment exceptional. In this closed, primitive community, all friendships between boys are furtive and liable to be punished. The chief amusement of youngsters is sex with farm animals, and there is a sequence of astonishing lyrical power in which the auto-erotic pastimes of the boys are set against the stern and flinty grandeur of the hillsides and the grey skies. The boy gets no protection from his mother or the rest of the family, who live in equal fear of the father's tyranny. As a young man, he enters a military academy where his intellectual gifts are recognised. But even in adult life, the fear of his father remains.

In few films has sound been used with such imaginative power: the solitary gasps and whispers of the boys merge and swell into a weird pagan chorus that seems to express all the desperation and loneliness of the village community; characters articulate their thoughts in brief monologues; we hear the imagined voices of animals mocking their masters; a waltz theme recurs through the film as a symbol of yearning and triumph.

"Co-pilots Alain Delon and George Kennedy struggle nobly to stay aloft, but the bird they're flying is an endangered species."

Padre Padrone is by no means an easy film to understand, and its characters are not nearly as simple as perhaps I make them sound. The essential human relationships are elusive and complex. The film's achievement is to preserve our sympathy for the father. His brutalities are conditioned by custom and tribal memory; he acts in spite of himself. We are made aware of the eternal conflict between brute instinct and the fragile goodness cultivated by civilised values. It is a difficult role to bring off without falsehood or histrionics, and Antonutti succeeds magnificently, conveying in his smallest gestures that mixture of animal passion, self-reproach and moral bafflement at the heart of his peasant soul. At the end, by some mysterious irony, the father seems a more touching, and in some ways a more believable figure than his bemused and battered son. I commend this film for its great depths of pity and understanding.

•

Riddle of the Sands is based on the book by Erskine Childers which acquired the dubious status of "classic thriller". Set on the Friesian island off Germany's northern coast in 1902, the opening conveys a chilling mood of threatening seas, perpetual mist and stretches of forbidding grey sands. Any review of a film which begins with a comment on the photography is usually a sign that there is little else to praise. And so it is with this one.

An Englishman (Simon McCorkindale), sailing his boat around the islands, is warned off his self-appointed holiday task of bringing navigation charts up to date by a rich, friendly but sinister German in a luxurious motor yacht. He summons a university friend (Michael York), now with the British Foreign Office, to join him, and together they uncover a plot to invade Britain. Their spying forays and enterprising schemes to foil the German plans are completely without tension. The film falls as flat as the sands themselves. — EVAN WILLIAMS

FILM CLIPS

Rape of Love: French writer-director Yannick Bellon's highly sensitised portrait of a rape victim often lets its feminist roots show, speaking somewhat too conscientiously for all women instead of relying on its heroine — an attractive provincial nurse who is abducted, beaten, brutally raped and sodomised by four working stiffs on a spree. In the principal role Nathalie Nell rivets attention both as a ravished beauty and as an eloquent actress. She may be the classiest Gallic import since Catherine Deneuve.

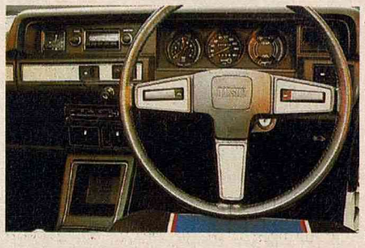
The Concorde—Airport '79: One of the longer airline commercials, this supersonic valentine makes it clear that the plane would never go down but for sabotage. Robert Wagner is the bad guy from Big Business who doesn't want Susan Blakely to reach Moscow, via Paris, because she knows too much about him. Cicely Tyson, carrying a heart transplant for her young son, hasn't a minute to waste. Co-pilots Alain Delon and George Kennedy struggle nobly to stay aloft, but the bird that they're flying is an endangered species in more ways than one. Needs a head transplant, maybe.

Nighthawks: London's gay scene is explored with insight and compassion in a documentary-style drama about a geography teacher named Jim (sensitively played by Ken Robertson) who spends his off hours cruising.

At a meeting of minds.
Leo Buring quality casks.
LeoBuring
3 Litre Wine Casks
PFPC

New 1980 Datsun 200B SX

THE SPORTY FOUR WITH MORE



Sports appeal:
Ease into the cloth seats with the broad sports stripes. Look around, it's all there. Tachometer. Slick four-on-the-floor gearshift. Black dash. Distinctive soft feel steering wheel. Quartz clock. Radio. Laminated windscreen. Power assisted dual circuit brakes with front discs. Quartz halogen high beam headlights. Variable ratio steering.

Sports equipment:
It starts with wide alloy wheels. Chunky steel belted radials. Taut sports modified 'phase-matched' seating/suspension. The 2 litre overhead cam engine makes the four with more SX a sure winner. Up front there's the race bred air dam and extended body coloured bumper. The 200B SX has built-in sports appeal.

Cruisin' power:
The superb 2 litre fuel efficient engine gives full-blooded performance. It has power to spare for towing a boat, accelerating on the open highway or negotiating city traffic.
The new 1980 Datsun 200B continues to deliver outstanding fuel economy. Once again proving, "Datsun Saves".

Cruisin' comfort:
SX is a four that's fun to drive even with a load of five. It's spacious. All with the added comfort of wall to wall carpet. Heated rear window. Three speed heater/demister and reclining front bucket seats.

Open up the door on the sporty four with more at your Datsun Dealer, now.

Happy Days are here again!

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
DAT 504/R

BOOKS

an intimate look at the rich and famous — by a top australian newsman

I SAID, my dear boy, you ought to take time off to look north of the Murray and then north of the Queensland border. And you will realise what idiotic nonsense you are talking because you can't win without the Country Party. They are your allies and you must treat them as your allies." The speaker: Sir Robert Menzies – not from the grave but from the privacy of his study in his old home in Malvern, Melbourne, in an extraordinary tape-recorded interview with Sydney journalist David McNicoll in April, 1974.

The "dear boy" to whom Menzies was recalling addressing himself was the former president of the Victorian Liberal Party, Mr Philip Russell, who was preparing to fight the 1972 Federal election without the Country Party. McNicoll reprints every word of that interview in his autobiography, *Luck is a Fortune* (Wildcat).

The words of advice Menzies remembers offering Russell in that last major interview Australia's longest-serving prime minister gave before his death last year ring with an eerie significance as the coalition partners enter the countdown for the next election in renewed enmity.

The hitherto unpublished full text of that remarkable Menzies interview, in which Australia's most unforgettable politician-statesman's tongue is at its most vitriolic, is a controversial centrepiece for an absorbing book.

It is not only the autobiography of one of the most influential newspapermen of our times, but it stands as an important social document of one of the most turbulent periods in history – the 1930s through to the present, which McNicoll aptly and eloquently describes as "salad days for newspapers".

Throughout his long career and millions of written words, McNicoll never felt it necessary to apologise for his Big L Liberalism and conservatism. His unyielding stance never endeared him to socialistically sympathetic fellow journalists nor many of the readers of the Packer press with which he has been associated for almost 40 years. But only the rabid have ever questioned his talent as a journalist.

Allied to his enviable facility for words, McNicoll has always had a zest for living a life in which he has met, talked with, dined with and, one suspects, slept with many of the great names and beauties of this century.

There are overtones of elitism and snobbery in this book which drips with famous names. But there is also a counter-balancing compassion and humility of a man who admits he has been lucky in a profession he has been proud to serve.

David McNicoll: Talked with and dined many of the great names and beauties of the 20th century.

In a line, a fascinating book, especially for any person intrigued by social and political events this century.

Luck is a Fortune will be published late November. – RUSSELL DEILEY

•

When I was young and capable of almost continuous erection, I was easily persuaded to the view that boys are hornier than girls. Nice girls didn't. Sex was further from their undefiled minds than the dark side of the moon. And I had the misfortune only to meet nice girls.

As I grew older, and less capable, a few not-so-nice girls satisfied my milder fantasies, and I began to think that they might enjoy it, too. This belief was spurred on by the research of Kinsey, Masters and Johnson and others. Women, we were told, were the predators, using males at whim and discarding them like paper knickers.

Now Richard Hagen, another psychologist eager for a quid, has come along with a brand new theory as old as the hills: men are hornier than women because of their genetic structure.

His book *The Bio-Sexual Factor* (Doubleday), is a masterpiece of selective reporting, quoting all sorts of experts to back up his case. It is not, I hasten to add, a masterpiece in any other way. However, Hagen appears to have done a lot of homework. His bibliography covers every sexual treatise I've heard of, and a lot I haven't.

His argument (back to my childhood!) is that men are driven to seek sex because of some genetic need to distribute their seed, to propagate the human species. The ultimate example is propagation by force: rape. Hagen points out that a woman can't force a male to have sexual intercourse, whereas a sexually aroused male can force himself on a woman. He draws more gentle support from his figures on prostitution: males will queue to buy sex; females won't.

Hagen marshals some interesting facts about hormone levels, and their effect on sexual performance, as well as stirring up the sexual hornet's nest with his claims of fundamental male promiscuity and female fidelity.

The Bio-Sexual Factor claims to be controversial, and will probably draw a few snipes from the vanguard of the sexual revolutionaries. But sex is a subject about which too much has been written. It is now impossible to absorb the theories, counter-theories and accounts of sexual mores by experts who leap into print as readily as their subjects leap into bed.

If it's any comfort, Hagen's book made me feel better, as if the sexual wheel had gone full cycle. But it won't introduce me to any of those not-so-nice girls. – TONY REES

•

From the time he moved to Sydney from his native Broken Hill – bruised but unbowed from a brush with Australia's seventh State government, the Barrier Industrial Council – Bob Bottom has been feeding a magnificent obsession. Since his first major Sydney journalistic assignment to investigate criminal infiltration of the NSW licensed clubs, he has been gnawing away at the intertwined tentacles of organised crime with the single-mindedness of a soldier ant.

Bottom's book, *The Godfather in Australia,* reads almost like a diary of the subsequent eight years of his research. Much of the material has been used before, either in newspaper columns or in various Parliamentary Hansards. Not that Bottom has been plagiarising his old newspaper colleagues or the elected representatives. Bottom himself wrote much of the newspaper material encapsuled in his book and fed many of the politicians their lines.

Yet, in spite of the sense of *déjà vu,* the book has a compelling freshness. It

is as if, in sitting down to piece it all together, Bottom has found a fresh sense of urgency, and the result is a chronicle of organised crime in Australia rather than a zealot's indictment of crooked politicians, police and their protectors. Naturally wary of the libel laws, Bottom arranges his words in waltz rather than ragtime.

By resisting the impulse to sensationalise and pontificate, Bottom has been able to present a rather disturbing document on how deeply and how widely the dealers in death, drugs and chicanery have entrenched themselves in our society. Only in his final chapter, in which he calls for the establishment of an independent crime commission, does Bottom loose his passion. "If Australians continue to remain apathetic, then organised crime has little to worry about. Of course, as they always say, it can't happen here. Just wait and see." — RUSSELL DEILEY

•

The Microprocessor, the computer on a silicon chip, is a very small thing to be so portentous for man; it marks the emergence of his first true rival.

There is, therefore, more than a little irony in that man has been the progenitor of his rival, almost as if the son has grown up and is challenging the father in the legendary Oedipus manner for the favors of some electronic Jocasta.

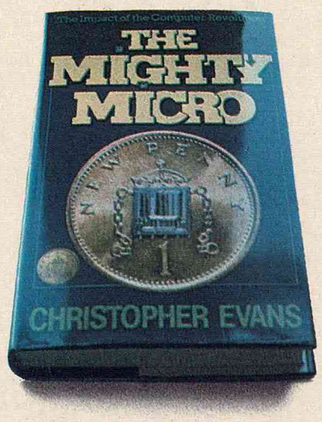
Make no mistake, the micros are coming, and *The Mighty Micro* by Dr Christopher Evans, (published by Victor Gollancz), is just about the best way for a non-electronic engineer to find out what they will bring in their train. Dr Evans is a psychologist, a futurologist and a computer scientist.

I recall seeing him talking to a group of children and being stunned by the clarity, elegance and simplicity of his words. The children, a specially selected advanced group of computer fans, obviously willingly accepted him as an elder member of their peer group. This to me marks the ultimate test of a teacher's ability.

But enough of the man, now to the book. Sadly, any book on microprocessors will be a mite dated even before it gets printed, but because of Dr Evans' vision he has managed to minimise this, and it is to his predictions that the reader will first turn.

Right in the first paragraph Dr Evans issues a warning: "This book is about the future. Not some distant future which we and our descendants can blissfully ignore, but one which is imminent and whose progress can be plotted with some degree of precision."

Dr Evans splits his future in to near, mid and long term, and says that he expects the microprocessor to move into the automotive mass-production



The stage is set for the dawn of a new age of intelligent and creative computers, writes Dr Chris Evans.

vehicles from this year to 1983. Well, he is very right, as we have seen for the last year or two with the Chrysler company's Electronic Lean Burn unit. But this, he feels, will be only the tip of a very large iceberg with the micros taking over the handling of carburation, ignition, instrumentation and possibly steering control etc.

Associated with this growth in computer related technology, Chris Evans sees that some time after 1983, but before 1990, the printed word will disappear to be replaced by the home or office Video Display Unit screen. Here I think that events have overtaken him because IBM, ICL and Wang have all released fully computerised office systems that avoid the use of the printed word. In the UK and Canada there are systems already in use to provide the home with information, reading material etc, via the family TV.

A similiar system is under consideration in Australia and may be offered well before 1990, Telecom Australia being one of the stumbling blocks to this.

Dr Evans proves in his book that, not only can a computer be considered intelligent, but that it can also be creative. A creative intelligent machine that is non-specialised is an almost perfect analogue of man, lacking only the drive to reproduce, and its companion, the survival instinct.

He sees man as gaining all the best possible results from the micro and computers generally. Such things as the 24-hour week, worldwide communication and automatic houses will come certainly, but will there be men as we know them to enjoy it all?

If Dr Evans is right, then we are heading for a brave new world indeed, but if there are to be machines with such vast intelligence, will one of them one day look up its memory and recall a picture of a human, saying to itself in pure binary, "His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

Chris Evans' book must be read by anyone in government, the unions and even the public, despite the panic it will cause. — FRANK LINTON-SIMPKINS

•

Most Australians take photography so much for granted that less than 0.5 percent rate it a hobby. Nevertheless, the local photographic industry enjoys a $400-million annual turnover and 20 million rolls of film are shot each year.

Advanced electronics have so simplified picture-taking that often all the photographer need do is press the shutter button.

The range of new equipment is so diverse that, at last year's Photokina convention in West Germany, the keenest visitors took a week to view all the wares in 12 exhibition halls, some the size of football fields.

Today's rapidly advancing technology, encouraging photographers to upgrade their cameras and equipment, suggests the need for a revised guide to contemporary photography. Adrian Bailey and Adrian Holloway provide just such a service with *The Book of Color Photography,* a complete guide for the amateur to taking better color pictures with 35mm, SLR, TLR, instant and pocket cameras.

Illustrated with more than 700 color pictures and diagrams, it offers step-by-step instructions, from choosing the right camera and film to advanced processing and printing. Most photographic questions, both practical and artistic, are answered.

Ever wanted to experiment with filters, flash-guns or lenses? Ever wondered how to photograph fireworks or the sun? Action-freeze a racing car? Create patterns with car headlights at night? Blur a tennis player serving? Correctly light a soft-focus studio portrait? These and many other problems are explained.

At a glance, beginners can learn from others' basic mistakes: sloping verticals, cut-off heads, confusing backgrounds, sloping horizons, objects obscuring the lens and subjects too close to be in focus. Happy-snappers can learn how to improve composition by testing different exposures and angles, focusing for effect and creating moods. And serious amateurs will find encouragement to improve their artistry with special equipment and techniques — from macrophotography to infra-red film to composite printing to posterisation. — CAMILLA BEACH

JSM 6043

Florsheim and fancy free.

The Florsheim Shoe

Resorts casuals, only $29.95. Available in a range of fashion colours.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

Editor
JOHN JOST
Assistant editor
TONY REES
Art director
STEPHEN BERRY
Chief copy editor
DENBY BROWNING
Copy editor
ROSS FARQUHAR
Writers
RUSSELL DEILEY
NEIL JAMESON
CAMILLA BEACH
Artists
ROBBYLEE PHELAN
STUART COLE
Fashion editor, stylist
KATRINA STEAD
Rights, traffic co-ordinator
JENNY BOUDA
Promotions manager
JOSIE DRUERY

ACP creative director
ANDREW COWELL

Advertising sales director
GEOFF PAXMAN
Advertising sales manager
CECILE BENNELL
Divisional manager, Sydney
PATRICIA CONNOLLY
Divisional manager, Melbourne
BARRY MAGRATH

Editor and publisher, US edition
HUGH M. HEFNER

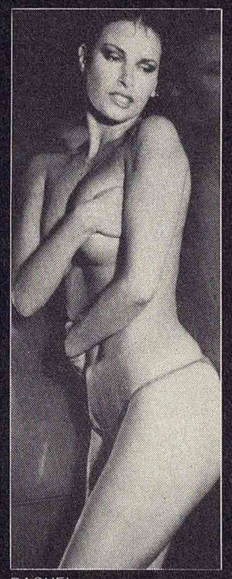
Australian publisher
TREVOR KENNEDY

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
NSW: 54 Park Street, Sydney 2000; Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. Telephone 2-0666. Vic: 150 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne 3000. Telephone 662-1888. Type set by Photoset Computer Service Pty Ltd, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000, NSW. Printed by Wilke and Co Ltd, 37-49 Browns Road, Clayton 3168, Vic, for the publishers, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney 2000.

Both fiction and poetry manuscripts are welcome, but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their return. Names and addresses should be written on manuscripts as well. Australian Consolidated Press does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. All material published remains the property of PLAYBOY.

CREDITS
Cover: Dress by Daily Planet; shoes by Raymond Castles.
Playmate of the Month (Page 100): Art nouveau bed by Richard Wiche Antique Markets; pillows and matching sheet by St Cloud; underwear by Raymond Castles; shoes by Mister Figgins; accessories by Shirley Burn Antique Markets; floral sheets and pillow cases by Sheridan; all of Sydney.

NEXT MONTH


RAQUEL

SYDNEY TO HOBART CLASSIC

PIRATES OF POP

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

THE OPTIMIST/PESSIMIST INVESTMENT GUIDE TO THE 1980S — AS WE TOTTER INTO THE NEXT DECADE ON THE CREST OF THE ENERGY CRISIS, WHAT'S IN STORE FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO PUT HIS MONEY TO WORK? TOP FINANCIAL WRITER **DAVID HASELHURST'S** PENETRATING PREDICTIONS CATER FOR ALL MOODS — DOOM TO BOOM

THE BUTTERFLY — A MASTERFUL STORY BY **RON SAW** ABOUT A LADY WHO ISN'T . . . BUT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

DEBORAH — A CAPTIVATING, BACK-TO-NATURE PICTORIAL THAT WILL HAVE YOU FALLING MADLY IN LOVE WITH THE ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY. PICTURES BY **RICO METTBACH**

80 WAYS THE '80S WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE — AS THE FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE ACCELERATE INTO THE REALMS OF FANTASY, WE DETAIL THE DAY-TO-DAY BENEFITS OF SPACE-AGE TECHNOLOGY, AND HOW THEY AFFECT YOU

THE PIRATES OF POP — RIP-OFF MERCHANTS SELLING CHEAP COPIES OF COMMERCIAL DISCS AND TAPES ARE COSTING THE PERFORMERS AND RECORD COMPANIES MILLIONS OF DOLLARS A YEAR IN LOST ROYALTIES. **NEIL JAMESON** REPORTS ON THIS GROWING RACKET

RAQUEL — A TRIBUTE IN WORDS AND PICTURES TO THE MOST CELEBRATED SEX SYMBOL OF THE '70S

AUSTRALIA'S BLUE WATER CLASSIC — WHAT DRAWS THE WORLD'S TOP SAILORS TO STORM-TOSSED BASS STRAIT FOR THE SYDNEY-HOBART RACE? WE LOOK AT THE MEN, THE MACHINES — AND WHAT DRIVES THEM

SEVEN DEADLY SINS — THE JOY OF GIVING ENTERS A NEW DIMENSION IN THIS INTRIGUING PICTORIAL

THE AUDIBLE EDGE
SUPER COMPO

New Musical Horizons

Sansui, the recognized hi-fi specialist, now makes its audio expertise available to all music lovers with SUPER COMPO systems. A radical departure in quality systems that are easy to own, SUPER COMPO makes music a more important part of your life. Sansui's in-depth matching means sound is more exciting now than ever. For people who love life and music, SUPER COMPO is more than superb audio, it's a great new experience in a class by itself!

FR-D4
New D-O-B tonearm for flawless tracking.
Direct drive system
Full computerized operation

T-80
Drift-free digitally quartz-locked tuning.
Digital tuning display.

A-80
DC Servo amplifier for pure clean sound (65 RMS watts x 2).*
Built-in pre-preamp for MC cartridges.
LED Peak Power display and power meters.
Ultra-low 0.05% THD.

D-90
Extra-large VU meters.
Separate bias and equalization selectors.
Built-in Dolby NR*.

AT-15S Audio Program Timer (options)
Digital time display
Time pre-setting

AX-3S Sound Consolette (options)
Versatile mixing
Echo effects
Accepts two mikes
Source selector

S-50 Speaker System (recommended)
323mm Woofer
3 position level control

GX-80
Headphone jack
Reinforced plate glass

SUPER COMPO 600

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.
*Also available in black finish

Sansui
Only hi-fi, everything hi-fi.

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD. 14-1 Izumi 2-chome, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 168, Japan
• *Australia* VANFI (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. 162, Albert Road, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205, Australia Phone: 699-5473 / 283
Alfred Street, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060, Australia Phone: 929-0293

SETTING THE PACE IN MODERN SMOKING

PETER STUYVESANT EXTRA MILD

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

MILD

Peter Stuyvesant Extra Mild has what mild smokers the world over want right now. Mild choice tobaccos. Double Filter. King Size. So much more to enjoy.

Setting the Pace . . . Getting the Pleasure

Paton PSEM 0011.39
CC 83/78